THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrate agazine
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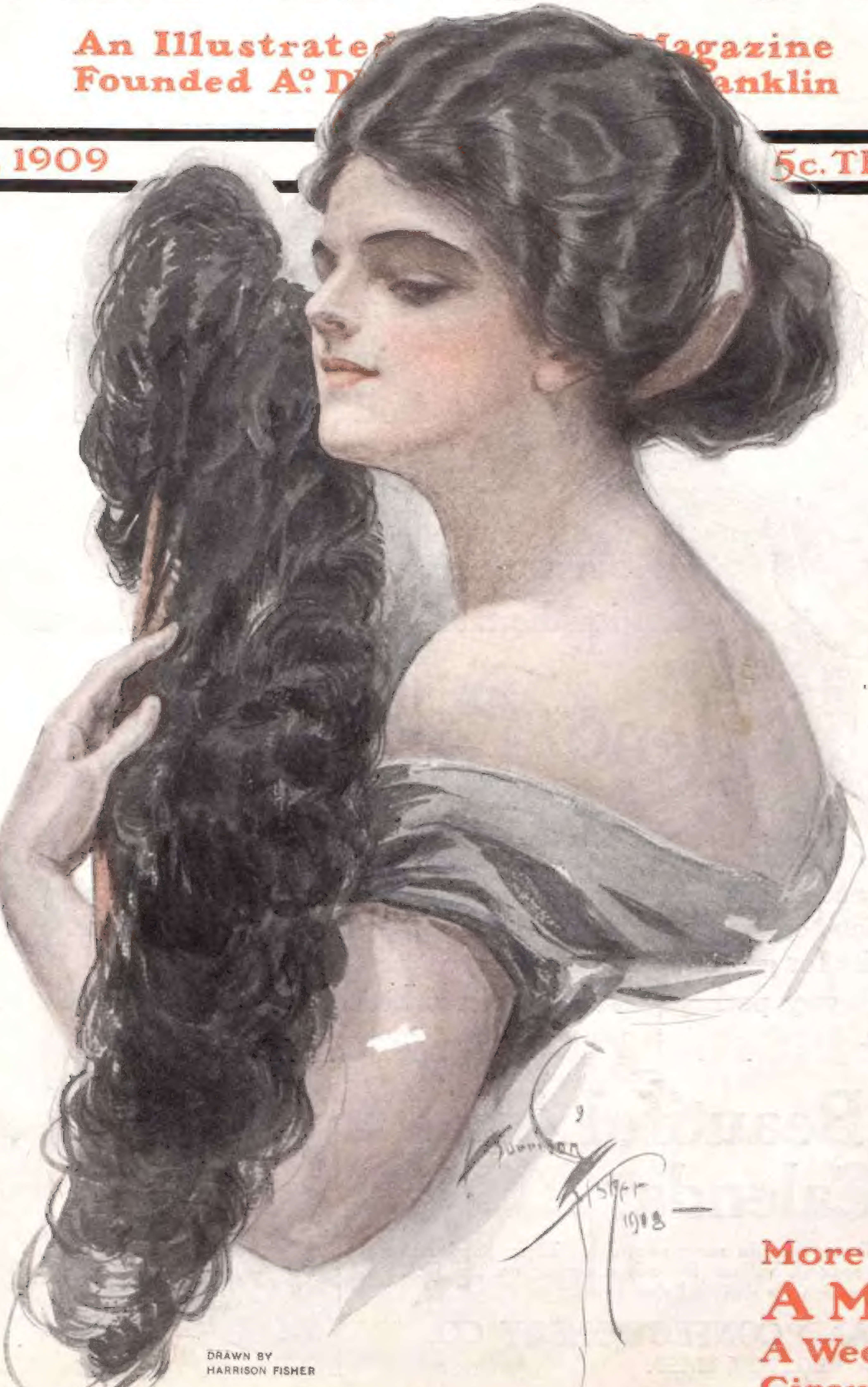

Harrison Fisher 1908

DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

More Than
A Million
A Week
Circulation

Teach the Children
to ask for
Necco Sweets

Unknown Confectionery
Is Dangerous

Children are apt to spend their pennies for all kinds of miscellaneous confectionery. This is unwise. You'd best forbid it. Tell them about the NECCO SEAL — the guarantee of goodness in confectionery. It is their protection against unwholesomeness. Caution them to look for it. Better be sure than sorry.

Trade Mark
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Necco
SWEETS
New England
Confectionery Co
BOSTON

Lenox Chocolates

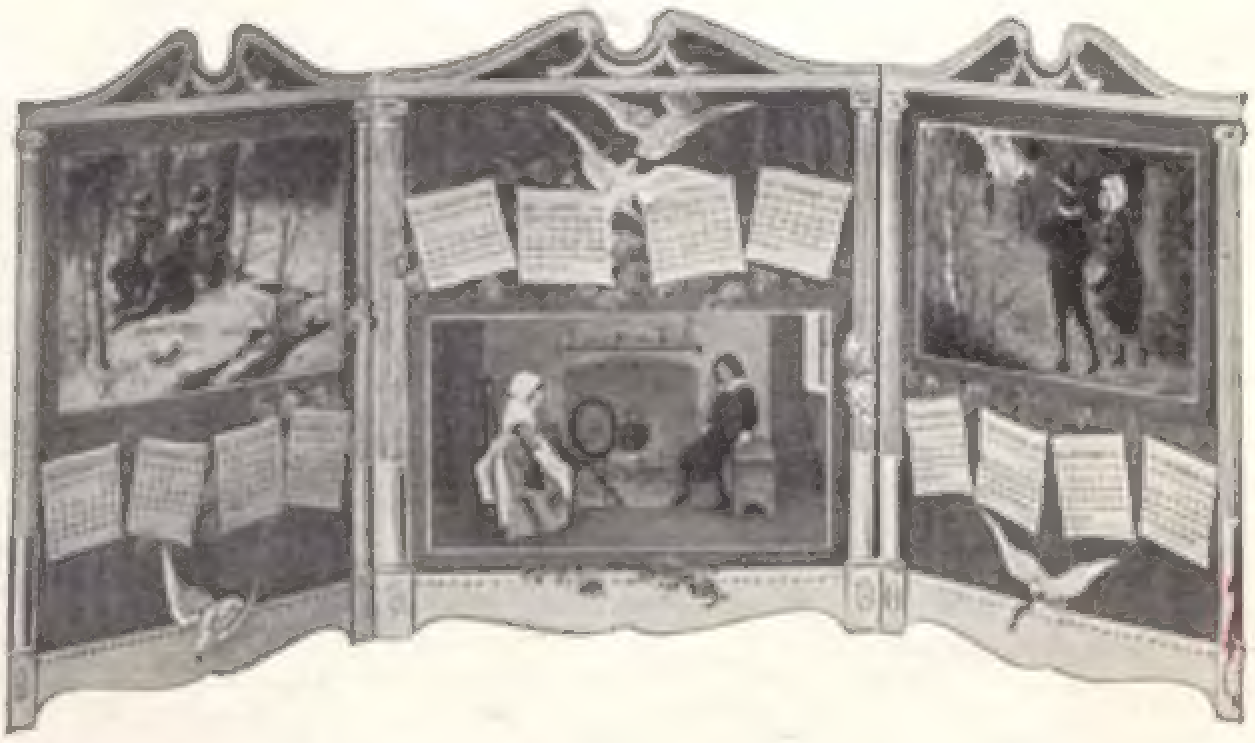
and more than five hundred varieties of Necco Sweets are yours and theirs to choose from. Simple five, ten and fifteen cent packages of clear fruit flavors, chocolate coated nuts, molasses chips, peppermints, creams, etc., for the little ones, or fancy, elaborate art boxes filled with toothsome dainties for grown-ups. Sold everywhere — always fresh.

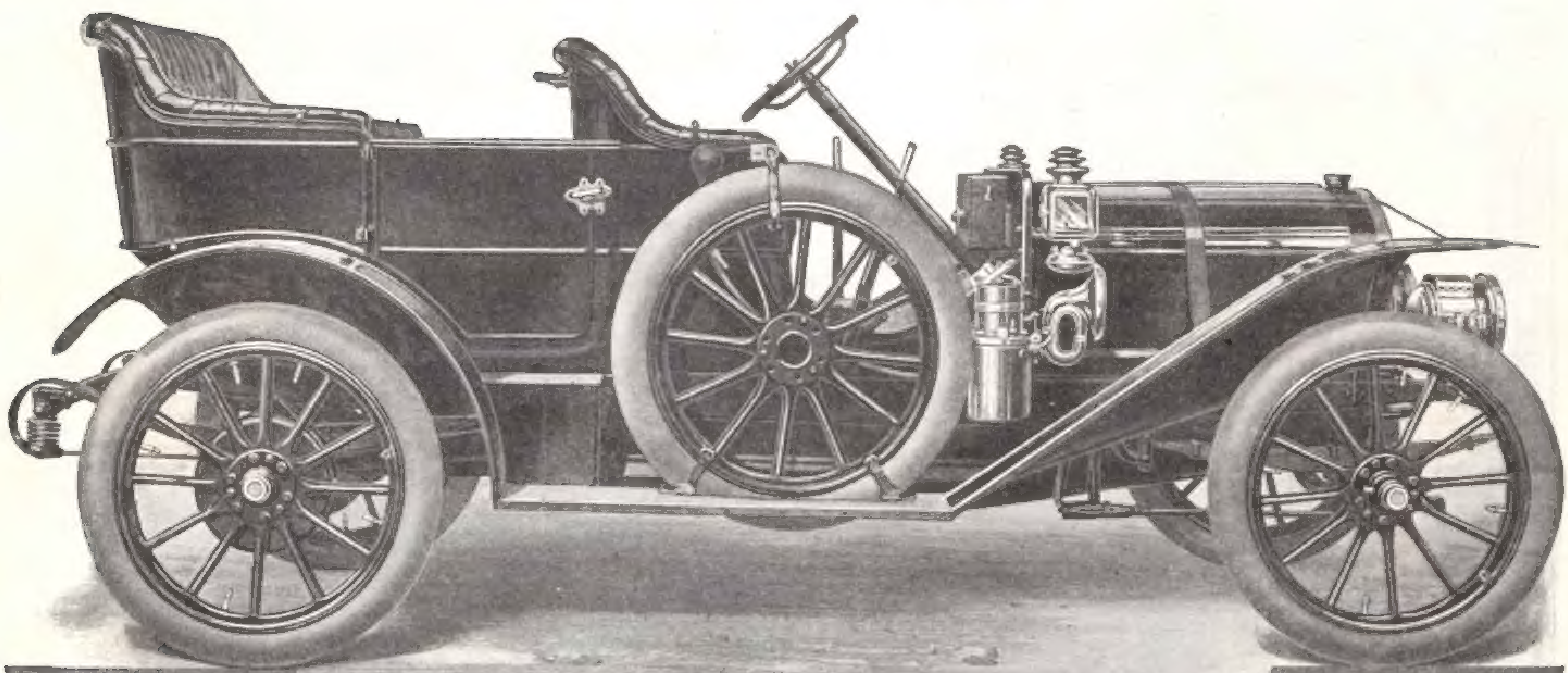
Every box, every package bears the Necco Seal. Look for it. Ask for it. It means *absolute reliability.*

This Beautiful Art Calendar

mailed anywhere for fifteen cents in stamps or cash. Three handsome studies lithographed in fourteen colors. No advertisement on the face. Makes a handsome decoration for den or living room.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
BOSTON, MASS.



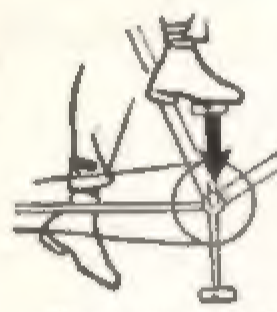


Model Forty-Four, 34 H. P., $2250.

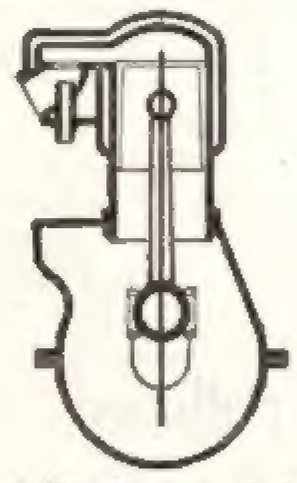
Spare Wheel with Inflated Tire, Brackets and Tools, $74. Magneto $150.

WHY THE OFFSET CRANK SHAFT?

Notice a man about to mount a bicycle. He always adjusts the pedal in that position where it will receive to best advantage his full weight on the first downward stroke. This position for the pedal is just slightly forward of the center of the crank shaft of the bicycle. If he mounted when the pedal was directly over the center of the crank shaft, his weight would fall directly on the bearings and the first downward stroke would be retarded and therefore weak.



Corresponds to position of piston in ordinary engine at explosion center.



Ordinary Engine. Position of piston at explosion center.

Now imagine the man's leg as the piston of an automobile engine; the pedal of the bicycle as the crank pin and the crank shaft of the bicycle as the crank shaft of the engine. In the ordinary engine the crank pin and piston (the pedal and the man's leg) are directly over the dead center and until the crank passes the turning point all effort is wasted. Thus when the explosion occurs, the greatest force falls upon the bearings.

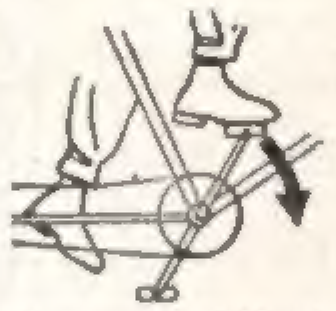
In the Rambler engine at the instant the explosion occurs above the piston the crank pin has moved past the dead center; the crank shaft is in a position to receive the full pressure and turns without friction. There is no side thrust and wear on the cylinder walls is thus saved.

Most automobiles develop sufficient power when traveling at a high speed. The greatest need is for power at slow engine speeds.

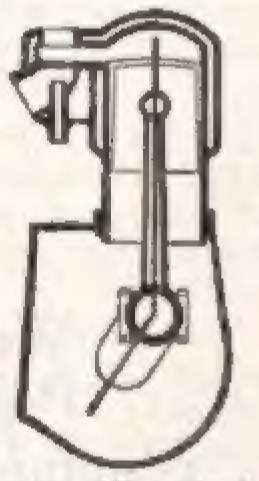
Rambler Model Forty-Four can be operated smoothly and steadily at three miles an hour on high gear. This is because of the offset crank.

Rambler

The Car with the Offset Crank Shaft



Corresponds to position of piston in Rambler engine at explosion center.



Rambler Offset Crank Shaft. Position of piston at explosion center.

Seven passenger model, 45 horse power, with offset crank shaft, $2500. Other models $1150 to $2500. A new Rambler catalog has just been issued. It describes and illustrates all distinctive features of new Ramblers — the offset crank shaft, Spare Wheel, straight-line-drive, etc. A copy on request.

THE CAR OF STEADY SERVICE

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Chicago, 1462 Michigan Avenue. New York, 38-40 West 62nd Street.
Milwaukee, 457 Broadway. Cleveland, 2158 East 9th Street.
Boston, 93 Massachusetts Avenue.
San Francisco, 117 Valencia Street.

The New Rambler Models will be Shown and Demonstrated at the Chicago Automobile Show, Coliseum, February 6-13.

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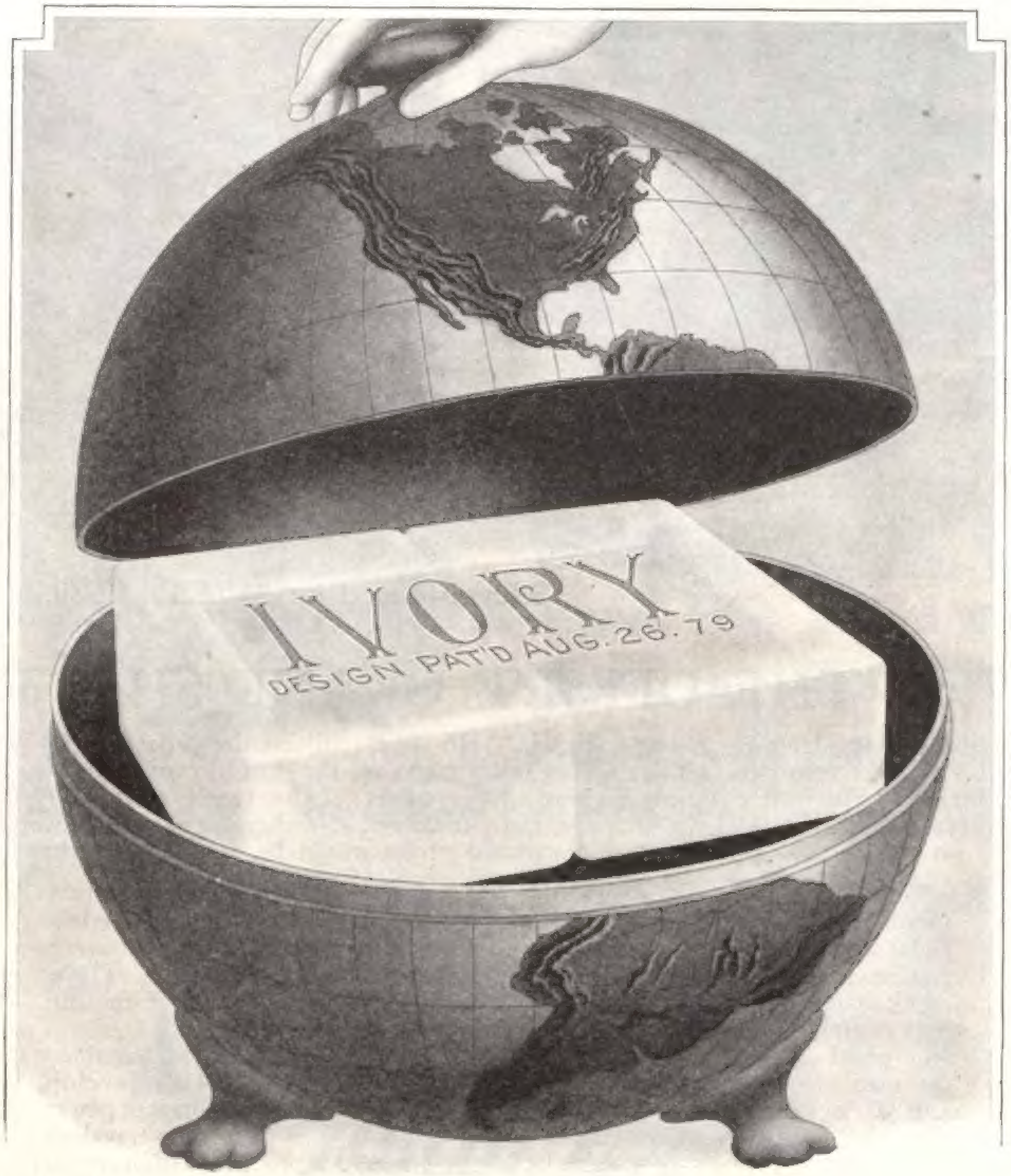

A PURE SOAP IN THE WORLD'S SOAP BOX.

Webster's Dictionary defines "purity" as "the condition of being pure."

Pure is defined as "free from that which harms, vitiates, weakens or pollutes; genuine; real."

This definition fits Ivory Soap exactly. It is "free from that which harms, vitiates, weakens or pollutes." It is genuine. It is real.

Twenty years ago, pretty nearly everybody looked upon Ivory Soap as merely a bath and fine laundry soap.

They do so no longer.

Intelligent men and women, all over the country, have awakened to the fact that purity is more important than perfume. And they use Ivory Soap for the toilet, as well as for the bath, not because it is cheap, but because it is pure.

Can you think of a better reason?

Ivory Soap . . $99\frac{44}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.

NOTE—With a stout thread, it is a very easy matter to cut a cake of Ivory Soap into two cakes of convenient size for toilet use.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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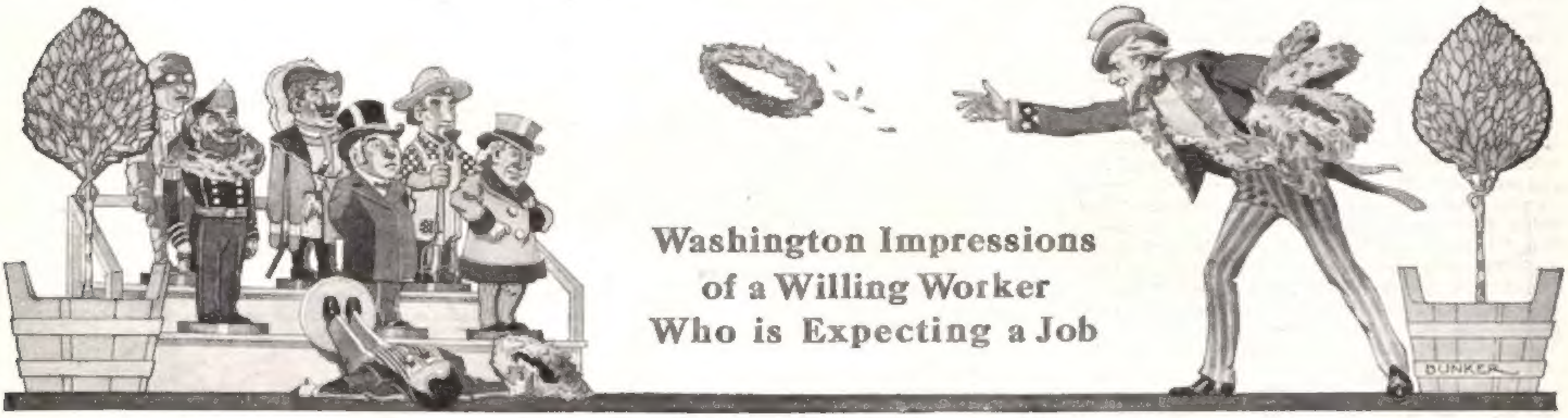
A WAITING PATRIOT



Washington Impressions of a Willing Worker Who is Expecting a Job

By Samuel G. Blythe

AS SOON as I received my letter from Mr. Taft I decided the thing for me to do was to come to Washington and get in the swim so I should be ready, right after Inauguration Day, to take up my new duties. There wasn't much doing at home, anyway, for I was so active in politics during the campaign that I didn't have time to attend to my business, and when election was over and the smoke of battle had cleared away I found I had no business left and I might as well be in Washington as anywhere else, so far as that end of it was concerned.

Besides, I have always had a theory that no man is fitted for office who has not, in a measure, fitted himself for office, and, as I have every reason to expect a good place here, I figured that by studying the general conduct of Government affairs I might be able to do such good work in my first place that I would soon be one of the big men in the Administration. Having Mr. Taft's confidence and esteem, I do not think I shall insist on too much at first. What I shall do is to pick out a dignified and profitable place and study it from all sides. Then, when I have been appointed, I shall introduce new methods, and, presently, it follows, as night follows the day, I shall be of such value to Mr. Taft that I shall be put in a position of the highest responsibility. There is too much dry rot in the Government service—I have known that all along. A lot of old dodoes have been holding down soft things ever since Mr. McKinley first came in, and the services of young and hustling Republicans, like myself, are needed to shake things up, reorganize the work of the Government, and put some vitality into these red-taped departments and other branches of the service.

I was an alternate from our Congressional district at the Chicago convention that nominated Mr. Taft, and I whooped it up for him all the time I was there, in addition to being for him from the minute Frank Hitchcock sent Arthur Statter out our way before the convention. I told Statter that our district would be for Taft, that I would see to that, and although the jealousy of some of the old bosses kept me from being a regular delegate to Chicago, it couldn't keep me from being an alternate, and I calculate that my influence had a lot to do with the general result.

There was a good deal of disaffection in our district. Some of our leading Republicans didn't quite like the way the President had been acting, and there were a good many who said the President didn't have any right to choose his own successor. They said it smacked of imperialism and a lot of rot like that. Then there was that question of Taft's religion. A lot of the church folks got cold feet. Although we are a farming district, Taft's labor decisions operated against us, too, and I had to work night and day to make a showing.

As it was, when the battle of the ballots was over and the returns were all in, our county—that gave 1789 for Roosevelt in 1904—gave 1792 for Taft, which showed clearly that, if it hadn't been for my efforts, there would have been a slump. As it was, I found that Judge Bolus and Jim McSoud were claiming all the credit, but I beat them to it. I didn't stand around the cigar-case in the Gold Front Drug Store blowing about it, like the Judge and Jim. Instead I sat down and wrote a letter to Judge Taft, and this is what I said:

> *Dear Judge:*
>
> As a loyal and lifelong Republican I desire to congratulate you and the country on your magnificent victory at the polls on Tuesday, not alone because said victory eliminates from the future of this glorious Republic all the ills that threatened because of a triumph of Bryan and the incendiary and disturbing doctrines which he typified, but, also, because in honoring you the country has honored itself in said manner. It is my opinion, and I say it without fear of successful contradiction, that you are better fitted for the Presidency than any man who has ever been elected to the place, and I look forward to a continuance of our great national prosperity and power through your election to said place.
>
> In this connection, I desire to call your attention to the results in my county, where, in 1904, Mr. Roosevelt received 1789 votes and where you received the magnificent total of 1792, due, I may say, also without fear of successful contradiction, to my personal work and endeavors. I was for you, Mr. Taft, early and late, and the splendid vote rolled up shows the power of my efforts. Had it not been for my masterly work in the seventh precinct of my home city you undoubtedly would have got far fewer votes than you did. As it was, I labored unceasingly, and in that precinct alone you received a total that helped largely in attaining said victory.
>
> Again congratulating you and our country, I beg to say that I have long had it in mind to enter the Government service, feeling, as I do, that there are many places where a man of my ability and integrity and knowledge of politics can be a tower of strength to the incoming Administration. Inasmuch as I am now in position to accept preferment at your hands, I trust you will put my name down for a position that measures up with my services to you and the party. At present I have no particular place in mind, being well content to leave the selection to you, feeling, as I do, that you will recognize my claims with your well-known fairness and equity, and assuring you that said claims are based on no mere lip service, but on hard and conscientious endeavor with results aforementioned.
>
> I shall be glad to come and see you at any time to discuss the matter, and, in conclusion, I have the honor to sign myself not only a lifelong Republican, but also the original Taft man in our district, having come out and urged your nomination as far back as the days when you were Solicitor-General, seeing then with prophetic eye the great career that was in store for you, and knowing full well that you were the one man in the country to lead us to still more glorious achievements.

I worked over that letter for several days and finally got it into its present form. Then I sent it off to Judge Taft. A few days later I received a reply from Mr. Taft—that is, from Mr. Taft's secretary, and, of course, that is the same thing. This was the letter, and as soon as I read it I made up my mind that everything was going along in good shape:

> *Dear Sir:*
>
> Mr. Taft directs me to thank you sincerely for the kind expressions of congratulation and good will in your letter of the seventh inst.
>
> Very truly yours,
> F. W. Carpenter, *Secretary.*

That showed that I had landed all right, and I sold my office furniture, sent my wife and the children to her father's, and took the train for Washington, bringing my letter with me to use with our Congressman and the Senators when it came time to get a little additional influence, if it seemed necessary, although from the general tone of Mr. Taft's letter I didn't think it would be. Of course, Mr. Taft didn't definitely promise me anything, nor did he refer to that portion of my letter that spoke of an appointment, but I am a pretty good politician myself, and I know how it is. He didn't want to commit himself to anything hard and fast, in black and white; for a lot of things may happen between now and the fourth of March, and, perhaps, it might be necessary to give the job he has picked out for me to somebody else, keeping another equally as good for me. I could read between the lines in that letter. My letter tickled him, and he meant me to understand that when he gets to be President he will fix it up for me.

We didn't have much of a Christmas at home, because we were busy packing up and had an auction. My wife didn't want me to go. She said I ought to stay home and go to work until I had something definite, but women never can understand politics, anyhow. I told her a dozen times that I had it definite enough in my letter and that the thing for me to do was to go to Washington and get acquainted with the men I should associate with when I was in office; for, as I pointed out to her, I should have nothing to do until the fourth of March, and I could undoubtedly get a lot of information that would be invaluable to me, especially as I would be mighty busy in my new place after the inauguration. She cried and took on, until I had to put my foot down and tell her, once for all, that she didn't understand politics or how necessary it was for me to look over the ground. Suppose I should be put in a big place, in the Treasury Department, for instance. I would get along a lot better if I had studied that place and knew about its working than if I was to come here fresh from home, after I was appointed, and had to learn it all then.

My father-in-law was pretty harsh about it. He said I was a blamed fool, and that I had the same kind of a letter from Mr. Taft that a million other people had; but I didn't let that scare me. I knew better. Show me the man in this country that did the work I did and got the results. I guess I knew what I was doing, and it made me laugh to hear Judge Bolus and Jim McSoud blowing around about how strong they are with Mr. Taft, when I had the evidence in my pocket, in black and white, that the man he relies on in our district is me. After a while I got my wife quieted down, although I could tell by the way she acted that she didn't think I was doing the right thing, collected the auction money and came to Washington. I inquired about the hotels on the train, and a fellow told me the names of three or four of the big ones.

I got in about a week after Congress took up after the holiday vacation and went up to one of the hotels the fellow told me about. It looked more like a palace than a hotel to me, and I figured it would be pretty expensive, but I thought I could stand it, as the things brought good prices at the auction.

The clerk asked me what I wanted in the way of accommodations, and I told him that I wasn't particular about anything very elaborate, as I had come on to familiarize myself with the city before taking up high official duties, and intended to stay quite a time. I put some emphasis on that "before taking up high official duties," but it didn't seem to interest the clerk. "Parlor, bedroom and bath?" he asked, and I said that would do, for I thought I ought to have a room to receive the people in that I would consult with, and it wouldn't look very well to have a prospective high Government official talking to folks in the bedroom.

"Boy," said the clerk, "show the gentleman to 901 and 902." The boy took me up, and I found I was in a room better furnished than the parlor in Banker Bishop's house back home. It had big easy-chairs and lounges, and there was a marble bathroom, and brass beds in the connecting room, and mahogany furniture and looking-glasses and a lot of things I didn't know the use of. So they brought up my trunk, and I took a bath and it was great. This holding a high Government position in Washington seemed to get better and better every minute.

I wrote to my wife and told her how fine I was getting along, and not to worry, for while I was acquainting myself with the duties of the office I would pick out for myself I would take time to look around and find a nice place for us to live after March fourth.

After I had fixed up I put on my best suit and went downstairs. There were a lot of important-looking people standing around the lobby, mostly wearing high hats and long coats and talking with one another, and the seats were all full of men dressed up to the nines and all acting like Senators and Congressmen—that is, they were all solemn and dignified, and I supposed they were men who, like myself, had a lot to do with the Government, or would have, which amounts to the same thing.

I looked around to see if there was anybody I knew, but I didn't find any one from our State or district, so I telephoned to our Congressman, and told him I was here. He wasn't very enthusiastic about it, I thought. After I had explained who I was and all that, he asked: "On a pleasure trip, I suppose?" I told him, on the contrary, that I had come down to accept a high official position at the hands of Mr. Taft, and had decided to get acquainted with Washington and be on the ground for the few weeks that would elapse before I took office. That seemed to stir him up, for he hollered over the 'phone: "What's that?" I told him again, explaining it all very carefully, and he asked: "What place has been promised to you?" Then I told him that no place had been exactly promised, but that one was as good as promised, and that I was staying at the hotel, and for him to drop in and see me.

He repeated it all over the 'phone to me and asked if he had understood me correctly. I told him his understanding was perfect. Then he rung off; but before he did I could hear him say: "Well, I'll be hanged!" But then I suppose that was because I had gone out on my own hook and got this, without consulting him. I never did like him, although I always kept regular and voted and worked for him when he ran. He always acted with me as if he didn't think I was of much account in politics, but, now that I had landed, I forgot all that and made up my mind to be real friendly and nice to him when he called.

I stood around the lobby for a while and watched the men coming and going, and walked up and down a long hall that runs the full length of the hotel, where there were dozens of the best-dressed women I had ever seen, sitting and chatting. Along about six o'clock I decided I would get some supper; so I went into a big room where music was playing and got a table. I was hungry, and while I was studying the card that had a lot of things to eat on it I had never heard of, a waiter came over and asked me what I would have. I told him I wanted something plain and substantial, that I had just come in from the West to take a high official position, and that I was hungry.

The waiter suggested oysters and celery and I took oysters, because out in our country we get oysters in cans, mostly, and he put in some soup. Then I told him I thought I would have a nice, big steak, and he said: "Very well." He suggested some potatoes O'Brien with it and a salad and some cheese and coffee. I said that was

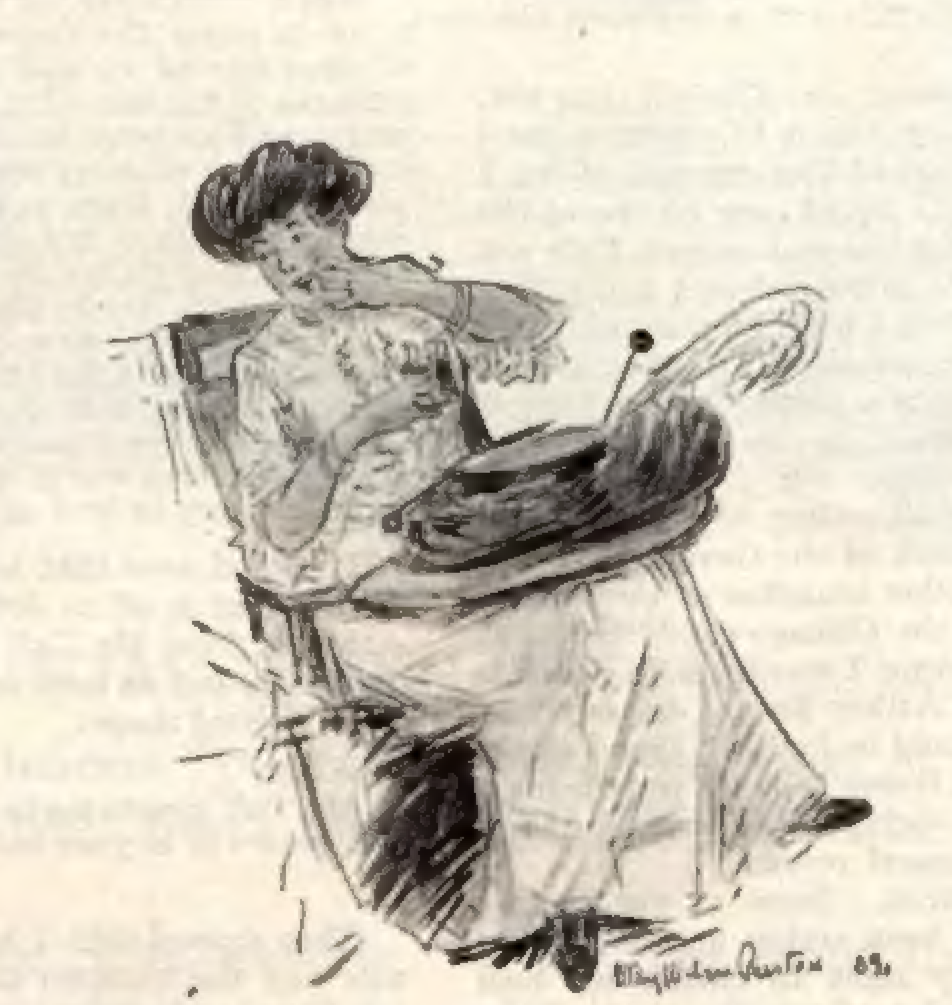
(Continued on Page 23)

DEADHEADS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

WHY SO MANY PEOPLE SEE THE PLAY FOR NOTHING



"Gosh! Ain't It Orful, This Revenge!"

IF A THEATRICAL manager should put five hundred tickets into your hand one morning, saying: "Here are some seats for The Girls of Goo-goo tomorrow night; give 'em out to people who'll come and wear clothes that are at least decent"—what would you do?—that is, if for some strange reason you had to accept the task.

Perhaps you fancy it would be an easy job! But stop and think a moment. There is your family. Yes, they could use maybe six seats. The elevator boy won't do, because he's colored. But the clerk in the office (you live in an apartment hotel, of course) can use two, surely; and the telephone switchboard girl is good for a couple more. The subway ticket-seller looks respectable, so you pass him over two, much to his amazement. On the train you rush up and down asking respectable-appearing people if they want to go to The Girls of Goo-goo tomorrow night. Some of them do, more don't. Some are insulted. Perhaps they've been already. You give away fifty tickets on the way downtown. You still have more than four hundred left.

All day long you offer to every one you meet, to every one who enters your office, to all the clerks and stenographers, two seats for The Girls of Goo-goo. By evening you are obsessed with the one idea that you must give away seats to The Girls of Goo-goo to people who will promise to use them. You feel as if you were living out a dream of the Welsh Rarebit Fiend. On your way home you try to drop theater tickets into the subway chopper and are hauled roughly back by the guard. You go to The Girls of Goo-goo yourself, finally, and after that you haven't the heart to offer more seats to anybody. At bedtime you count up your pack of pasteboards and find you still have two hundred and fifty undistributed. You have miserably failed in your mission.

Yet it has become a part of the task of theatrical press agents in recent years, and more especially during this present season, to give away sometimes hundreds of tickets a week to the theaters under their charge, to "paper" their houses to an extent almost inconceivable to the general public, who suppose that theaters open only to the golden password. And they have been obliged to develop all sorts of expedients to bring about this wholesale distribution of passes. It is estimated on inside authority that in the thirty-odd "first-class" theaters in New York there might be counted at least six thousand deadheads on any Monday night this season—Monday night being the evening when paid attendance is always lightest. The various devices used by the managers to secure deadhead audiences when they cannot induce the paying kind to come make an interesting phase of theatrical life.

A year ago I sat at a performance, by Nazimova, of The Master Builder, and behind me sat two girls who chewed gum devotedly and endeavored to find out what the play was all about. From their conversation I gathered that they were parcel-wrappers in a Herald Square department store. After the second act one of them remarked to the other in an injured tone: "And Mr. Hawkswell said this show was a comedy!"

"A bug-house funeral, *I* call it," was the reply.

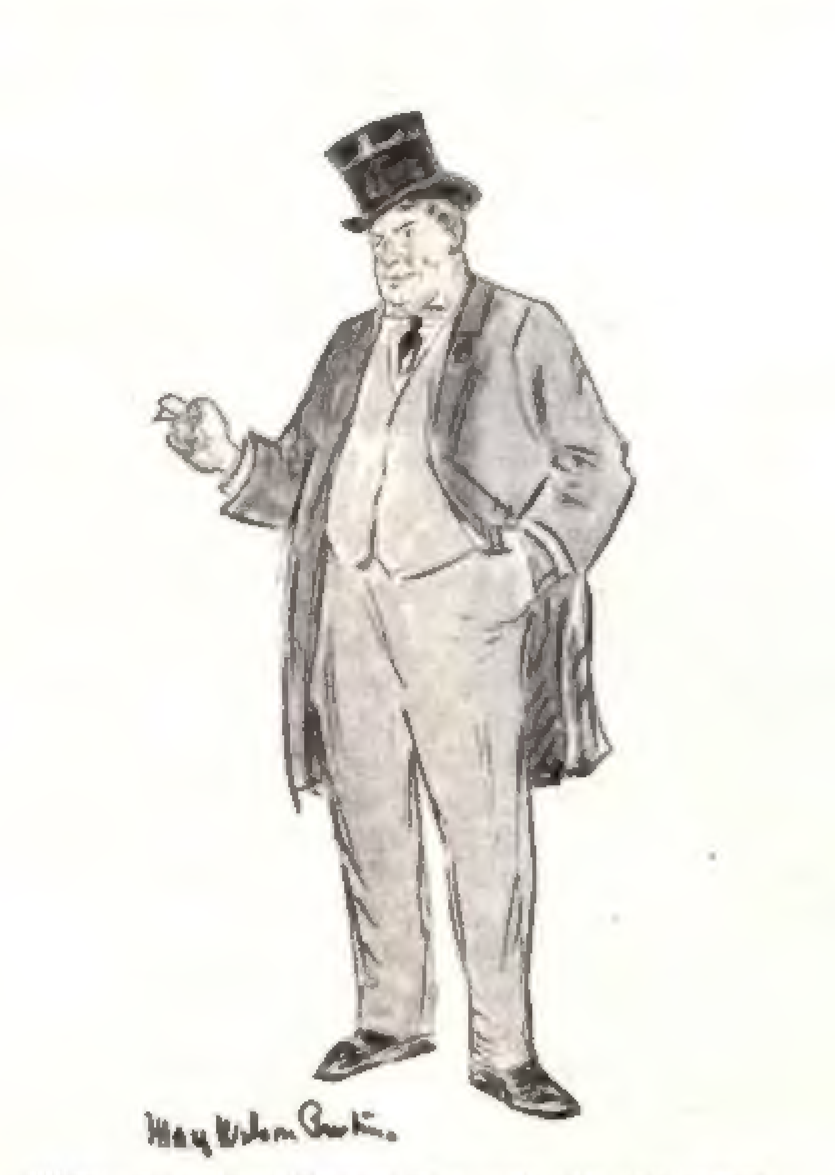
This autumn two girls of similar stripe sat behind a friend of mine in the orchestra of a leading Broadway theater. But the play was not Ibsen. It was a native, domestic melodrama, with a villain perfectly recognizable by his pearl-gray derby and his cigarette. As he made his exit at the end of the first act, R. U. E., laughing a prophetic and horrid laugh, one of the girls exclaimed with deep feeling: "Gosh! ain't it orful, this revenge!" And I have heard a girl of the same type inquire at a performance of A Midsummer Night's Dream, when Queen Titania and her train entered: "Are them things angels?"

It was at Hamlet that the pompadour beside me exclaimed, as the Prince plunged his sword through the arras: "He's killed old Foxy Grandpa!"

To the initiated the presence of such girls in a Broadway theater apparently crowded to the doors indicates paper, it indicates that the theater is being filled by artificial means, by the distribution of free seats in the big department stores.

The department stores are, indeed, a boon to all managers who want to fill up their theaters. Sometimes as many as two hundred seats for a single evening are sent in a block to the manager of a store, and he distributes them to the girls. More often the distribution is made over a wider area, in smaller blocks. The telephone exchanges are useful places to the managers, the theory being that the girls will tell other people over the wire what a fine show they have seen. Just how far this theory is justified by the facts remains an open question. Your deadhead is often the deadliest knocker. All managers have a list of personal friends and "hangers-on" who may be relied upon to fill in. And the hotel clerks are frequent allies in the work of distribution.

There is one manager in New York who does not give free seats within the city limits, preferring to distribute them in the suburbs. He has a list of suburban residents, and these people are frequently astonished by receiving tickets to his theaters through the mail, with a little statement that Mr. —— knows them to be influential citizens



All Day Long You Offer to Every One You Meet Two Seats for The Girls of Goo-Goo

in their community and would like their opinion on his play. By the flattery, doubtless, Mr. —— hopes to induce them to go back and spread kind reports of his attraction. One wonders if, perhaps, they don't spread reports of how they got the tickets, causing their neighbors to refrain from buying seats in the hope of similar blessings.

In the New York papers last fall a "want" advertisement appeared for girls to address envelopes. Applicants were to be at a certain theater on a certain morning. One of the applicants has narrated her experience. She entered the office to find a long line of girls ahead of her passing by a desk. The man at the desk seemed to be handing each girl a small envelope. When her turn came he stated that unfortunately all the vacant positions had been filled, but would she not accept two seats for the play downstairs that evening? Of course there had been no envelopes to address. The advertisement had been inserted in the papers solely to facilitate the distribution of tickets for a play that was an utter failure and which would, unless something desperate were done, be presented nightly to empty benches. It was in this same theater a few weeks later that a melodrama was produced and the management filled the gallery on the opening night by sending the seats up to a university. Unfortunately, the undergraduates were not impressed either by the play or a sense of hospitality. They proceeded to whoop things up, to the great disturbance of the actors and the rest of the audience, including the few unsophisticated people who had paid to get in. In the same theater, too, when only a couple of vaudeville performers appeared for a Sunday-night benefit concert and the manager had to dismiss the great crowd (Sunday-night vaudeville never lacks for an audience), he gave all who wished seats for his play the following evening, thus killing two birds with one stone. Hailed as the soul of generosity, he was in reality saving himself a deal of trouble in papering his house.

When Orchestra Seats Went Begging

A CLASSIC example of papering is furnished by the history of a play that is now a celebrated money-maker. Eleven years ago this drama was produced in New York and was a failure. It was kept on the stage by artificial means, chiefly by sending seats to ministers and school-teachers. But by keeping it on in New York the too often meaningless "One Hundred Nights in New York" line was secured to advertise it on the road, where the same tactics of sending free seats to ministers and school-teachers were adopted. Gradually, through these agencies, mention of the play crept into sermons, and discussion about it arose; and the play became one of the most financially successful dramas of recent years. But the same press agent who papered this play so triumphantly failed disastrously to paper a play in Philadelphia. He gave out five hundred seats for one performance, and twenty people came! That reminds you of the famous tale of Oscar Hammerstein, who stood in front of his new Olympic Theater—now the Criterion—with a bunch of tickets in his hand. He tried to give one to a friend, who refused it. "Alas," said Oscar, "my show's so bad nobody would come in on a transfer!" This same press agent, also, once accomplished the Herculean task, so he affirms, of giving away sixty thousand tickets to the great auditorium in Chicago in a single week. Five girls and two boys were employed steadily on the job. But he brought about the desired effect. The crowds attracted so much attention that the next week people began to come and pay real money.

A curious phase of papering in New York just now is shown by the premium list of a certain retail concern that has stores all over the city and gives coupons with every purchase. Seventy-five of these coupons, you find by consulting the premium list, may be exchanged for a $1.50 seat for any one of a chain of theaters under a single management in the city, on any Monday night. For one hundred coupons you may have a $2 seat. Doubtless, if you buy enough of the concern's wares you can get a box. It is, of course, quite possible that the company has to pay for these seats at a reduced rate.

Still another expedient resorted to in New York—though it does not come under the deadhead division—is the sale of seats to the People's Institute at cut rates. The People's Institute is a well-known organization which fosters in various ways the educational advancement of the poor. It has lectures, concerts, evening classes, and it would like to have a theater. In the lack of a theater it sends a committee, largely made up from the Board of Education, to inspect the Broadway plays, and such of the plays as this committee recommends are then, if possible, made available at cut rates to the people under the Institute's charge. Last season sixteen out of twenty-eight plays for which the managers offered seats at reduced rates were rejected by the committee as unworthy, so, in a way, the fact that it sells tickets to the Institute at reduced prices is a guarantee of merit in a drama.

It is surprising to learn how many supposed Broadway "successes" have been glad to turn over seats to this organization, generally gallery and balcony seats at twenty-five and thirty-five cents, but sometimes orchestra chairs at seventy-five cents. These theatergoers are, without question, more impressionable and idealistic than the majority of those who can afford to pay $2 for a seat. They are selected by the Institute from the ranks of postal clerks, from certain department stores, from social settlements which deal with the poor, and from the public schools. To secure seats you must fill out an application blank, so that the general public is excluded from participation in the cut rates. But why, you ask, does any but an altruistic manager (if such a being exists) wish to sell his tickets at cut rates? And why, still more, does he wish to give them away? Why should there be six thousand deadheads in the Broadway theaters on a Monday night?

Answer: Because the managers think it better to have six thousand deadheads than six thousand empty chairs in their theaters, and very much better to have six thousand poor people at thirty-five cents a poor person than nothing at all.

In plain language, there are more theaters in New York at present than there are good plays to adorn their stages and paying people to fill their plush chairs. The beginnings of the wholesale deadhead habit are to be found as far back, perhaps, as the old Union Square Theater days, when the line, One Hundred Nights in New York, became a valuable asset on the road. As the road tours of plays increased in length and the one-night stands multiplied, it became ever more important to a play if it could be advertised in advance as having run one hundred nights or more in New York. Therefore the managers began to force the runs of plays in the metropolis, began to keep them in town longer than actual business warranted. But if a drama played to empty benches after six weeks, news to that effect might conceivably spread abroad. If a visitor went back to Scranton and scattered the report that he had seen such and such a play in New York with twenty people for an audience, it might hurt the play when it reached Scranton. So the managers began to see to it that the house was never empty. A play is really papered in New York not so much for local reasons as to force its run and make it more prosperous on the road.

It is very doubtful, even today, when a run of one hundred nights in New York is considered as nothing, A Year in New York being the new catchline, if more than one play in twenty plays to paying business after the one hundredth performance, or if more than one play in a hundred has a genuine run of a year. After a few months, if the theater is full, it is full because the press agent has been busily signing passes or distributing free seats. If you see a long line of people in front of the box office don't be too sure that they are not from the People's Institute, exchanging their orders for seat coupons at cut rates, or even, as happened not long ago in a Broadway theater, that they are not employees of the theater getting paid off at eight o'clock in order to create an impression of rushing business. And be very skeptical in almost any theater in New York this winter of a crowded audience. You may have paid two dollars for your seat, but the man next to you may have paid nothing. He probably did. Or else he may have been dubiously rewarded for some purchase of goods at one of those coupon stores. Theatrical business was very bad before election, and it has been little better since. To keep the inordinately swollen number of Broadway theaters decently full the managers have been at their wits' end to give away seats.

Once a Deadhead Always a Deadhead

THEY have one perfectly good argument for so doing. A first-rate performance can probably never be given to empty benches. A bare theater chills the actors, deadens the whole tone of the performance; and that creates a bad impression on those who have paid real money to see the play. But the managers are beginning to feel that, perhaps, the counter arguments outweigh this one. Frank McKee put all these arguments in a nutshell when he said the other day: "Every time you make a deadhead you make a chronic one. Once a pass fiend always a pass fiend." By giving away so many seats persistently the managers are creating a great deadhead host out of potential paying guests. They are slowly killing the goose that once laid them golden eggs. In a sense, too, they are doing something that would not be tolerated in any other business, in so far as they sell tickets at cut rates, either to the worthy People's Institute or stealthily to the various barber shops and cigar stands where cut-rate tickets may be had. They are offering the same commodity to different people at different prices. They are cheapening their business.

Observe the deadhead at close range and you will see the insidious effect of the habit. The débutante deadhead is grateful for small favors, welcomes a balcony seat to The Girls of Goo-goo. But the hardened and habitual deadhead has passed far beyond the point of gratitude. He looks upon his free seat as a right. He kicks if his seat is not well down front; he roars if it is behind a post. He expects admission to the best plays and he is often most

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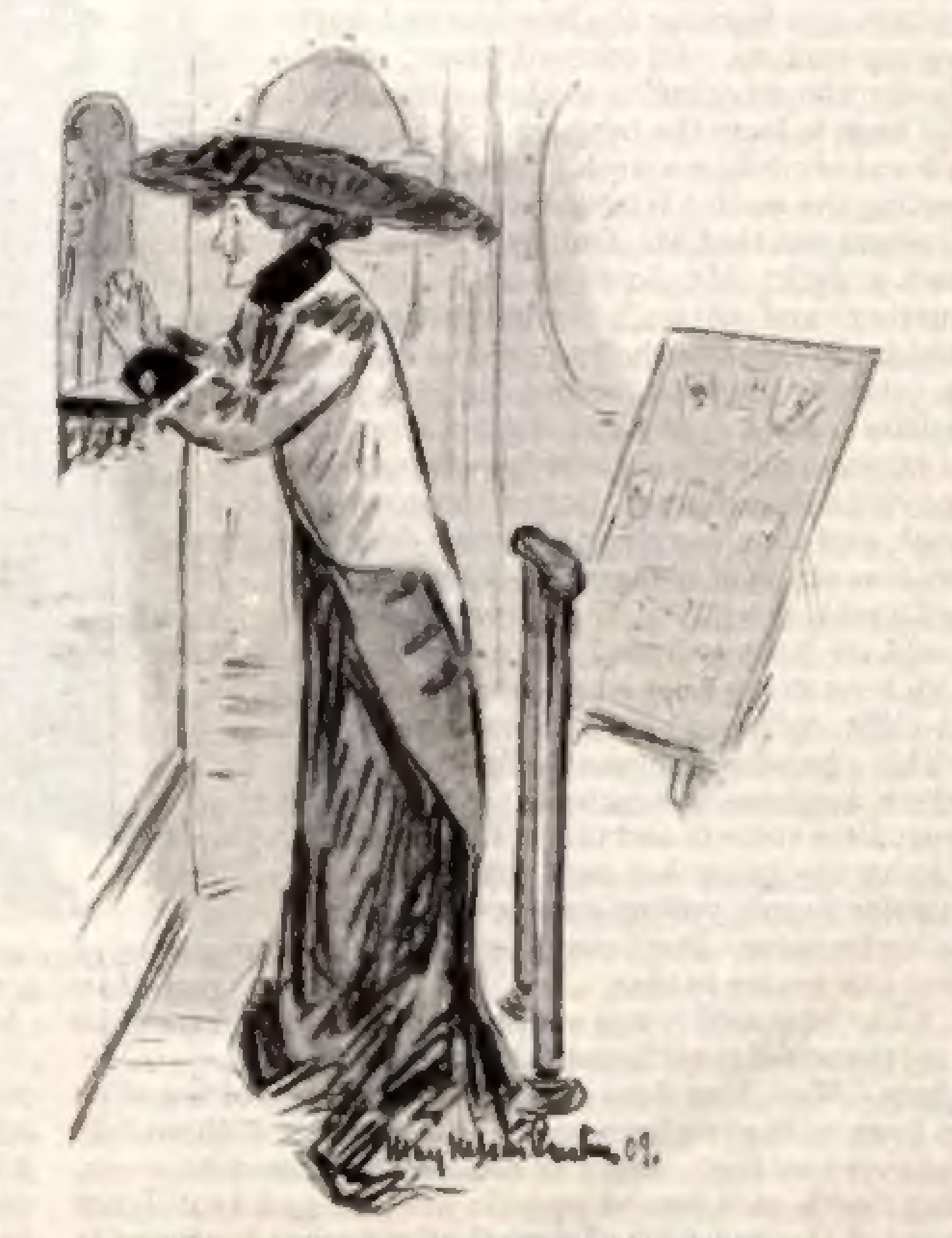
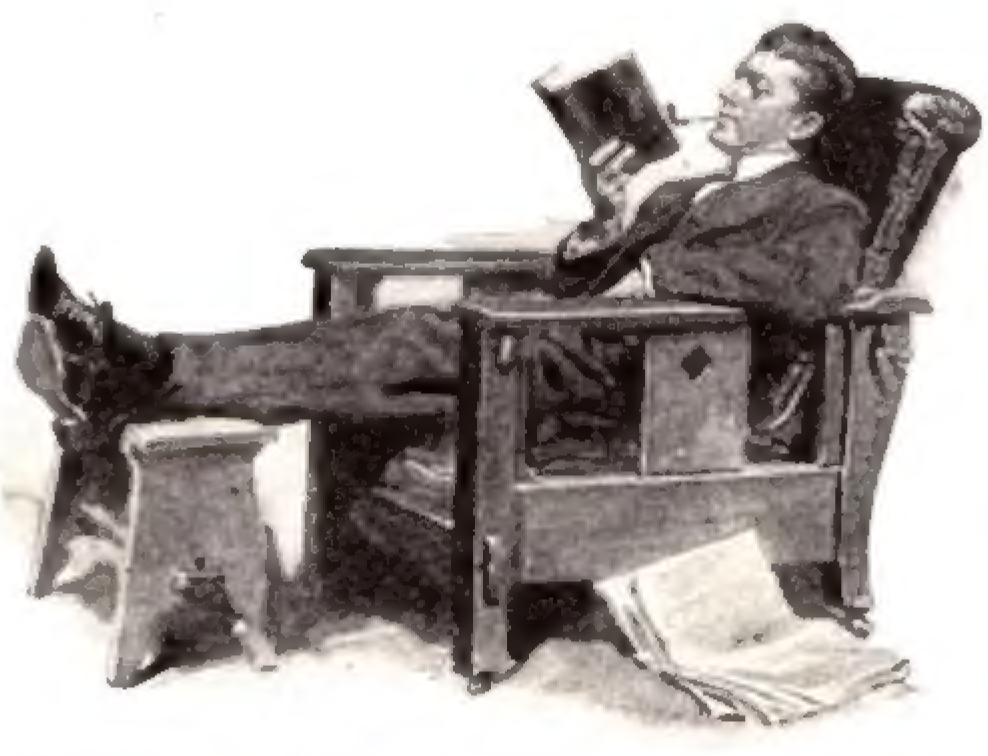


The Débutante Deadhead is Grateful for Small Favors

THOSE CONTENTED CLERKS

The Broad Line Between Making Good and Making Money



"I Used to Want the Earth. Now I Hope Nobody Will Come in and Bother Me When I Have a Good Book to Read"

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS V. WILSON

HERE is a spacious office. Tall windows admit plenty of light, which the white walls and ceilings reflect. Ventilation is admirable. Yellow-pine railings divide the big room into several preserves, each with its complement of tidy desks and tables in orderly rows.

"We employ about three hundred clerks," says the person in authority. "They are well treated and well satisfied. We pay as good salaries as anybody pays for the same class of labor; and a cardinal principle with us is that the path of promotion shall be kept open. That's what a man really wants—a chance to rise. I speak from experience, for I began at the bottom. I once had a job at seventy-five dollars a month; but I couldn't see that there was anything better ahead of me. I know how terribly depressing that feeling is. I threw up the job and took another at forty dollars a month, because the cheaper position had some outlook.

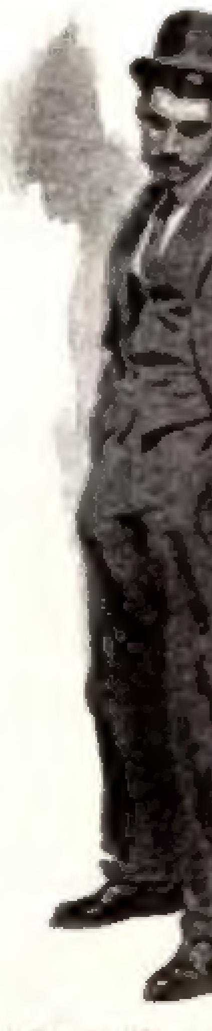
"Of course," he added parenthetically, "I was young and unincumbered then. But we insist that everybody shall have his fair chance to rise. Practically every position in the office is filled by promotion from the rank below, and every promotion is made strictly on the clerk's merit, without favoritism. The young man who comes in here to begin at the bottom and learn the business knows that, ultimately, the best job in the office is open to him. There's Mr. N—— (the vice-president), for example; he began here as an office-boy. The young clerk knows that, and sees that he has something worth while to work for. That keeps him loyal and contented."

The person in authority is about forty-five, a sincere and kindly man, I am sure. I believe he gets eight thousand a year. At a tidy table in one of the preserves, fenced off by neat pine railings, sits a young man whom I know. He would have cast his first vote last fall if the election had been a fortnight later. He is a sound, bright boy whom any one would be glad to recommend on general principles.

Privileges and Pink Slips

"HOW are you getting on, Tommy?" I asked him—under conditions more favorable for candid and discursive conversation than the office itself afforded.

"As well as could be expected," he replied, without enthusiasm, "seeing that I'm up against a confidence game. That's what it is, you know," he continued darkly. "The police ought to pinch the boss"—he referred to the person in authority—"for getting child labor under false pretenses. He told me all about it when I came in here—beginning at the bottom and learning the business and working my way up. Of course I wasn't so particular about beginning at the bottom, but I did want to learn the business. So I took the job—at six dollars a week. That was mostly sorting the mail. What I learned about the business was that Mr. Smith sat at such and such a desk; Mr. Jones at such and such another, and so on. My promotion was rapid. In two months I secured an advance in salary of thirty-three per cent—to eight dollars a week. My duties then consisted of taking a pile of yellow strips of paper and copying certain figures off them into a certain book, and then copying the figures from the book on strips of blue paper. I believe they call it making out bills. An educated monkey could do it as well as I can. That's what I've been doing ever since—eleven months, at eight dollars a week. I've never come within a hundred thousand miles of any place where business was actually done. I see customers come in and talk with the officers. I know the house has men outside who are meeting people, pulling 'em our way, actually doing business. But I can't see that I'm getting any nearer to that.



"A Berth Here at Fifteen Dollars a Week Looked Very Good to Me"

"The boss said it was very necessary that I get the run of the office and absorb its atmosphere. Well, I've done that. I have the run of the office so I can walk clear from one end to the other without falling over a railing. And I've absorbed its atmosphere—as, that Smith gets soused once in a while, and that Jones married the daughter of a swell whose name is always in the society column. That is supposed to give him quite an edge over the old man, who is rich, but not much socially. The clerks are always looking in the society column to see whether the old man attended Jones' mother-in-law's party, and guessing whether the old man will promote Jones or fire him. If you see a bunch of clerks at the head of the stairs and an officer comes up, you'll notice that they stop talking. They are absorbing the atmosphere of the office and don't want to be overheard.

"Of course, there is a chance of promotion. If I live the year out probably I'll get ten dollars a week, and the right to copy figures off pink slips. Last summer I got sort of reckless and asked the boss for a raise. He wasn't unkind about it. He just looked me steadily in the eye and said: 'Young man, have you any idea how many fellows of your age are looking for a job today?'

"I couldn't answer, so I sifted out. Probably that was my lack of business acumen. If I'd been keen I'd have telephoned over to the Bureau of Vital Statistics and got the figures before I went in. Right there," said Tommy impressively, "is the gist of the whole problem, which I didn't understand. Why, do you know how I got in here? A friend of my uncle was a friend of Mr. N—— (the vice-president). Do you see? It was by influence and personal pull that I was permitted to take a job at six dollars a week, with fair prospects of earning a living by the time I'm bald! This town is simply running over with young fellows who want a job—not wages, you understand, but just a job—sticking on postage-stamps, shooing flies, anything at all that's a job. They think, as I did, that, if once they get a job, everything else will come right along.

"It was an awful jolt for me," Tommy observed reminiscently, after a thoughtful pause. "You know, when I finished high school here my people wanted me to go to college. So I went to the State University. I guess I wasn't cut out for a scholar. Most of the professors who talked with me about it guessed so, too. I didn't make any rough-house, you know; and I felt I could do the stunts if I buckled up and tried—because when I did buckle up I did do them. But I wasn't satisfied. I wanted to get to work. My father had begun poor and just about held his own, and I didn't see why I shouldn't begin, too. I meant to go into business, and if I waited until I was twenty-two I thought I'd be handicapped. I don't believe I was stuck on myself, but I knew I wasn't a blockhead and I was willing to work. I guess I had a kind of mental picture of myself as just about the bright, sober, energetic, honest young man who begins at the bottom and pretty soon has a four-cylinder to let his friends use, while he uses the six. I wasn't expecting anything unusual to start with; just an opening somewhere and enough barely to live on—say, from fifteen to twenty dollars a week."

Tommy regarded me with round, awe-stricken eyes, and lowered his voice. "True as I live, I hadn't any more idea than a new-born babe that I couldn't come to Chicago and pick up a job at eighteen or twenty a week in a couple of days! Why, I was a high-school graduate; I'd had a year at college; I was a brisk, snappy sort of boy; there were plenty of mutts that didn't know as much as I did! Yes, sir, I thought I could pick it right off the bushes—twenty dollars a week, say. And do you know, today, twenty dollars a week looks just the same as a Standard Oil dividend to me. Now I was figuring the other day. I know six fellows who left high school when I did and went to work. They've had over two years of it, and the high man in the bunch gets fifteen a week. He's a sort of E. H. Harriman. More than that, I know three fellows from the university who are looking for jobs—not money, but just jobs.

"When a male child of respectable, middle-class parents is born into the world he little realizes what he's up against. If he's had a good home and indulgent parents who have encouraged him to think that he ranked the setter pup in intelligence, he gets a notion that he amounts to a little something. And when he finds that he has to get down on his knees for a chance to stick pins in a cushion at eighty cents a day, it's a great, sad surprise. The law won't let him go to work at ten, which would be about the age when he ought to be doing what I'm doing now. So he does his ten-year-old work at twenty, and when he's thirty he will be where he ought to be at twenty—that is, earning enough to support himself decently. If you follow it out you'll see that he gets the bank account and other things he figured on about ten years after he is dead. I suppose the law is all right; but it seems to me kind of foolish to forbid children to work, just in order to make grown-up people do child-labor."

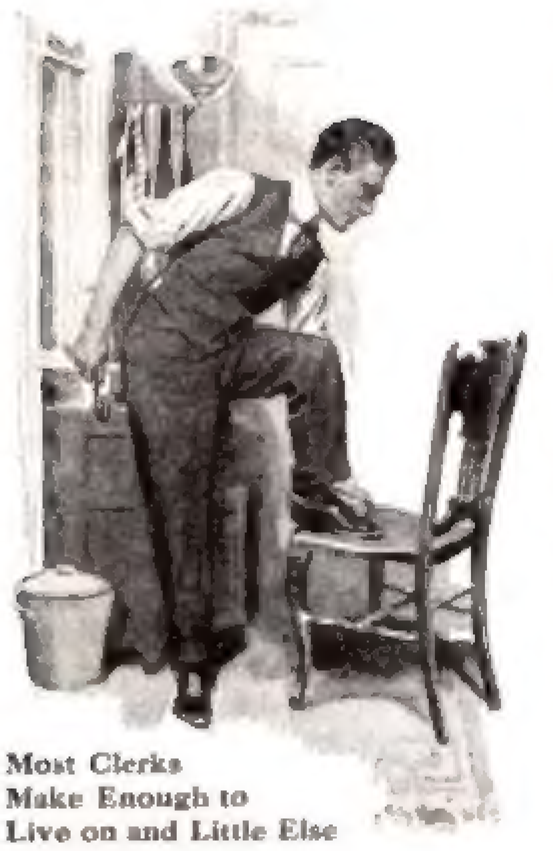
From which ingenious statement you can see how contented Tommy really was. Most clerks make enough to live on and little else. Yet it is a common opinion among employers in a large way that their clerks are a quite happy lot. This is natural, because they seldom hear anything to the contrary from the clerks themselves.

Baldheaded and Contented

OF THE wage-earner, so-called, as distinguished from the clerk, we hear much. The Census Bureau publishes thousand-page volumes about him. Five times a year the Bureau of Labor at Washington issues a thick pamphlet devoted to his interests. In most of the States that have large manufacturing concerns there are State departments or bureaus of labor which are constantly looking up the organized wage-earner and publishing the results. "Labor"—meaning unionized manual labor—is always before Congress and various legislatures, the subject of hearings and reports and of laws. Investigating the union wage-earner is one of the standard activities of the country. If you wish to know his rate of wages, hours of work, proportion of unemployment and general living conditions at almost any given time and place, you can step into the public library and find out, pretty nearly as easily as you can find the yield of wheat in Kansas in 1901 or the price of cotton at New York last year.

All of which, of course, is highly commendable; for the portion of labor is quite as important to the country as the yield of wheat or the price of cotton. But about clerical laborers the books are mostly silent. In twelve hundred pages on Employees and Wages the census doesn't mention them. There must be in the country well toward two million laborers who would be classed as clerks. I figure up 1,651,797 in that general category according to the census of 1900. If "happy the people whose annals are blank," we may presume them to be in a state bordering upon bliss; but the clerks themselves hardly share in that presumption.

"I've been in this office sixteen years," said one who would have to tie a string around his head if he wished to know where his forehead ended. The concern is famous in its line and the office employs near a thousand clerks. "I was pretty lucky to get in, too, for I was about at the dead-line when my former employer's business was absorbed by a trust. The employer himself wasn't absorbed; they merely took the business. The supposition is that if a man is thirty-five and out of a job there must be something wrong with him. That supposition was correct in my case. I was stony broke. A berth here at fifteen dollars a week looked very good to me. I am getting almost double that now, so I've done very well. Personally I have no kick coming. You know as you lose your hair you can see better. You discover that there's no use worrying about a whole lot of things that you used


Most Clerks Make Enough to Live on and Little Else

to worry about. I used to want the earth. Now I hope nobody will come in and bother me when I have a good book to read, and that I won't sit in a draft, which starts up my neuralgia.

"This is as good an office to work in, I think, as any other. In any big shop like this a great deal of the work is mechanical. We have about a hundred and fifty girls. They get all the way from five to ten dollars a week. A few get more. With their typewriters, adding-machines, and other devices for standardizing processes they can do much work just as well as a man can. We fill out checks with typewriters now, and lately we've got in a machine that adds, subtracts and divides. Except selling the goods, I suppose it will be pretty much all done by machines by and by.

"Some of the men don't like to see women come in, for they do the work at about half a man's pay; but as long as so much of the work is merely mechanical the women will keep on coming just the same. The hours are eight to five, and the aim is to keep everybody humping during that period. In fact, the office is always falling a little behind. Pretty constantly there is some overtime work to be done. Clerks don't get any pay for overtime, but they get checks on the restaurant for their dinners. The management has a theory that the young, unmarried clerks "con" the company—that is, let their work drag so as to stay overtime and get dinner for nothing. I have a theory that if a man keeps up the pace that is set here from eight to five, there isn't more work left in him than about enough to pay for his dinner.

"Naturally the company tries to set the fastest pace the men can stand; but I doubt if they do absolutely get all the labor power out of the force that the force is capable of giving. Four times since I've been here there has been a shake-out. I guess it comes about once in four or five years. You see, from time to time this chief clerk or that manager of a department will put on an extra man. So the office force keeps expanding. Once in so often the directors check it up and find that the pay-roll has grown to ruinous proportions. Then they issue an ironclad order to retrench. This chief clerk has got to drop a man, so many must be let out of that department. The chief clerk may roar, but there's no help for it. He picks out his least efficient man and fires him. Well, it looked as though the office was doing all the work it possibly could before the shake-out; but somehow it pitches in and swings it through just the same.

"In a great many big offices they practically never fire a man except for some decided fault of his own. The fact that we do occasionally fire men here, just to retrench, may subtract from the clerk's affection for the house and so make him less efficient. On the other hand, it may fill him with a pious fear of being the next firee and so spur him on to put in his best licks. Which way it works I couldn't say. I've often read about a clerk's abounding affection and undying loyalty for his employer; but I never ran across any of it in a big corporation office.

"By the way, I read a funny thing in a magazine article the other day. It said: 'The clerk who works with his eyes on the clock will, if the whole force is composed of his kind, ruin any business.' But, of course, in a big office the employer's eyes are always on the clock. Naturally, what he wants of his office force is to get the most work out of it for the least money. Come down fifteen minutes late a couple of mornings and you'll discover that the boss knows exactly what o'clock it is. So I don't see why he should expect you to forget when it's five. But, as I said before, I haven't any kick.

"Speaking of the pay-roll, here's an odd thing: Almost everybody in our office gets a raise about once in so often. The raises are moderate, of course—fifty cents, or a dollar, or two dollars and a half a week. Yet the clerk does get his raise—especially the younger one. If he can show that he's been working something over a year at twelve dollars, say, and there is nothing against him, he's pretty sure to be marked up to twelve and a half or thirteen. So you'd suppose that the general level of salaries would be going up all the time. But that doesn't follow. For one thing, the increasing number of girls and of youngsters doing low-grade work for little pay keeps down the average. Then they are always promoting men from a lower job to a higher; but the promoted man never gets the same pay that his predecessor got. Here is a man getting twenty a week, who is promoted. That leaves his twenty-dollar job vacant. A man getting sixteen is moved up to fill the vacancy. But they'll say to him, 'Of course, you are not worth as much to us in this position as the man who just left it and who, having held it several years, was thoroughly familiar with it. We'll give you seventeen this year, and raise you a dollar a year, so you'll be getting twenty by the time you know the job as well as your predecessor did.' The twenty-dollar man takes a job that paid fifteen hundred, but he'll get, say, twelve hundred for a year or so."

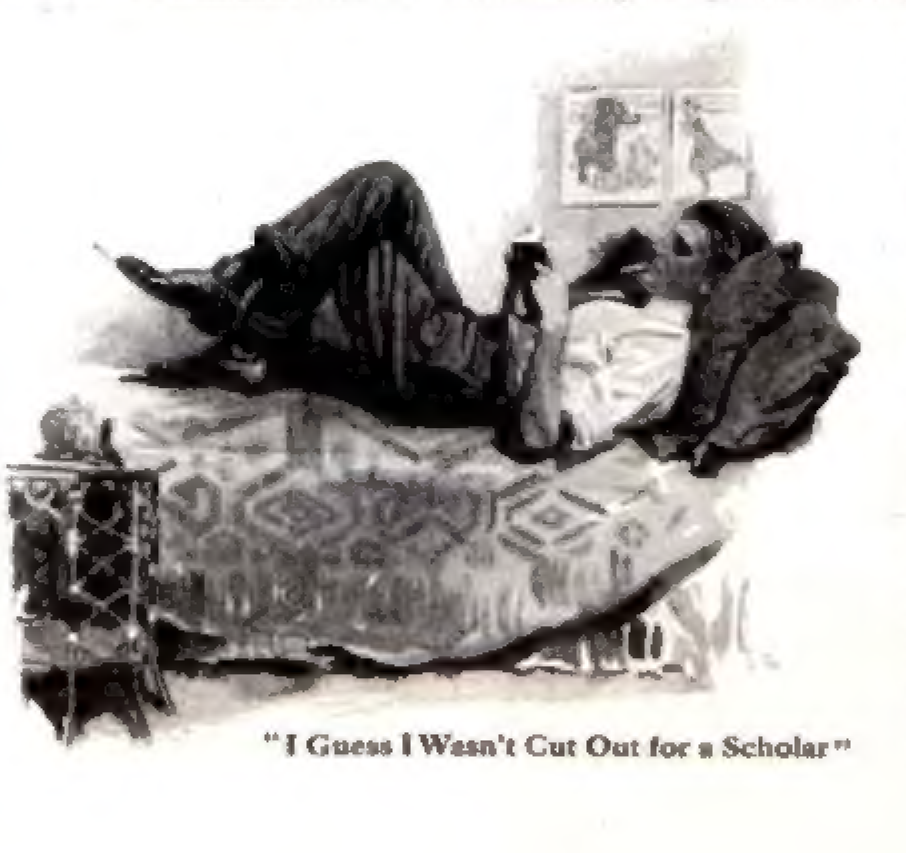
Women are coming into all the big offices—even into the banks, which were about the last to admit them except as stenographers. They can manipulate an adding-machine and do the simpler sorts of work, at least, as well as any man—rather better, most employers are inclined to say. Usually they live at home and regard their earnings merely as helping out on the family budget or as personal pin money, and they expect to get married pretty soon, anyway. So no wages that will leave a surplus over carfare are so low as to daunt them. For ordinary clerical work they commonly get, in fact, twenty-five to forty dollars a month. What the men seem most to resent about them is their lack of economic ambition.

Said a clerk in a railroad office—about thirty, I judge: "I get seventy-five dollars a month. Across the aisle from me are two women doing just the same work that I am doing. They get forty dollars a month. You might say that their doing the work for forty dollars doesn't hurt me any; but if the company can get my work done for about half what it's paying me my prospects don't seem very rosy. I want to be looking ahead; but as the case stands I have to keep looking behind at those forty-dollar girls."

A chief clerk in this office opined that the women did tend to discourage the men. But he held that a majority of the men were constitutionally prone to discouragement, anyway. The office, by the way, is headquarters of a great railroad—a huge hive of clerks.

"I suppose there are ten thousand railroad clerks in Chicago, and three-quarters of them get less than seventy-five dollars a month," said he. "So many of them seem to have little ambition. They'll get a job paying fifteen or eighteen dollars a week, enough to keep them going, and there they'll stick. A big railroad office is full of opportunities, whatever any of them may tell you; but a man must have some go about him. Take that man over yonder. You can see he's still young—not much over thirty. He's getting eighteen hundred a year now, and he'll get a lot more if he lives. He's been in the office only eight or nine years, too. When I first knew him he was getting seventy dollars a month, but if a better job was going to be open anywhere about the shop he'd hear of it somehow and bubble right up and ask for it—had confidence in himself, you see. Last fall he was getting fifteen hundred in another department. When the panic came on and the banks stopped paying currency, it demoralized us a bit here in the treasurer's office. He heard about it and came right over looking for a better job, which he got. It takes gall, of course, but he's made good wherever he's been, and the people upstairs like it, all right. They know it's the stuff that makes a railroad go.

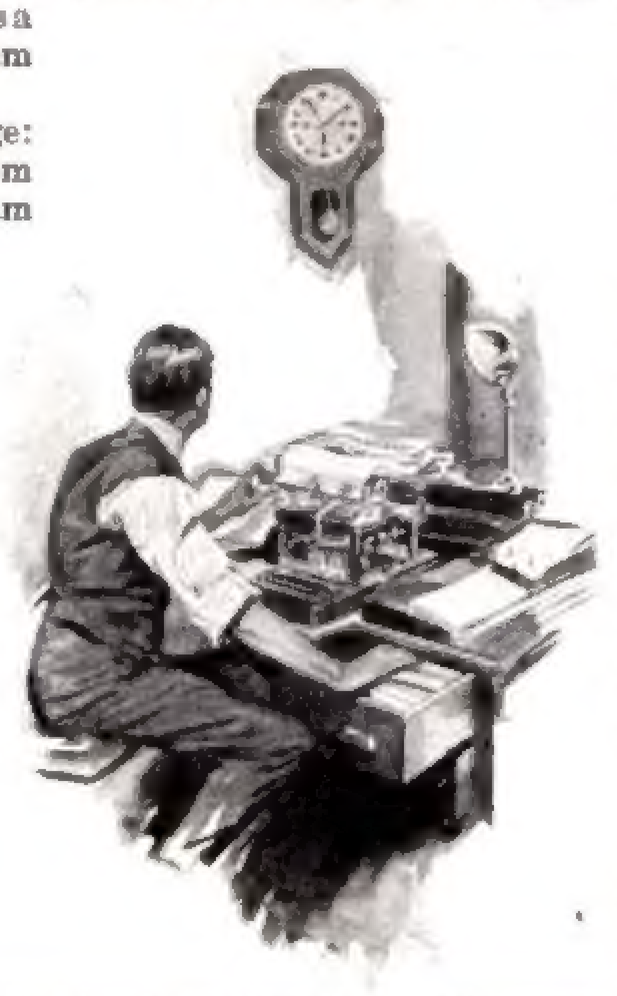
"But so many clerks lack ambition or confidence, which comes to about the same thing. Why, I've had men decline a better position because they were afraid they couldn't make good in it! Probably it isn't that they are actually incapable of doing anything better. I'd hate to think anybody was actually incapable of doing anything better than copying figures off a wheel report or waybill. We had a man right in this office, about four years ago, getting sixty-five dollars a month. There seemed nothing the matter with his habits, but he was never up to the mark, always dragging along about a rod in the rear. Finally I lost patience with him and told him he'd never do any good here, and let him go. He went out of the office on his uppers and presently got a job with a manufacturing concern. He's head of their transportation department now, getting six thousand a year and giving good satisfaction. Probably there are others like him here today.


"I Guess I Wasn't Cut Out for a Scholar"

"A while ago our traffic manager went over to the local freight office. It happened to be at noon, when the clerks were coming out. A gray-haired man stepped up and spoke to him. The manager couldn't place him until the other man introduced himself. Thirty years ago those two men had worked side by side at the same desk. One of them gets eighteen thousand a year now, and the other is still at the old desk getting about seventy-five a month. He had the advantage of a college education, too; probably had ability, you see, but hadn't any ginger."

In another railroad office, where there is no pension system, I stumbled upon a case that had just come up to the president for consideration—a man unable any longer to perform his work. The record showed that he had been forty-one years in the service of the road and was getting seventy-five dollars a month. Such questions as when he last had a raise, and whether he had ever asked for another, seemed lost in the twilight of antiquity. Indeed, there was quite a little buzz about it in the president's office, as over a prehistoric find.

Even the most optimistic of managers admits that in these big offices many are buried. There are opportunities—for the able or for those that push. Every well-constituted railroad office has several copies of the Biographies of American Railroad Officials, showing how Mr. Hughitt of the Northwestern, Mr. Earling of the St. Paul, Mr. Ripley of the Sante Fe, and so on came up from the ranks. Forty years ago, however, a novice might, if favorably placed, have about the whole operation of a railroad under his eye. Nowadays, as an official remarked, a clerk might spend his life in a big office and never see a locomotive or know much more about railroading when he died than when he began.


"So I Don't See Why He Should Expect You to Forget When it's Five"

"My idea," he said, "is that before long there will be chairs of transportation in the universities to teach railroading. Then, when a young man comes in here, he'll be capable of taking a position that requires exercise of judgment. He'll get, say, a hundred dollars a month as a minimum, and we'll have girls with adding-machines and so on to do the merely mechanical work. In a big office we can't really teach a youngster railroading. He has to be bright enough to pick that up. It's a fact, though, as anybody with experience will tell you, that the chance of promotion, the hope to rise, is a big motive, especially with the clerks that are still under middle age. They see the better jobs, see other men getting them, and feel that their chance will come some day."

It was a clerk still under middle age who made this objection: "The trouble is that your chance of promotion depends entirely upon the kind of man you happen to be working under. Your chief clerk may be a good sort who wants to see the men under him do as well for themselves as they can. If he thinks a man deserves a little better salary he'll speak up for him; or, if a man can get a better place, he's glad of it. He'll give everybody all the show he can. On the other hand, your chief clerk may be a mean pup who wants to get all the credit for everything himself. He wants the bosses to think that whatever the office accomplishes is due entirely to him. He tries to make a good showing for his office by keeping salaries down. If there's an able man under him like as not he'll be jealous of that man and try to soak him instead of giving him a boost. If the chief clerk is against you you might as well throw up the sponge, for nobody else knows that you are living.

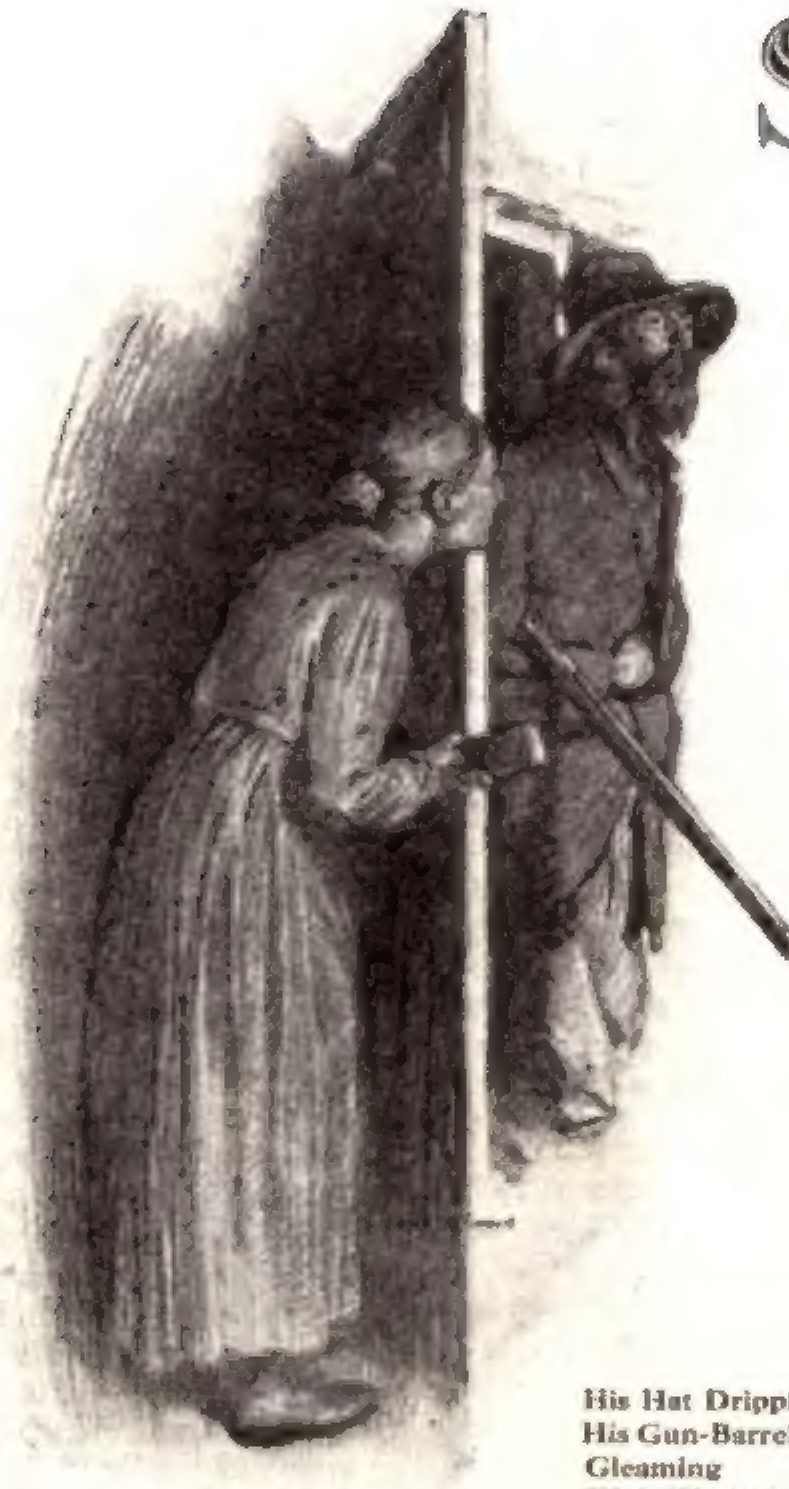
"Here's a little illustration. I know a man in the auditor's office. A while ago the president and auditor were having a confab and they sent down for some stuff. It was stuff this man handled and knew all about, so he was sent right up to the president's office with it. He's been up there twice since on the same thing. Now he knows that piece of work from end to end, can discuss it with the president as intelligently as the auditor or chief clerk or anybody else. And maybe you think it don't tickle him to death to get a chance to do it. Would my chief clerk let one of his men go up to the president's office? Not in a thousand years. He'd go himself every time."

(Continued on Page 25)

Sacrifice at Potter's Fold

By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL



His Hat Dripping, His Gun-Barrel Gleaming With Wetness

THE pair—man and boy, each with a rifle poised in the hollow of his arm—toiled steadily, without speech, up the winding trail. The boy was one of those unfortunates, so common in our Southern Appalachians, who seem to skip the slow expansion of adolescence. Like a bud suddenly transported from tender April to torrid August, they leap from childhood into a premature manhood. This lad, though not over fourteen, had a face fixed and serious; the corners of his mouth drooped soberly, and his deep-set eyes reflected sadness.

His father was a typical mountaineer—tall, unshorn, lean as a greyhound, with trim hands and feet. That morning he had found one of his two hogs dead, with a bullet-hole in its forehead, and his expression, never blithesome, was almost saturnine now. It was a saturninity, moreover, which resisted even the mellowing influence of a pint bottle of applejack, applied at frequent intervals to his lips.

The Top was finally reached. Within the compass of the eye lay a mighty kingdom—dappled valleys sandwiched between stern ranges, misty gorges, mountain buttressing mountain in an endless recession, the nearest ones purple in their coniferous investitures, the farther ones fading through blues and grays, until, finally, where the sky shut down, peaks and clouds, earth and heaven, were all merged and lost in one another. It was a panorama to awe the soul, but Waterloo Whig was absorbed in counting out into his grimy palm the proper number of fat, deadly .45's with which to fill the magazine of his Winchester repeater.

"Now, Duddie," said he, with a geniality apparently induced by the loading of his rifle, "you drap back down to'ds the Fold and try fer to pick up a brace of pa'tridges with your popgun." (The lad's rifle was a .22.) "Your maw ain't nowise well, and she needs the meat. Be sure to git home in time to chop some wood fer supper. Meanwhiles, I'll drap down t'other side the Back. May git a deer. 'Sides, I gotter see Buff Tate and find out ef he's nerved up yit to stand fer sheriff. If he does, and we 'lect him—which we will—we-uns hyer on Hogback will have peace fer a spell. We won't have to go down to the co't-house every time we sneeze to explain why we done it. I reckon I'll git back by candle-lightin'—if nothin' keeps me."

Duddie tarried for some minutes after his father's agile figure had disappeared. He suspected that vengeance, not politics, was luring him down into that dangerous zone—the ancient domain of the Thistlewoods. If so, it was possible that, before the sun should have dropped behind Nigger Head, old Ariel Thistlewood would answer with his own life for that of the slaughtered porker. Not exactly, either, for the porker's alone. There were other lives to be answered for. The feud between the two families had now been smouldering, with fitful bursts into flame, for many years. For three generations, in fact, Thistlewoods had been slipping down the west side of Hogback, and Whigs down the east side, preferably after dark, with rifle in hand and murder in heart, until both factions were, in the vernacular of the mountain, about "shot out." Today Ariel and Waterloo were the sole male representatives of their respective clans—Dudley being considered too young, and his doddering grandfather too old, to count.

But Duddie by no means considered himself too young to count, and he now gazed wistfully across the gorge at the distant notch in the pines which marked Thistlewood's clearing. Child though he was, no fear for his father, no horror at the bloody deed upon which he was presumably bent, touched his mind. His only emotion was disappointment that his father should not have seen fit to enlist his services.

The Whigs' cabin nestled in one of those glades high-swung between the shoulders of the peaks, like an oriole's nest in an elm. Potter's Fold it was called, from the fact that a visionary named Potter had once raised sheep there until the catamounts, wolves and sundry two-legged lovers of mutton had decimated his flock. Duddie almost literally dropped into it from the adjoining height, some two hours before sunset, with a fat grouse and a woodchuck in his belt. His mother commended his success with a smile. The decrepit grandsire, dozing in a chimney-corner, with his clay pipe upside down, roused at the boy's entrance, blinked at the trophies of the chase, and then shook his hoary head. He cherished a vindictive distrust of Duddie's little short-barreled, four-pound gun.

"Must 'a' caught 'em asleep, must 'a' caught 'em asleep!" he shouted. "Bet you powder-burnt 'em both with your pea-shooter." He cackled loudly at his jibe, and then, almost immediately, dozed off again.

"Whar's your pop?" asked Fereby Whig.

"T'other side the Back."

The woman said nothing. If the thought occurred that she might lie down a widow that night she gave no sign. Presently she laid the babe in its crib of white-oak splints and began their early supper. Meagre enough were her utensils. In one and the same pan—rinsing carefully, however, after each operation—she first scalded and then dressed the grouse, pared the potatoes, mixed her hoe-cake batter, and finally arranged the bird and vegetable for a stew. When the hickory chunks in the fireplace were reduced to purring coals, she skillfully spread the batter where it would bake without burning, and set the coffee-pot to simmer on the hearth. When the meal was ready the grandsire was waked, two children playing outside were called in, and the family drew up to the rude board, without waiting for the head of the house. His return was always uncertain, whether he was roistering at the Little Twist still-house, playing cards at Cube Acres' forge, or trailing a deer.

"Shet the door—shet the door!" piped the octogenarian shrilly. "The sun have gone down and evil-doers will soon be ridin' the mounting."

"Tain't dark yit, Popsy," observed Fereby.

Nevertheless, as soon as the shadows began to creep out of the tangled border of the Fold, she barricaded the single window with a heavy oak shutter and barred the door. Dudley climbed to his loft, the children and the grandsire were put to bed, and the woman was left alone with the flickering fire. Their day was done, though the alpenglow still lingered on the top of Hogback.

Fereby sat for hours after her bedtime, but her black eyes only grew wider and more lustrous. About nine o'clock it began to rain—at first so gently as to make only a murmur among the yellow, autumnal leaves of the tulip-tree outside; then bigger, swifter drops found their way down the wide-throated chimney and popped angrily upon the back-log. The passing gusts paused to slap the cabin with their huge, padded paws.

Now the watcher glanced at her sleeping babe, now threw up her head, hearkening at some real or fancied sound in the outer darkness. Poverty, toil, isolation, the bearing and the burying of babes, the red havoc of the feud, had all swept the strings of her being like a boisterous player's hand. Yet there was that about her which rebuffed pity; sufficient for her trials was her strength; a wise and loving Hand had moulded her to fit her niche.

Finally, without preliminary footfalls, came three slow, cautious taps upon the door. Fereby lifted the bar and her husband entered, his hat dripping, his Indian-black hair beaded with raindrops, his gun-barrel gleaming with wetness. From one of his pockets hung the tail of a squirrel.

He dropped down to the table wearily. Fereby brought out the remains of the supper and lifted the coffee-pot from the hearth. But it was not until his ravenous attack upon the food had slackened that she put any questions.

"Git him?" she then asked.

"Didn't git nuthin'—nary him, nor the cow, nor a hog, nor a chicken. So I jist blowed that squoll's head off outen pure cussedness. I laid in the laurel above five hours, but the old fox never showed hisse'f."

"Hyear any news?"

"Lowdermilk Tidd and Duke Morningstar got into a fight, down at the big meetin' at Antioch church, and cut each other up consid'able. Lutie Love's baby died of pneumony. Reckon she ain't perticular sorry, seein' it was born afore she changed her name."

"I reckon 'tain't much you or any other man knows about how she feels," retorted Mrs. Whig, not pugnaciously, but with authority. "Who's holdin' the revival at Antioch?"

"Young feller from Below. Reg'lar peacock, they say—biled shirt, coat-tails as long as a nightgownt, and gold plugs in his teeth. Knows his business, though. Fust night he licked Bush Redbud with his bare hands, and give 'em p'intedly to understand, besides, that he could shoot, and hadn't left his irons to home. But don't say nothin' 'bout the meetin's to Popsy. He'll wear hisse'f out beggin' us to take him down, and he wouldn't do nothin' but sleep arfter he got thar."

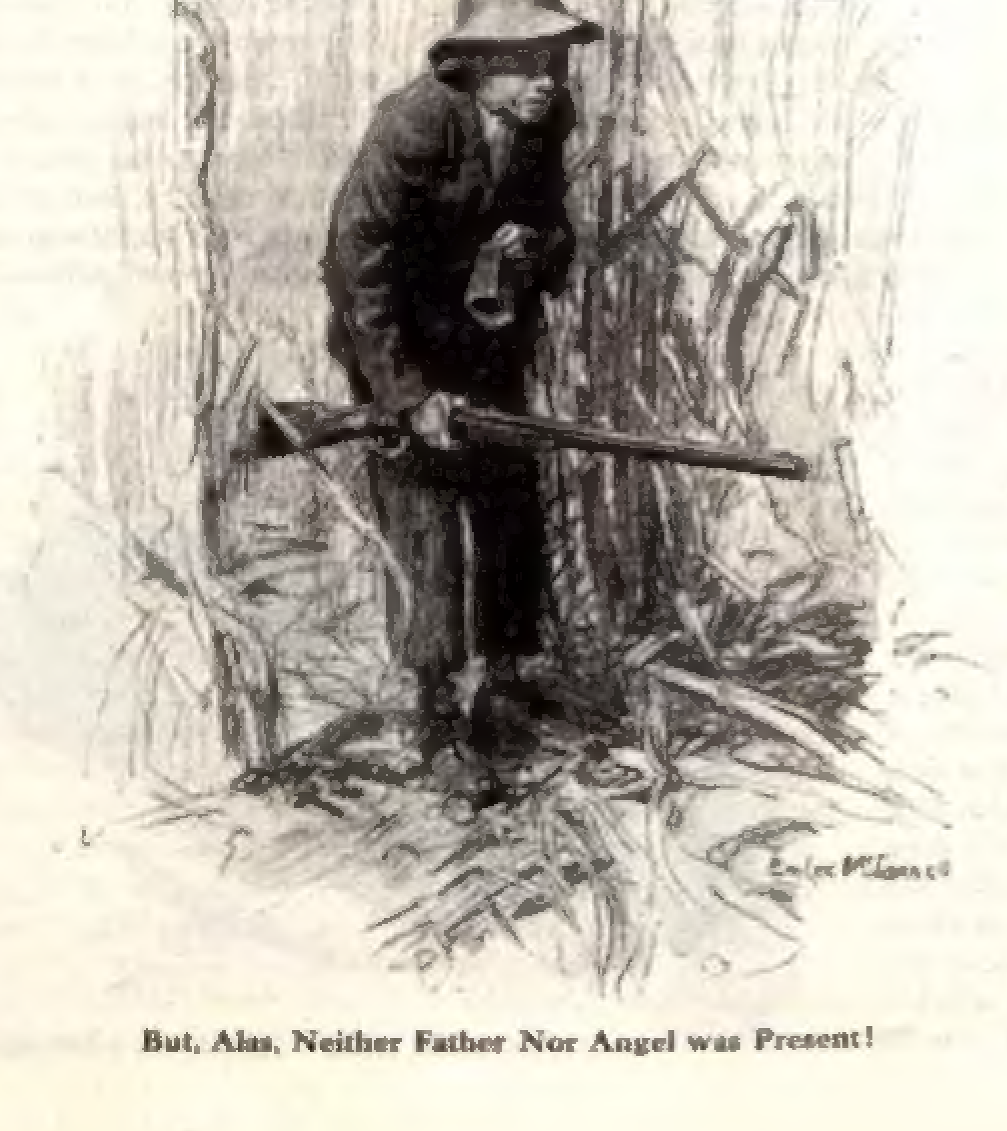
The ancient man, as if answering to his name, raised himself on his elbow in his trundle-bed and blinked bewilderedly for a moment.

"Loo," he called, in his cockatoo voice, "you kiver that fiyer and scat fer bed or I won't buy you them copper-toed boots fer Christmas." He stared a moment longer, his mind wandering in the Long Ago, and then quietly sank back to sleep again, babelike.

. . . .

It was not Popsy but Duddie who was caught in the vortex of the revival. Duddie had always been a strange child, wise beyond his years, and a riddle to his simple parents. But he had always been a good child, and when he set out one night for Antioch church, four miles away, no remonstrance was made. The young missionary, sent out by the Louisville Y. M. C. A. to carry the Gospel to the Cumberland heathen, as many good people considered them, proved a fascination to Duddie. Night after night found the boy on the selfsame window-sill of the little log meeting-house, his blue eyes shining with excitement, his brown cheeks hot and flushed.

As he threaded his way homeward along the sinuous, undulating trail—now in pine-canopied gloom, now in a flood of white moonlight on the naked brink of Rainbow Gorge, with the muffled thunder of the



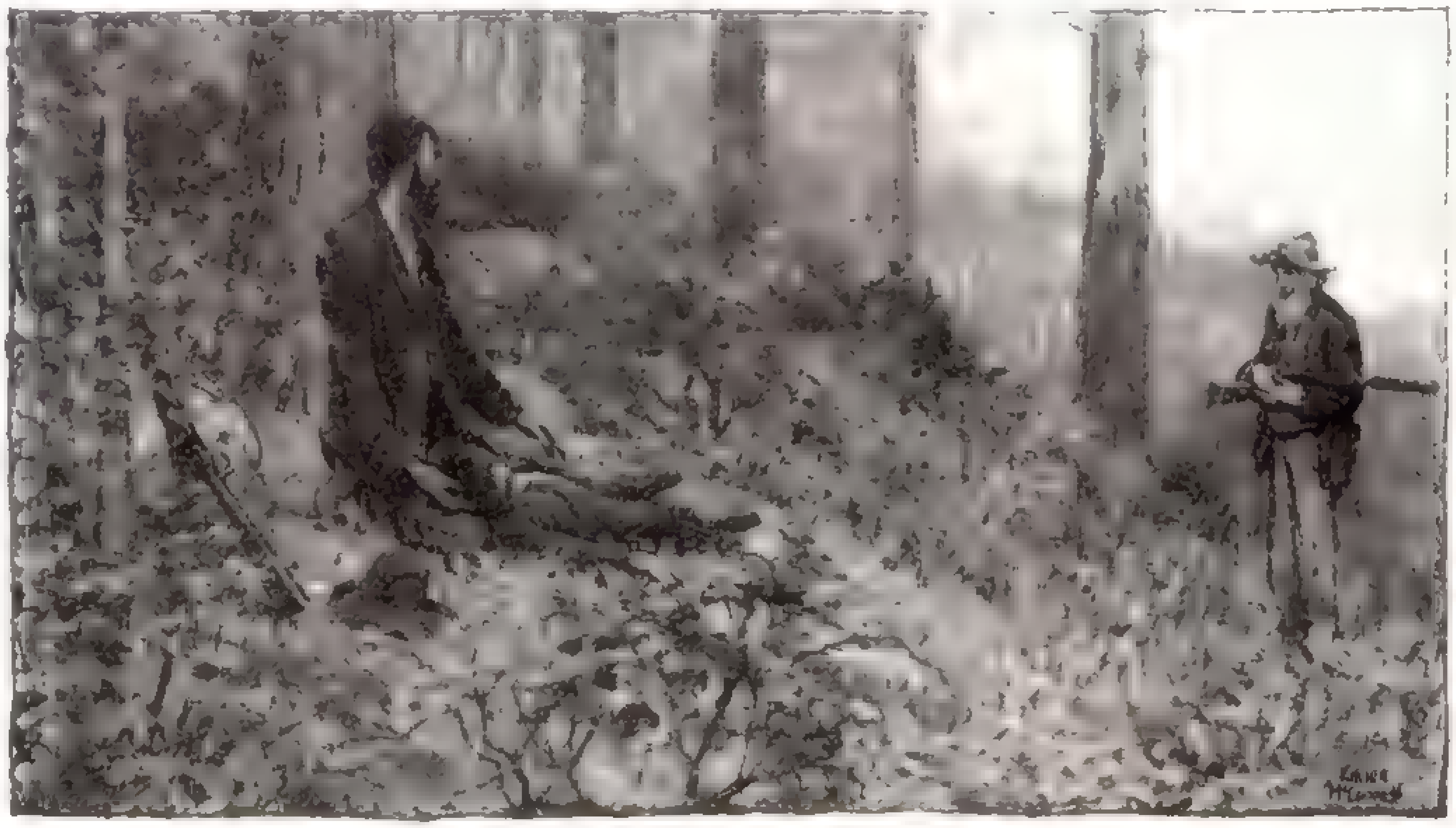
But, Alas, Neither Father Nor Angel was Present!

waterfall welling up from the black depths—he was ecstatically happy. The call of a night-bird, the bark of a fox, would thrill him through and give him a sense of companionship with Nature that he had never felt before. Sometimes, in spite of the late hour and the chill air of autumn, he would sit down to breathe in the stillness and grandeur of the night. At such times when there passed overhead, as sometimes happened, that mystic, tremulous, indefinable sound, as if the ranges, those granitic ribs of earth, were contracting under their tremendous strain, his exaltation was almost painful. It was as if he heard the voice of God.

But there came a change. One night the minister, having previously denounced the sins common to humanity, addressed himself boldly to that sin peculiar to the mountaineer—the private redressing of wrongs, the individual administration of justice—in short, the feud. For the first time in his little life Duddie heard the doctrine that it was wrong to kill a man because he had killed some one else; that murder of any kind was hateful in the sight of the Lord, and that the shedder of human blood shall gnash his teeth in *hell*.

If this were true—and after the minister's powerful sermon Duddie had no doubt of it—Waterloo Whig was as good as damned, for he had sworn to slay Ariel Thistlewood. His face wet with tears, his bosom sore from sobbing, the boy dragged wearily home. The cabin, sleeping in the moonlight, had a strange, cold, forbidding look. All coziness, all dear familiarity, were gone. The wisps of white wood-smoke, curling delicately from the chimney, were but sinister hints of the unquenchable fires of hell. And when his father opened the door for him, Duddie shrank past him as from a thing accurst.

Yet he dearly loved the man, and how to save him from his awful doom became a problem with which the boy wrestled night and day. The mountain child is a repressed little being, for the most part. In the presence of his elders he is commanded to silence; he takes a back seat in church, and when "company" is present he eats at second table. In the ceaseless, hand-to-mouth struggle which the lean land entails, his confidence is not invited, his demonstrations of affection are not encouraged. If he yields obedience, the rest is taken for granted.


Not With Fear, Not With Hate, but With Mutual Horror

Hence it was that Duddie, though never doubting for a moment the love of his father and mother, could not remember when either of them had kissed him. Nor had he, until the present great affliction befell him, ever particularly yearned for a kiss. To be sent to the fastness for game, to be dispatched fifteen miles in the dead of night for a doctor, to be asked to take an exhausted man's place in the line of forest-fire fighters—these were the things which had assured him of his father's confidence and esteem, and had made kiss or caress superfluous.

But now, when his heart melted at his father's absorption in the petty, sordid events of life's daily round, all unconscious of his impending doom, the boy yearned for a more personal communion. He ached to throw himself upon the other's breast, to sob out his love and pity, to warn him of the fearful end of the man who imbrues his hands in human blood. Two things, however, aside from mere habit, deterred him. In the first place, he feared that such a course would not be quite manly; he had never known of any one but girls and women doing such a thing. In the second place, he was convinced that it would be useless.

Not that his father was obstinate or impervious to reason, but because he was entangled in the net of Destiny beyond hope of escape. For example, if a man dragged a log over your young corn, or burnt your cabin, or shot your cow, your hog or your brother, or threatened to shoot you—what could you do but retaliate in kind? To kill or be killed was your choice. To kill would damn your soul. To be killed would save your soul; but it would be at the expense of your body, and would at the same time deliver your wife and little ones into the jaws of that ravening wolf called Want. Could Duddie ask his father to do this? And should he ask him, and should his father, in fear of hell, consent, what would all the men of the mountain, yea, what would Duddie himself, think?

For Destiny thus to trap a man seemed a cruel thing, to be sure. But cruel things were very credible to Duddie. There was the mountain fastness, when one was lost without match or cartridge; the forest fire, turning night into a lurid hell; the bitter cold of winter, making even the rocky face of the cliff crack in agony; the avalanche, burying men and animals alive. There was the catamount, slitting the throats of the helpless, innocent flock; the hawk with his talons in a sparrow's vitals; the boulder crashing down the mountainside, snapping off great trees, or perchance crushing a cabin like an eggshell. All these things were cruel, but they were every-day facts, and Duddie had learned to look upon them almost unmoved.

Yet there was a God—Duddie believed it firmly. Not only because he was told so, but because he had felt it to be so—in the silent watches of the night, when some aërial express train of wild geese swept honking by overhead; at the foot of Rainbow Falls, where the water, the never-ending water, the ever-falling water, shook the earth; in the presence of the frowning thunderstorm, veined by jagged fire and swathed in trailing skirts of rain. Yes, there was a God. But His ways were not your ways. You could not argue with Him. What He sent you had to take. If you did right He loved you; if you did wrong He punished you. To murder was wrong; He had said so in His Book. *Hence, if you murdered, even to save your family, you had to go to hell for it.*

It was a puzzling state of affairs. Small wonder that the boy, in pondering the problem, lost his appetite, grew listless and thin, shunned the cabin, and spent whole days alone in the woods. But the dawn of this dark night of his soul was nearer than he knew. One day, as he lay on the forest's brown carpet of pine-needles, dreamily watching a soaring eagle, and wondering if the bird could not almost glimpse Heaven from its ethereal zone, there suddenly came to him a Voice such as came, mayhap, to the Maid in the garden of Domremy. Stiffening as from a galvanic shock, breathless, almost pulseless, he sprang to his feet, and strained upward to catch the words again. They came: *If a man would save his soul let him lose it for My sake'*

He emitted an inarticulate cry of joy. That was it! How simple! How strange he should not have thought of it himself! Let him, Dudley Whig, who had so often taken his father's place on minor occasions, take his place on this crucial, supreme occasion. Let him save his father's soul by losing his own. Let him kill Ariel Thistlewood!

With a transfigured face, like that of him who saw God in a burning bush, with a light in his eyes which was not of earth, the boy descended the mountain to Potter's Fold. The family were just sitting down to supper.

"Son, air you got a fever?" asked Waterloo.

Duddie shook his head. He had a fever, but it was not of the body. The room seemed strangely bright and large; his father's voice came as from a distance; and when his mother pressed a cup of boneset tea to his lips he swallowed it mechanically, with the sensation of being ministered to by an angel.

. . . .

Duddie's little .22 was inadequate for his present stern business, and borrowing a rifle in the mountains is like borrowing a stove in zero weather. Sooner will a mountaineer lend you his boots. But the lad finally succeeded in obtaining an old single-shot .45 from Cube Acres, the blacksmith, who had just bought a repeater. He concealed the weapon in the dry fissure of a ledge of rock; then, it being chambered for the same ammunition as his father's rifle, he filched three cartridges from his father's tin box. One was for a shot at mark, to test the sights; one was for Ariel Thistlewood, and one for a reserve.

By sunup the next morning he was ready to start, for it was a good four hours' tramp to his destination. Yet he lingered for some minutes in the dooryard. His father was milking. His mother was kindling a fire under a big kettle on the bank of the branch, preparing to wash clothes. The boy had no misgivings; yet he fully realized the hazardous nature of his enterprise, and he wished to leave behind a message which would give no present hint of his mission—for a hint would frustrate that mission—but which would, in case he failed to return, reveal to his parents that he had died by no accident, but that he had fared forth on a sacrificial pilgrimage, fearless of the results to either soul or body. It was difficult, however, to find just the words which would serve this delicate purpose, and he finally trudged off as usual, carrying his little .22 for a blind.

He lay in the rhododendrons on the bank of the branch until old Whitey came down to her drinking-pool, as she always did upon being released from the stall. He then took the bell from her neck, muffled its clapper with a handkerchief, and swung it from his waist by the strap. He next went to the ledge and exchanged his own rifle for the big .45.

At a safe distance from his home he pegged a bit of paper the size of his hand to the bole of a pine, stepped off sixty paces, took careful aim, and fired. The terrific recoil spun him halfway round and made him sick and dizzy for a moment. But a ragged hole in the mark brought a shadowy smile to his sober lips.

The nine-pound weapon increased almost incredibly in weight as he reeled off mile after mile of the toilsome ascent. His arms and back ached, and he was conscious that he was not making his usual time. However, it was not yet noon when he reached Slayback's Leap, which promontory commanded a view of Ariel Thistlewood's clearing. It was still from a half to three-quarters of a mile distant, in a bee-line; but through the pellucid atmosphere the chickens picking about the dooryard were distinctly visible.

Mrs. Thistlewood sat on the front doorstone, working over something in her lap. Perilee, a half-grown daughter, passed once from the shed door to the woodpile and picked up an apronful of chips. Ariel himself, with a newspaper in his hands, sat out in the open, where the bright sunlight made an aureole about his uncovered, white head. From his exposed position, it might have seemed as if no sense of insecurity ever disturbed his mind; but a more experienced mountaineer than Duddie would have noted that the thick trunk of a chestnut-oak intervened exactly between Ariel's chair and the nearest undergrowth that could have harbored an enemy.

On his first glimpse of this peaceful, domestic scene, which he expected to desolate within the hour, the mountain lad behaved much like any other lad. His face grew pale, his hands shook. Nevertheless, he quickly recovered his balance and passed on down by a circuitous route until he stood at the edge of Ariel's upper cornfield, about four hundred yards from the cabin.

Up till this moment his progress, since leaving the Leap, had been as noiseless as a fox's. But now he removed his handkerchief from the clapper of the cow-bell and jangled it roughly, in fair imitation of a belled cow tearing an ear of corn from the stalk. Thistlewood instantly raised his head in a listening attitude. When the sound was repeated he rose from his chair, picked up his hat and rifle, and started for the cornfield. Duddie's heart quickened

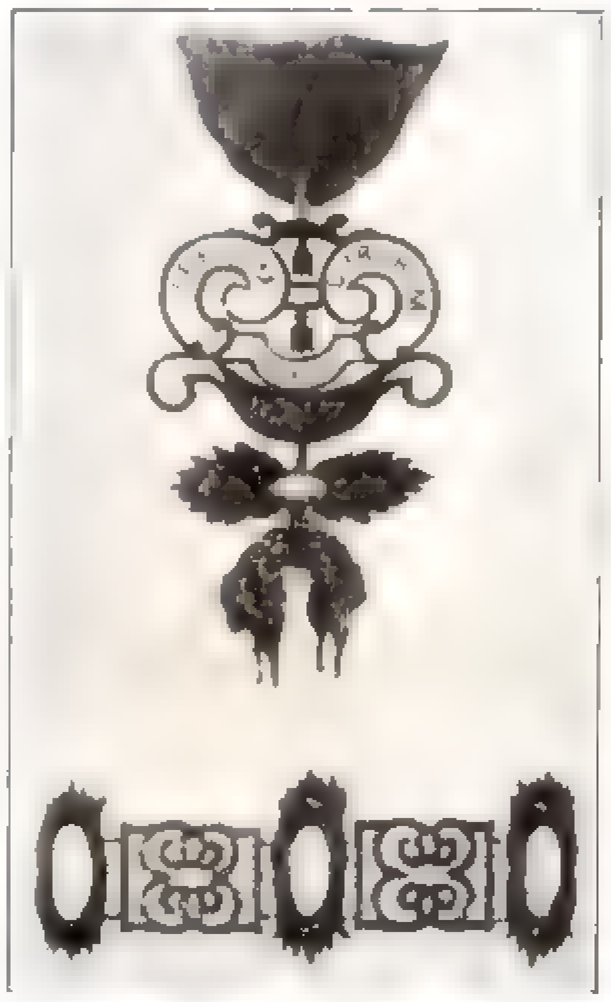
(Continued on Page 33)

The Lure of the Decoration

Queer Incidents in the Quest of Ribboned Stars and Crosses

By E. Alexander Powell, F. R. G. S.

THEY tell a story in diplomatic circles of an American who once presented himself at our Embassy in Vienna. As he was of prepossessing appearance and armed with letters of introduction from certain gentlemen influential in American politics, the Ambassador politely asked his visitor if there was any particular courtesy he could show him during his stay in the Austrian capital. Well, yes, as a matter of fact there was; he had always cherished a longing to be presented at court. The Ambassador said he would see what could be done—diplomats under no circumstances ever say "Yes" or "No"—and in due course the coveted invitation, embossed with the imperial arms, reached the jubilant American. On the night of the ball he presented himself at the Hofburg, clad in irreproachable court dress, knee-breeches, *chapeau* and sword, while suspended from his neck by a red, white and blue ribbon hung a resplendent decoration, blazing with jewels, wonderfully enameled, unique in size and design. The American became instantly the cynosure of every eye. The aged Emperor, himself an officer of every great order of chivalry, was seen to cast curious glances at his guest's novel adornment. The Court Chamberlain and the American Ambassador were questioned in turn, but both professed themselves unable to identify the splendid decoration. Some one suggested that it might be an Abyssinian order, some one else that it had a Chinese look, while a third concluded that it must be from one of the Indian States. Curiosity eventually won the day, and the Emperor summoned the American to his presence.

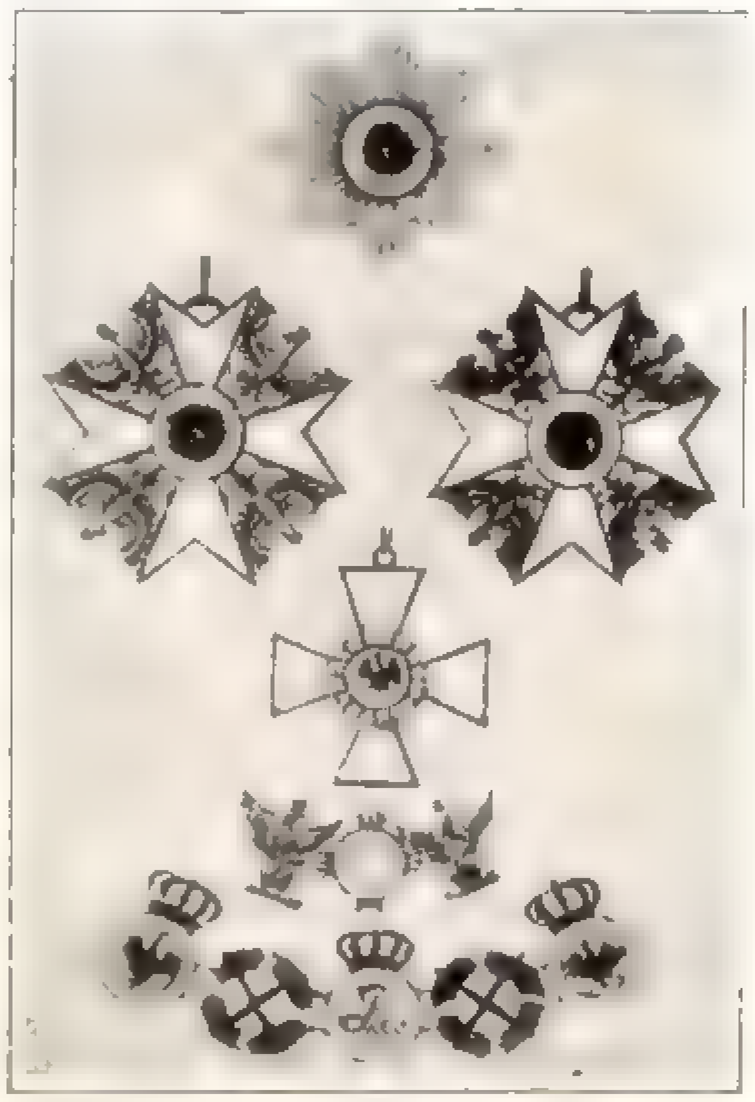

Austria: Badge and Collar of Golden Fleece

An American's Unique Decoration

"YOU will pardon my curiosity, I am sure," said the white-haired monarch, in that winning manner so characteristic of him, "but none of us has been able to recognize the very beautiful decoration you are wearing. May I ask what it is?"

"Why," said the American, with a gratified smile, "that is an idea of my own, your Majesty. Understanding that it was the custom to wear such things over here, I drew up the design myself, and had it made by my jeweler in San Francisco."

Now that story, which may be true, and, again, may not be, serves to illustrate the overpowering desire for chest adornment by which a goodly proportion of our people are possessed. In this democratic land of ours it is the fashion to despise—or pretend to despise—anything which smacks as strongly of monarchical institutions as decorations, though it must be confessed that I have yet to meet the American who refused one of the little enameled crosses when it was offered to him. Indeed, I once knew an American consular officer, stationed in an Asiatic city, who actually resigned his commission rather than give up the cross of the Red Eagle, which had been pinned upon his breast by the German Emperor himself in recognition of his archæological discoveries. I know still another American, the military secretary to the governor of a certain State, the breast of whose uniform, on official occasions, fairly scintillates with medals and bits of colored ribbon. If you stand at a respectful distance, as intended, you will find yourself picturing the gallant deeds by which these emblems of merit were won: last stands, forlorn hopes, death-defying charges—you instantly picture him as the central figure in them all. But if you approach a little nearer which Heaven forbid—your visions of valor will fade at sight of the inscriptions, which explain that the medals in question were presented to the wearer by the Faculty of a certain up-State academy "*for excellence in penmanship.*" That, perhaps, is why the governor chose him for a secretary.


Reading From Top to Bottom—Prussia: Star of Black Eagle. Badge of Black Eagle. Badge of Red Eagle. Star of Red Eagle. Collar of Black Eagle. Collar of Red Eagle

Official Debts Cheaply Paid

THE governmental distribution of titles and orders constitutes one of the secrets and systems of monarchical influence and power in the European nations. The Governments of Europe dispose of close on three hundred different decorations, most of them subdivided into three, four or five different grades, so that well over a thousand different crosses are at the disposal of the European chancelleries to recompense merit, reward favors and foster the vanity of international society. Nations, it must be remembered, as well as individuals, receive favors of one kind and another from strangers, and, even more than individuals, consider themselves bound to recognize those obligations. But nations cannot pay such debts as private persons do; they cannot give a box of cigars to an allied general who has helped them to win a battle; they cannot present a silk umbrella to a foreign judge who has been sent over to help negotiate an extradition treaty; they cannot offer a pair of gloves or a new hat to the equerry of a visiting ruler; national recognition of great achievements in the arts or sciences could scarcely be fittingly expressed by the presentation of a scarfpin, a gold-headed walking-stick, or even a case of extra dry champagne. It is true that usage authorizes them, in such cases, to employ a service of Dresden china, a vase of malachite, or a hanging of Gobelin tapestry, but as these things cost many thousands of pounds or marks or francs, as the case may be, they are used somewhat sparingly. Another solution has been invented, a cheap and satisfactory one, like a presidential autograph, "costing little but seeming very dear," that has the enormous merit of satisfying the recipient without any outlay for the giver—for a decoration unites these rare characteristics and contradictory attributes.

Despite the constantly growing list of Americans, both officials and civilians, who are holders of foreign decorations, the United States is the only nation of importance which possesses neither orders nor decorations with which to recognize officially those who render meritorious services to the Republic or perform great deeds. Congress, it is true, occasionally grants medals of honor to officers and men of the United States Army and Navy "for distinguished gallantry in action," but all of the four hundred and fifty-eight holders of the medal gained it only by imminently imperiling their lives in battle. Then we have the societies each with badges, buttons or other insignia, which the members proudly display on all possible occasions, each and all commemorating the prowess, not of the wearers, but of their fathers, their grandfathers and even of their great-grandfathers. We are, strangely enough, entirely without means of expressing, officially, our admiration for our men of genius—painters, sculptors, authors, engineers and scientists—our pioneers of commerce and captains of industry, and the hundreds of nameless heroes in the humbler walks of life.

France, a sister republic, with a population perhaps more radically democratic than our own, confers the cross of the Legion of Honor on soldier and civilian alike. The engineer who drives a tunnel through the Alps, or the physician who discovers a cure for some dread disease, stands the same chance of receiving the coveted bit of scarlet ribbon as the officer who captures the enemy's colors on the field of battle. There is, indeed, no form of human endeavor which this order does not recognize. It has been given to Rosa Bonheur and to Sarah Bernhardt and to Andrew Carnegie; Sister Rosalie, the nun, John Hay, the statesman, Curie, the scientist, Meissonier, the painter, have been enrolled among its *Décorés*. Only one degree less eminent are the so-called "palms" of the French Academy, which are conferred for excellence in the fields of art, science, literature, music and the drama. The French Ministry of Agriculture encourages husbandry and stimulates a wholesome rural rivalry by conferring annually on the best farmer in each department the Order of Agricultural Merit. On the occasion of the *Fête Nationale*, in every city, town and village of France medals are distributed on behalf of the Government, with appropriate ceremonies, to the young women who, during the preceding year, have displayed the greatest domestic virtues, self-sacrifice and filial devotion. A recent recipient of this order of domestic merit was a young woman of humble parentage who sacrificed a brilliant marriage and a promising musical career that she might care for her bedridden mother.

Upper Figure—Pontifical Star of the Holy Sepulcher. Lower Figure—Badge of the Holy Sepulcher

The Catch Story of Napoleon

THE battered warriors who frequent Les Invalides tell a story of the great Emperor which runs something like this: Napoleon, strolling through the camp at Boulogne, met a one-armed veteran of his Old Guard. He stopped and said to him, "Where did you lose your arm, *mon brave?*" "Sire, at Austerlitz," was the reply. "And you were not decorated?" asked the Emperor. "No, Sire, I was forgotten." "Then," rejoined Napoleon, "here is my own cross for you; I make you chevalier." "Ah, Sire," exclaimed the old soldier, "your Majesty makes me chevalier because I have lost one of my arms; what would you have done if I had lost them both?" "I should have created you an officer of the Legion," answered Napoleon. Whereupon the veteran instantly drew his sword and cut off the other arm!

This is a catch story, and, besides, is nonsense, but it serves to illustrate the peculiar affection which the French people, republican though they are, hold for the Legion of

Garter of Great Britain. Star of Garter. Collar of Garter

Honor. It has been squandered, it has been ill-bestowed, it has been cut into many shapes to suit the political necessities of ever-changing governments, and yet it has always held its ground as the foremost order of the masses. For when a Frenchman, no matter what his class in society, distinguishes himself above the ordinary, by his bravery, by his benefactions or by his brains, his merit is publicly acknowledged by the bit of scarlet ribbon and the enameled cross which constitute the outward insignia of the Legion of Honor. If he is a soldier the President of the Republic will, perhaps, himself pin it on his breast, before the assembled troops at Longchamps, and kiss him on each cheek, while the massed bands play the Marseillaise. He will treasure that bit of enamel and ribbon all his life, and his children and grandchildren will treasure it after him. He now has the proud distinction of being a *Décoré;* he thrills with patriotism; his respect for the Government is visibly increased; he is spurred to fresh endeavors by this national appreciation of his worth; he becomes, in short, a better citizen.

Apropos of the Legion of Honor, the story is told, and I have every reason to believe it strictly true, of a French general during the Franco-Prussian War who had upon his staff a certain volunteer civilian, who had several times shown signs of unwillingness to expose his person. One morning the general said to him, "Get on your horse, sir; ride beyond our lines till you see the Prussians; draw fire if you can, and then, when you have made out where their outposts exactly are, come back and report to me." The volunteer trotted forward a few hundred yards, pulled up his horse and thought he would go no farther. Finally, after a quarter of an hour of indecision, he decided to ride home again. As he reached the cottage where the general was waiting for him, the latter looked out, saw him and exclaimed, "What? Not gone yet? Start instantly, sir!" Thereupon the individual in question glanced in terror at the angry general, and, after a moment of hesitation, turned his horse sharp around and rode off at full gallop toward the rear. The General snatched out his revolver, fired at him, and put a bullet through his throat. He was carried to an ambulance, remained in a field hospital for six months, until, in the excitement of the Commune, he was quite forgotten. He was finally dismissed from the hospital with a discharge certificate, obtained by the aid of that document the influence of people who knew nothing of the facts, and finally, on the ground that he had been "wounded before the enemy," obtained the cross of the Legion.

The gold chain that Pharaoh put on Joseph is the earliest "decoration" of which history distinctly speaks, yet, judging from what we know of human nature, it is reasonable to suppose that marks of personal distinction were invented long before the time of Pharaoh. The great orders of chivalry began with charity, piety and battle; they terminate in a buttonhole. The monkish, chivalric, half-legendary knights of eight hundred years ago are, for the most part, represented today by highly-respectable gentlemen in black coats or uniforms, who wear special jewelry at evening functions.

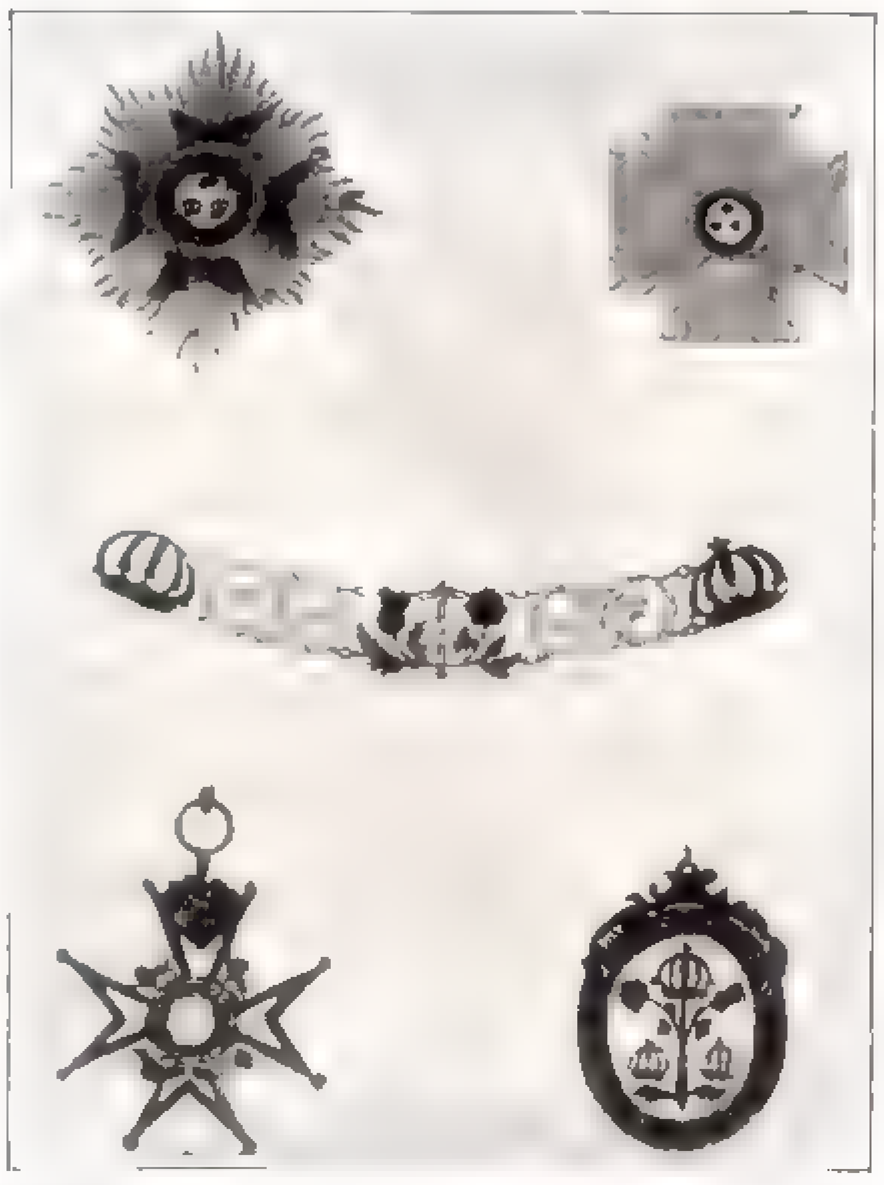
The Knights of the Holy Sepulcher

FROM the twilight of fable and tradition there emerges a lengthy and probably imaginary assemblage of valiant phantoms, ghastly and grisly in the lurid dawn of recorded history. Speculation and conjecture are active in deciphering the subsequent rise and development of the knightly orders peculiar to European chivalry and crusading Christianity. But while chivalry and the Crusades supplied motives for the creation of certain orders and decorations, many others, doubtless, had their origin in the ambition of rulers and the policy of princes. Possession of the symbol and seal of knighthood, in the brave days of old, was accounted the highest of all honors. But the coveted spurs and the accolade had to be won by military valor, being conferred on mail-clad warriors for bloody encounters and doughty deeds in lists or on tented field.

In all probability the most ancient of these knightly decorations was the Order of the Holy Sepulcher, said to have been devised in the year sixty-nine by St. James the Apostle, Bishop of Jerusalem, and revivified in later centuries to stimulate crusading and ardor in the Papal scheme of capturing Jerusalem from the Saracen. But the intention failed and the order declined. "The knights are dust, their good swords rust - their souls are with the Lord, we trust"—and though the famous order which they upheld by their lances still endures—for the Patriarch of Jerusalem retains the right to bestow the red enamel cross which constitutes its insignia—nothing now remains of its ancient glories but the outward vesture and the sounding shibboleth.

History makes but dry reading at the best, and it is no part of my intention to do more than sketch quickly, in brief, bold outline, the romantic stories of the famous stars and crosses which glisten so bravely on the breasts of the great personages of our time at ceremonial functions at Windsor, the Elysée and the Hofburg, at Potsdam, the Quirinal and the Winter Palace.

Eight great orders of chivalry were established during the Crusades, four of them—the Hospitalers, the Templars, the Teutonic Knights and the Lazarists—being formed in the Holy Land, while the military brotherhoods of Calatrava, Santiago, Alcantara and Avis had their birth in the Spanish peninsula, all being established with the purpose of helping the weak and fighting the Saracen.



Starting at Upper Left-Hand Corner—Great Britain: Order of Bath: Military Star. Civil Star. Collar. Badge. Jewel

The story of the founding of the oldest of the Spanish orders, that of Calatrava, reads like romance rather than like fact. In eleven hundred and forty-seven the Moors announced that they were going to attack Calatrava, and the news frightened away the Templars, who then formed its garrison. Thereupon the King of Castile grew vexed, and, in his desperation, published to the world that he would make a present of the town to anybody who would defend it. Two Cistercian monks heard of the offer, took the king at his word, and enlisted a regiment of soldiers of fortune for the purpose. Their heroic defense of the town against the repeated onslaughts of the Moors forms one of the brightest pages in Spanish history. The survivors of this adventurous band became the founders of the Order of Calatrava, which did good service against the Moors, grew rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and, with the sole exception of the Maltese knights, is the most ancient of existing orders.

Counting strictly, without any pity, there are in all Europe only eight orders which are indisputably entitled to stand by themselves in front. These are the Garter, the Seraphim of Sweden, the Annunciation of Savoy, the Golden Fleece, the Elephant of Denmark, St. Andrew, St. Stephen, and the Black Eagle of Prussia. About these no doubt is possible; they are all immensely lofty. The Garter and the Seraphim occupy the highest place in European esteem. The "Most Noble Order of the Garter" was founded by Edward III, the legend being that a beautiful duchess dropped her garter at a ball, that the king picked it up, and, noticing the suggestive smiles on the faces of his courtiers, clasped it about his own leg with the withering remark: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" (Evil be to him who evil thinks). With that motto he founded the famous order of knighthood, which is bestowed only upon the greatest nobles of England and upon certain ruling sovereigns, the membership being rigidly limited to sixty knights. The garter of blue velvet, edged and buckled with gold, is only worn on occasions of great ceremony, such as coronations and chapter meetings of the order, when it is worn with knee-breeches and silk hose, clasped about the left leg just below the knee. Queen Alexandra, who is the only Lady of the Garter, wears the insignia about her left arm.

The Golden Fleece and the Elephant

THE world-famous Order of the Golden Fleece was founded by Duke Philip of Burgundy, but passed to Spain by the cession of Flanders, and was transferred again to Austria by the Emperor Charles VI, when he acquired the Low Countries. Spain, however, would not consent to lose it, and after years of bitter quarreling it was tacitly agreed that it should become the joint property of both Austria and Spain, though to this day no person who received the fleece from the Spanish crown is permitted to wear it at the court of Vienna. The insignia, consisting of the golden fleece of a ram, is worn around the neck by a crimson moiré ribbon, which, on grand occasions, is replaced by a golden and jeweled chain. On the death of a knight the insignia is returned to the chapter by his heirs, so that each Golden Fleece now in existence has figured in bygone centuries on the breast of some famous man. Thus, that now used by Don Carlos was originally worn by Duke Philip of Burgundy, the founder of the order, while the fleece in the possession of the late Prince Bismarck was formerly suspended from the neck of the Duke of Alva, the despot of the Netherlands. The knights of the Golden Fleece enjoy very real privileges, for they have precedence over all but members of the royal families at court functions, alike at Vienna and Madrid; they are all "cousins" of the sovereign by courtesy, and never fail to address him as such; they are wholly exempt from the jurisdiction of ordinary tribunals, and can claim trial by the chapter of the order, no matter with what crime they are charged.

The Elephant claims to have come into existence in 1159, when, a Danish crusader having slain an elephant single-handed with his sword, Canute VI, who must have possessed a certain sense of humor, established this very noble order in memory of that very remarkable event. That most exclusive of orders, the Black Eagle of Prussia, is practically confined—in the first class, at least—to princes of the blood royal. No orders are permitted to be worn with it unless the knight is a foreign prince or holds the order of Malta. It is the only order which still obliges its knights to intimate to the Grand Master when and where they intend traveling. The Kaiser regards this order, which he invariably wears, with the sincerest veneration, and great ceremonial attends the annual chapter, which is held every February in Berlin.

To hold the grand cross of the Russian Order of St. George it is necessary to have commanded a victorious army in the field, and at present there is but a single holder of the highest grade of this celebrated decoration, the Grand Duke Michael, granduncle of the Tsar, who commanded the Russian troops in Asia Minor during the Russo-Turkish War of eighteen hundred and seventy-seven.

(Continued on Page 35)

Obverse and Reverse Badge of Legion of Honor, France

KICKED INTO MILLIONS

How Lady Luck Scrapes Acquaintance

By HENRY M. HYDE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. THOMSON

EVERY man likes to believe that he is the sole architect of his own fortune; and especially is this very human and comfortable belief prevalent among those who have come up out of the ruck into great riches. Every John G. Crœsus in Mr. Dunn's American edition of the Almanach de Gotha loves to stand up before a roomful of aspiring and open-mouthed youth and give them, in a serious, profound way, the only certain formula for the achievement of wealth. It consists of equal portions of perspiration, patience, perseverance and perspicuity, set to boil over the fire of intense application, ceaselessly watched by the eye of keen foresight and stirred by the hand of sterling honesty and native ability. For concrete examples of this formula's best results, Mr. Crœsus, carelessly placing the index finger of his right hand on the bulging bosom of his frock coat, bids his goggle-eyed auditors look around them.

When he is asked if he ever had the acquaintance of a lady named Luck, Mr. Crœsus, after casting a half-guilty glance over his shoulder, will sneeringly deny her very existence, who, as all unsuccessful men know, wanders aimlessly up and down the earth, now putting her jeweled hand on the shoulder of some handsome, young idler, asleep in the sun, and now bestowing her unaccountable favors on the oldest, grimiest and least attractive of skinflints. Perhaps, after you get so confidential with Mr. Crœsus that he tells you his family history, he may admit confidentially that he is really married to a distant relative of Miss Luck named Opportunity, but—dear me—if he hadn't been working after hours so that he happened to come out of the office just in time to rescue her as her touring-car started to run away—if she hadn't seen and recognized at a glance the sterling honesty and native ability sticking out in lumps all over his strong, young face—she never would have married him, so it all comes to the same thing in the end.

Red-Flannel Nightcaps Proved to be Just the Article Needed

And, so far as advice is concerned, Mr. Crœsus is all very well. His advice is as good to follow as that of anybody else. For the success of every recipe depends, after all, on the cook. Certainly, no matter how thoroughly convinced of the existence of Luck he may be, no man ever made a deliberate and successful attempt to attract the favorable attention of the elusive baggage. As well stand rooted on one spot, waiting for an oil well to burst up out of the ground at one's feet. On the other hand, with true feminine contrariety, the jade is most likely to smile on those who frown at her, and to follow those who flee. Occasionally she seems to use something like violence to force the acceptance of her disguised and undesired favors. More than one of Mr. Crœsus' noble order, who now, with proud humility, admits that he is a self-made man, has been almost literally kicked into millions.

In September, 1885, N. S. Kellogg, a lean, old prospector, shambled into Murray, Idaho, following his grub-burro, which was laden with some samples of iron-galena ore he had picked up in the mountains. Kellogg came to report to Cooper and Peck, who had grub-staked him for the prospecting tour. The local expert made a critical examination of the ore and pronounced it worthless. Cooper and Peck were tired of putting up the grub for a prospector who had such bad judgment, so they dissolved the partnership. Kellogg, with the eternal optimism of the miner, declined to accept the judgment of the assayer on the ore he had discovered, and started back up into the mountains to take possession of the claim. Before starting he succeeded in interesting Phil O'Rourke, who promised to accompany him.

The two men were so near broke that they could not even afford a burro to carry their light packs. For a day or two they wandered about through the gulches, trying to fix Kellogg's location. On the third morning a stray burro wandered into their camp. Kellogg recognized it as the animal belonging to Cooper and Peck, which had previously carried his grub-stake, and which its owners had turned out to graze when they decided to let him go it alone. Kellogg and O'Rourke were tired and they had a long, hard trip round the shoulder of the mountain ahead of them, so they fastened their supplies and tools on the burro's patient back and started off in its wake.

At noon they stopped to eat dinner on a sunny slope. The burro was tethered near by. The sun was hot and the flies troublesome. Presently a particularly vicious insect lit on the donkey's belly and that animal lifted a quick hindleg to dislodge it. When its hoof struck the rocky ground on the return stroke it uncovered the top of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines, which have since paid more than eleven million dollars in dividends.

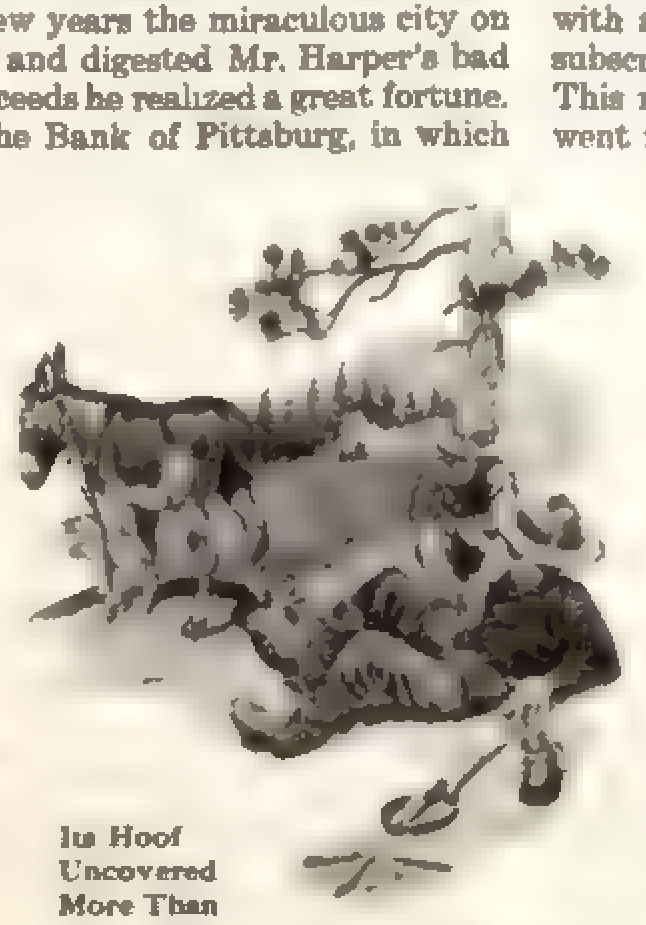
When Cooper and Peck heard of this discovery and of how it was made, they brought suit to recover a share of the claim, basing their demand on the proposition that their donkey was the real discoverer. The case was tried in Murray, Idaho, before Judge Norman Buck and a jury. The jury returned a verdict for the defense, but the court set the verdict aside and rendered a memorable decision in the following words:

"From the evidence of the witnesses this court is of the opinion that the Bunker Hill mine was discovered by the jackass, Phil O'Rourke and N. S. Kellogg; and, as the jackass is the property of the plaintiffs, Cooper and Peck, they are entitled to a half interest in the Bunker Hill claim, and a quarter interest in the Sullivan claim."

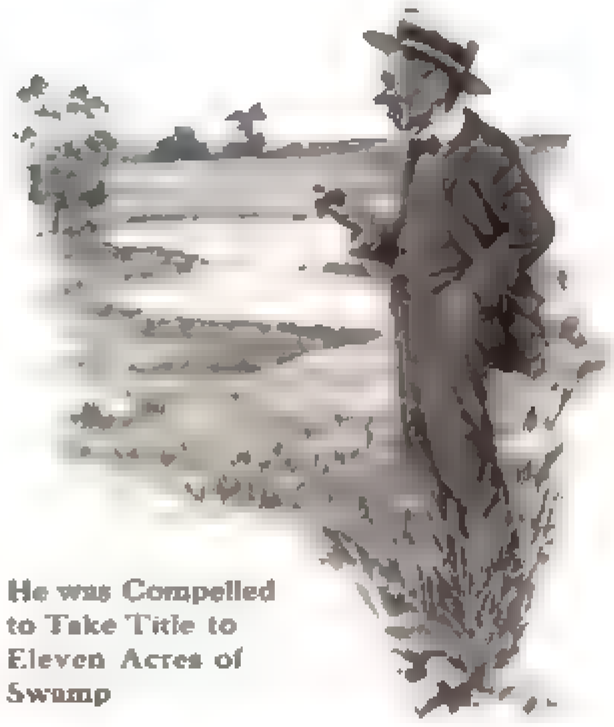
The case was appealed to the Supreme Court, but before it came on for a hearing it was settled out of court on a basis which gave Peck and Cooper something like fifty thousand dollars each in return for the casual kick of their worn-out burro.

But, as John G. Crœsus will be quick to point out, anything may happen in a mining deal. Things are very different when one comes to straight, legitimate business. Take banking, for instance. The banker must take no chances. That is where sterling honesty, native ability, keen foresight are, preëminently, the only qualities which tell for success.

John W. Harper was a poor but honest paying teller in the Bank of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. He was conservative, steady and trustworthy, so much so that he was, on occasion, appointed guardian for the minor heirs of a deceased friend. The property which these children inherited was small. Part of it was in cash, which Mr. Harper loaned on what his banker's judgment told him was perfectly good security. In the end, however, the borrower defaulted, and the claim was lost. Mr. Harper was held personally responsible for the loss. Having made good the estate out of his own funds he attempted to get something from the delinquent to protect himself. Finally he was compelled, much against his will, to take title to eleven acres of wild land, part prairie and part swamp, which lay then on the outskirts of the city of Chicago. Friends condoled with him and pointed out that the tract was barely worth the taxes. But that was all the debtor had left and, reluctantly, Mr. Harper took possession. Within a comparatively few years the miraculous city on Lake Michigan swallowed and digested Mr. Harper's bad bargain, and out of its proceeds he realized a great fortune. He became president of the Bank of Pittsburg, in which he had begun as a clerk. Whether in his sleek and prosperous years Mr. Harper came to deny the liason with Luck which was the foundation of his great wealth does not seem to be a matter of record.



Its Hoof Uncovered More Than Eleven Million Dollars in Dividends



He was Compelled to Take Title to Eleven Acres of Swamp

The late "Mike" McDonald was the king of gamblers in Chicago for many years, and became a very rich man. Years ago there was an Irish woman working as housekeeper in his big, stone mansion over on Ashland boulevard. This woman was thrifty and ambitious. She had saved a few thousand dollars and, one day, closed a contract to purchase a lot and building in downtown Chicago, paying her small capital down and giving a mortgage for the larger part of the purchase-price. Presently it became clear to her that, intentionally or not, she had been saddled with a much bigger load than she could stagger under. It was as much as she could do to pay the interest, and when the first purchase-money note came due she was without funds to meet it. A foreclosure was threatened and the loss of her savings was imminent. In her distress she consulted her employer. McDonald had the property examined and finally agreed to take it over in his own name. He did not, however, repay to his housekeeper the money she had put into the purchase, but casually told her that she could have the property back again at any time by paying what it had cost him.

Presently the woman left the McDonald employ and drifted away from Chicago. She became old, broken down in health and needy. It was no longer possible for her to work as a housekeeper; it was almost impossible for her to do enough work of any kind to keep herself in food and shelter. In her distress she went to consult a lawyer and told him of her dealings with McDonald. Twenty years had gone by since the title to the building in which she lost her savings had passed to the old gambler, and it had increased in value to a very large extent. Could she hold him to his promise to give her the property back for what he had paid for it? Certainly not, the lawyer told her. There was no proof of any contract between them. But he would go over and talk to McDonald. He went and laid the facts before him, thinking that, possibly, "Mike," with a gambler's easy generosity, might be willing to give his old employee a little help. At first McDonald could not recall even the woman's name. Then, gradually, it came back to him, and with it the memory of his promise that she might have the building on payment of what it had cost him.

"And I'll stick to my promise, of course," he said. "I'll send a statement of what it has cost me over to your office, and old Nora may have the rest."

Under the lawyer's direction the building, now become extremely valuable, was disposed of, and the equity made the poverty-stricken old housekeeper a rich woman.

In Milwaukee there is still living an old gentleman whose continual boasting disgusted his associates in the ownership of a very promising copper mine. Particularly he was loquacious in pointing out the unfailing good judgment which had always marked his business career and in no case to stronger purpose than in selecting this copper prospect for investment. They determined to teach him a lesson. A somewhat complicated conspiracy was set on foot. The directors of the copper company held a meeting, at which it was proposed to float a new stock company with a large capital. As a basis for appealing for stock subscriptions, a report from a mining engineer was ordered. This report was faked and written by a man who never went near the mine. It stated that the mine was a thin and almost valueless property. The boastful old gentleman was given an opportunity to unload his holdings on a presumably unsuspecting investor. In reality it was his own associates who paid him about two hundred thousand dollars for what they were certain was worth at least three times that amount. With him out of the way it was, of course, necessary to have a real report on the property as a starting point for new operations. A famous mining engineer was employed and sent to the upper peninsula of Michigan, where the claims were located. As the result of a careful examination he reported that, in fact, the vein was small, and pinched out after going down a comparatively few feet. The situation was practically as bad as the fake report had made it, and the old boaster was the only man in the party who ever got out with a whole skin. Of course he is now boasting louder than ever of the unfailing foresight which led him to sell his holdings at just the right time.

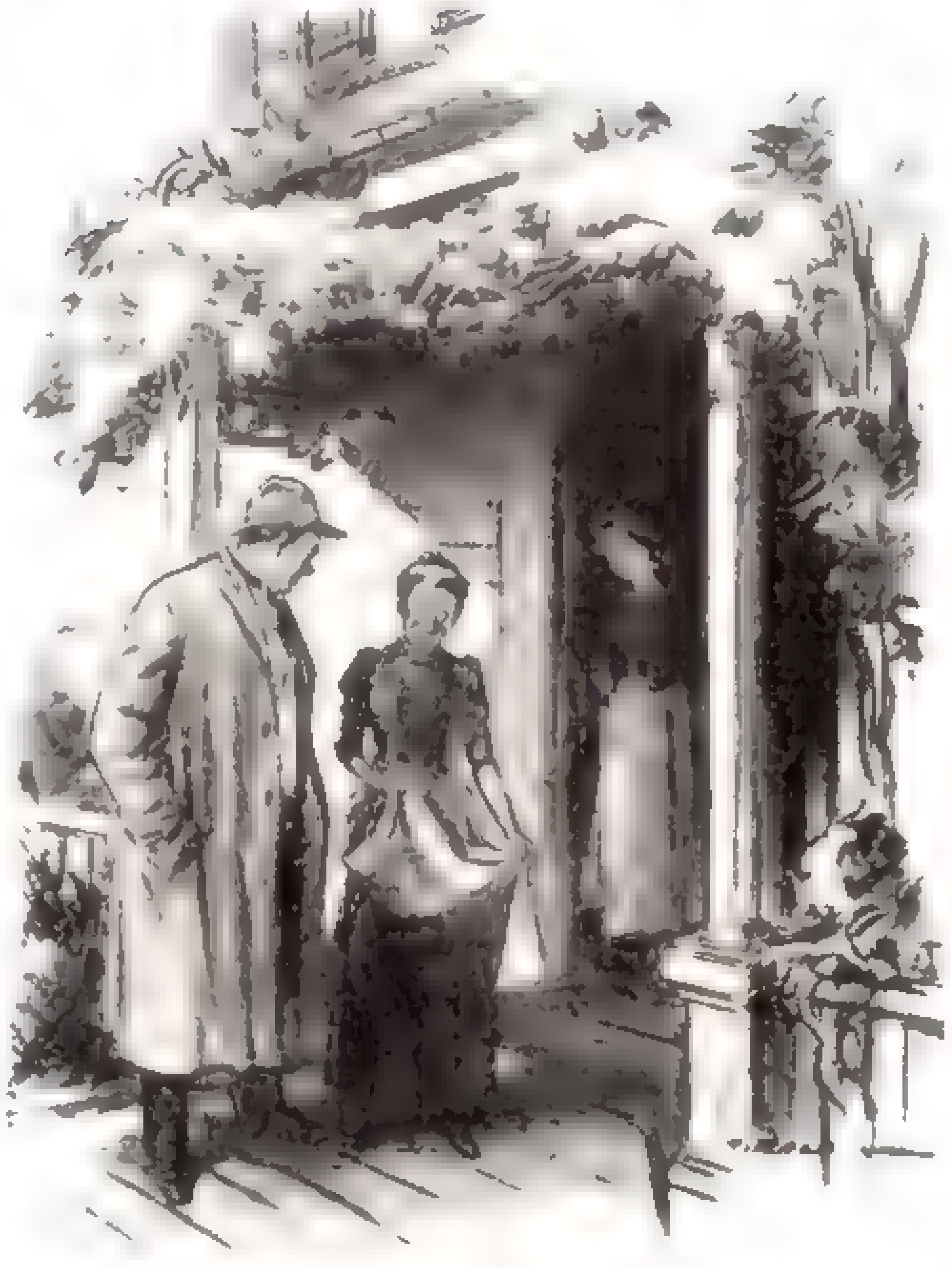
(Continued on Page 32)

THE BUBBLE BANK

Young Wallingford Conducts a Unique Speculation in Genuine Black Mud

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"You Were Young Once Yourself, Mrs. Bubble, and Not So Very Long Ago"

VII

TWO weeks to wait. Oh, well, Wallingford could amuse himself by working up a local reputation It was while he was considering this, upon the following day, that a farmer with three teeth drove up in a dilapidated spring-wagon drawn by a pair of beautiful bay horses, and stopped in front of Jim Ranger's livery and sales stable to talk hay. Wallingford, sitting in front of the hotel in lazy meditation, walked over and examined the team with a critical eye. They were an exquisite match, perfect in every limb, with manes and tails and coats of that peculiar silken sheen belonging to perfect health and perfect care.

"Very nice team you have," observed Wallingford

"Finest match team anywhere," agreed Abner Follis, plucking at his gray goatee and mouthing a straw, "an' I make a business o' raisin' thoroughbreds. Cousins they are, an' without a blemish on 'em. An' trot—you'd ought to see that team trot."

"What'll you take for them?" asked Wallingford.

The response of Abner Follis was quick and to the point. He kept a careful appraisement upon all his livestock.

"Seven hundred and fifty," said he, naming a price that allowed ample leeway for bickering.

It was almost a disappointment to him that Wallingford produced his wallet, counted over the exact amount that had been asked, and said briefly:

"Unhitch them."

"Well!" said Abner, slowly taking the money and throwing away his straw in petulance. It was dull and uninteresting to have a bargain concluded so quickly.

Wallingford, however, knew what he was about. Within an hour everybody in town knew of his purchase. Speculation that had been mildly active concerning him now became feverish. He was a rich nabob with money to throw away; had so much money that he would not even dicker in a horse deal—and this was the height of human recklessness in Blakeville. Wallingford, purchasing Jim Ranger's new buggy and his best set of harness, drove to the Bubbles', the eyed of all observers, but before he had opened the gate Mrs. Bubble was on the porch.

"Jonas ain't at home," she shrilled down at him

"Yes, I know," replied Wallingford; "but I came to see Miss Fannie."

"She's busy," said Mrs. Bubble with forbidding loftiness. "She's in the kitchen getting dinner."

Wallingford, however, strode quite confidently up the walk, and by the time he reached the porch Miss Fannie was in the door, removing her apron.

"What a pretty turnout!" she exclaimed.

"It's a beauty," agreed Wallingford. "I just bought it from Abner Follis."

She smiled.

"I bet he beat you in the bargain."

"So long as I'm satisfied," retorted Wallingford, smiling back at her, "I don't see why we shouldn't all be happy. Come on and take the first ride in it."

She glanced at her stepmother dubiously.

"I'm very busy," she replied; "and I'd have to change my dress."

"You look good enough just as you are," he insisted. "Come right on. Mrs. Bubble can finish the dinner. I'll bet she's a better cook, anyhow," and he laughed cordially.

The remark was intended as a compliment, but Mrs. Bubble took distinct umbrage. This was, without doubt, a premeditated slur. Of course he knew that she had once been Mr. Bubble's cook!

"Fannie can't go," she snapped.

Wallingford walked straight up to Mrs. Bubble, beaming down upon her from his overawing height; and for just one affrighted moment Fannie feared that he intended to uptilt her stepmother's chin, or make some equally familiar demonstration. Instead, he only laughed down into that lady's eyes.

"Yes, she can," he insisted with large persuasiveness. "You were young once yourself, Mrs. Bubble, and not so very long ago."

It was not what he said, but his jovial air of secret understanding, that made Mrs. Bubble flush and laugh nervously and soften.

"Oh, I reckon I can get along," she said.

Miss Fannie, with a wondering glance at Wallingford, had already flown upstairs, and J. Rufus set himself deliberately to be agreeable to Mrs. Bubble. When Fannie came tripping down again in an incredibly short space of time, having shaken herself out of one frock and into another with an expedition which surprised even herself, she found her stepmother actually giggling! And when the young couple drove away in the bright, shining new rig behind the handsome bays, Mrs. Bubble watched after them with something almost like wistfulness. She had been young herself, once—and not so very long ago!

Opposite the Bubble swamp Wallingford stopped for a moment.

"I hope to be a very near neighbor of yours," said he, waving his hand out toward the wonderful deposit of genuine Etruscan black mud. "Did your father tell you about the pottery studios that may be built here?"

"Not a thing," she confessed with a slightly jealous laugh. "Papa never tells us anything at home. We'll hear it on the street, no doubt, as we usually do."

"Your father is a most estimable man, but I fear he makes a grave mistake in not telling you about things," declared Wallingford. "I believe in the value of a woman's intuition, and if I were as closely related to you as your father I am sure I should confide all my prospects to you."

Miss Fannie gave a little inward gasp. That serious tide in the talk, fraught with great possibilities, for which every girl longs and which every girl dreads, was already setting ashore.

"You might get fooled," she said. "Father don't think any woman has very much gumption, and least of all me, since—since he married again."

"I understand," said Wallingford gently, and drove on. "Just to show you how much differently I look at things than your father, I'm going to tell you all about the black pottery project and see what you think of it."

Thereupon he explained to her in minute detail, a wealth of which came to him on the spur of the moment, the exact workings of the Etruscan pottery art. He painted for her, in the gray of stone and the yellow of face brick and the red of tiling, the beautiful studio buildings that were to be erected yonder facing the swamp; he showed her through cozy, cheerfully-lighted apartments in those studios, where the best trained artists of Europe, under the direction of the wizard, Vittoreo Matteo, should execute ravishments of Etruscan black pottery; he showed her, as the bays pranced on, connoisseurs and collectors coming from all over the country to visit the Blakeville studios, and carrying away priceless gems of the ceramic art at incalculable prices!

The girl drank in all these details with thirsty avidity.

"It's splendid! Perfectly grand!" she assured him with vast enthusiasm, and in her memory was stored every precious word that this genius had said; and they were stored in logical order, ready to reproduce on the slightest provocation, which was precisely the result which Wallingford had intended to produce.

It was nearing noon now, and making a detour by the railway road they drove up in front of the mill with the spanking bays just as Jonas Bubble was coming out of his office to go to dinner. Hilariously they invited him into the carriage, and in state drove him home.

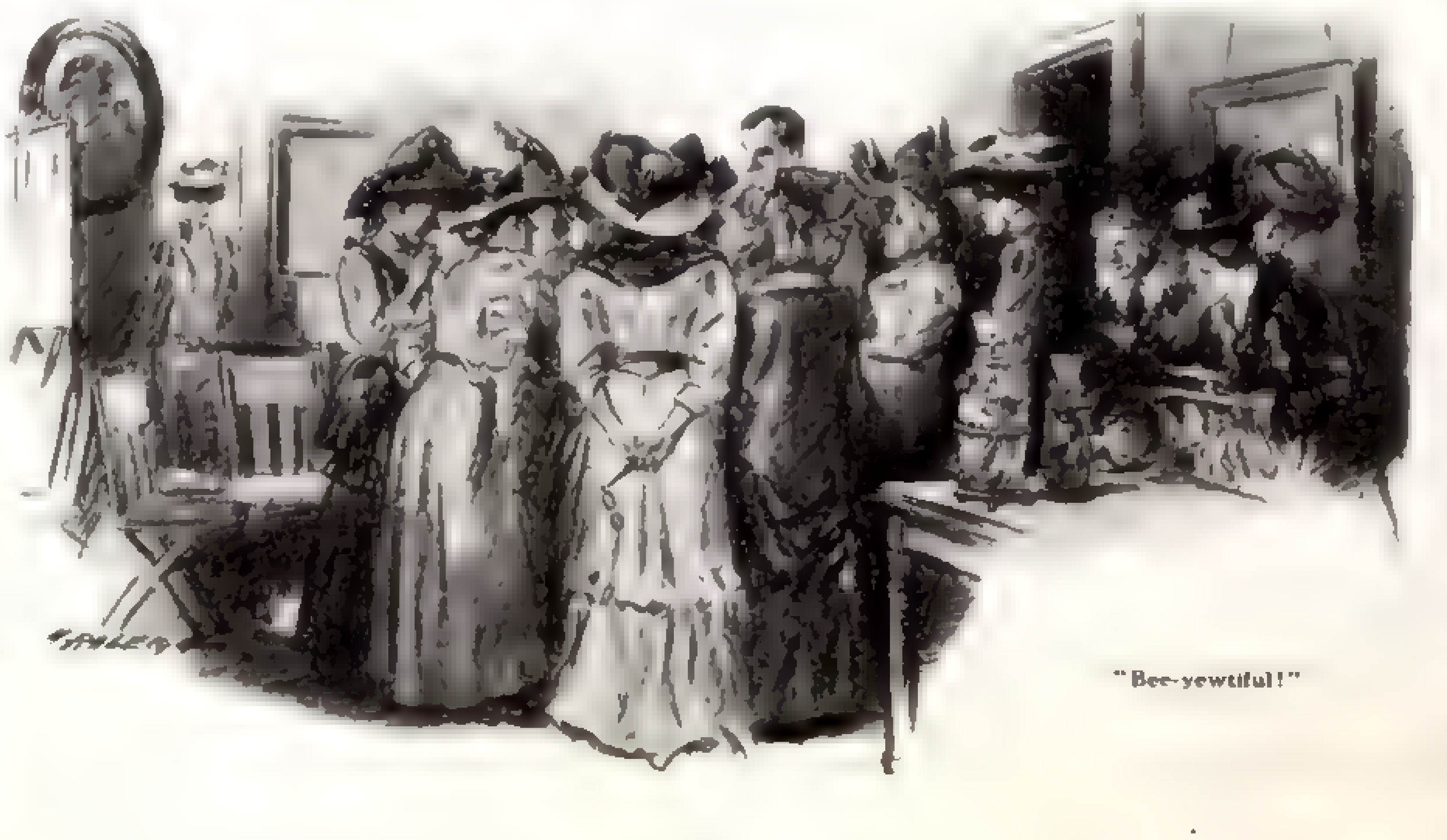
Wallingford very wisely kept away from the Bubble home that afternoon and that evening, and by the next morning every woman in town had told all her men-folks about the vast Etruscan black pottery project!

VIII

WALLINGFORD was just going in to dinner when a tall, thin-visaged young lady, who might have been nearing thirty, but insisted on all the airs and graces of twenty, came boldly up to the Atlas Hotel in search of him, and, by her right of being a public character, introduced herself. She was Miss Forsythe, principal over one other teacher in the Blakeville public school; moreover, she was president of the Women's Culture Club!

"It is about the latter that I came to see you, Mr. Wallingford," she said, pushing back a curl that had been carefully trained to be wayward. "The Women's Culture Club meets this coming Saturday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Moozer. It just happens that we are making an exhaustive study of the Italian Renaissance, and we have nothing, *positively nothing*, about the renaissance of Italian ceramics! I beg of you, Mr. Wallingford, I plead with you, to be our guest upon that afternoon and address us upon Etruscan Pottery."

Wallingford required but one second to adjust himself



"Bee-yewtiful!"

to this new phase. This was right where he lived. He could out-pretend anybody who ever made pretensions to having a pretense. He expanded his broad chest and beamed

He knew but little about art, being only the business man of the projected American Etruscan Black Pottery Studios, but he would be more than pleased to tell them that little. He would, in fact, be charmed!

"You don't know how kind, how good you are, and what a treat your practical talk will be, I am sure," gurgled Miss Forsythe, biting first her upper lip and then her lower to make them redder, and then, still gurgling, she swept away, leaving Wallingford chuckling

Immediately after lunch he went over to the telegraph office and wired to the most expensive establishment of its sort in New York:

Express three black pottery vases Etruscan preferred but most expensive you have one eighteen inches high and two twelve inches high am wiring fifty dollars to insure transportation send balance c o d.

Not the least of J. Rufus' smile was that inserted clause, "Etruscan preferred." He had not the slightest idea that there was such pottery as Etruscan in the world, but his sage conclusion was that the big firm would think they had overlooked something; and his other clause, "most expensive you have," would insure proper results. That night he wrote to Blackie Daw:

Whatever you do don't buy vase either twelve or eighteen inches high. Send one about nine.

Saturday morning the package came, and the excess bill was two hundred and forty-five dollars, exclusive of express charges, all of which J. Rufus cheerfully paid. He had that box delivered unopened to the residence of Mrs. Henry Moozer. That afternoon he dressed himself with consummate care, his gray frock suit and his gray bow tie, his gray waistcoat and his gray spats, by some subtle personality he threw about them, conveying delicately the idea of an ardent art amateur, but a humble one, because he felt himself insufficiently gifted to take part in actual creation.

Was Miss Forsythe there? Miss Forsythe was there, in her pink silk, with cascade after cascade of ruffled flounces to take away the appalling height and thinness of her figure. Was Mrs. Moozer there? Dimly discernible, yes, backed into a corner and no longer mistress of her own house, though ineffectually trying to assert herself above a determined leadership. Also were there Mrs. Ranger, who was trying hard to learn to dote; and Mrs. Priestly, who prided herself on a marked resemblance to Madame Melba, and had a high C which shattered chandeliers; and Mrs. Hispin, whose troublesome mustache in no wise interfered with her mad passion for the collection of antiques, which, fortunately, consisting of early chromos, could be purchased cheaply in the vicinity of Blakeville; and Mrs. Bubble, whose specialty was the avoidance of all subjects connected with domestic science. Many other equally earnest and cultured ladies flocked about J. Rufus as bees around a buckwheat blossom, until the capable and masterly president, by a careful accident arranging her skirts so that one inch of silken hose was visible, tapped her little silver gavel for order.

There ensued the regular reports of committees, ponderous and grave in their frivolity; there ensued unfinished business—relating to a disputed sum of thirty-nine cents; there ensued new business—relating to a disputed flaw in the constitution; there ensued a discussion of scarcely repressed acidity upon the right of the president to interfere in committee work; and then the gurgling president—with many a reference to the great masters in Italian art, with a wide digression into the fields of ceramics in general and of Italian ceramics in particular, with a complete history of the plastic arts back to the ooze stage of geological formation—introduced the speaker of the day.

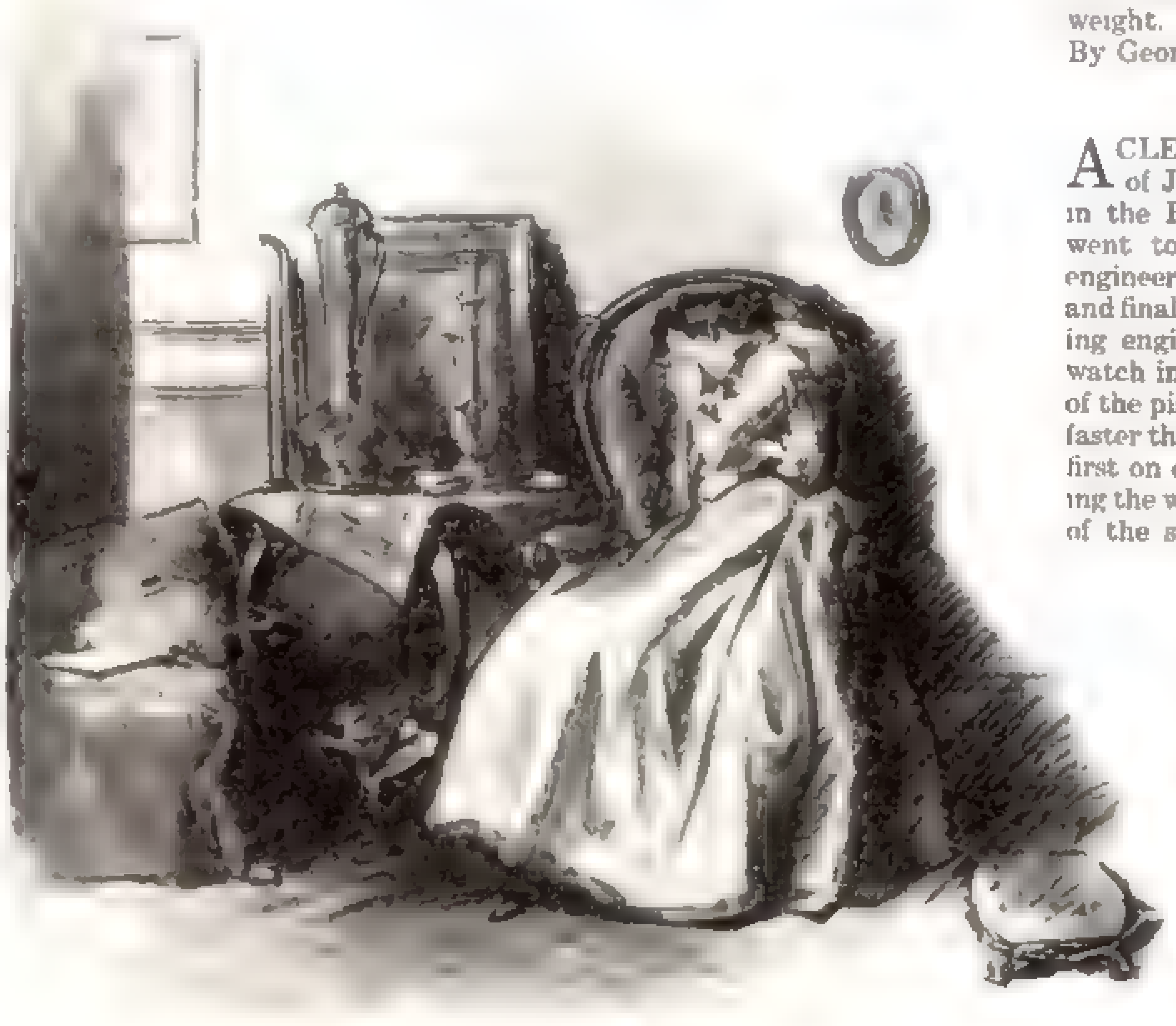
J. Rufus, accepting gracefully his prominence, bowed extravagantly three times in response to the Chautauqua salute, and addressed those nineteen assembled ladies with a charming earnestness that did vast credit to himself and to the Italian ceramic renaissance. He invented for them on the spot a history of Etruscan pottery, a process of making it, a discovery of the wonderful Etruscan underglaze, and the eye-moistening struggles and triumphs of the great Vittoreo Matteo from obscurity as a poor little barefooted Italian shepherd boy who was caught constructing wonderful figures out of plain mud.

He regretted very much that he had been unable to secure, at such short notice, samples of the famous Etruscan pottery which this same Vittoreo Matteo had made famous, but he had secured the next best thing, and with renewed apologies to Mrs. Moozer, who had kindly consented to have a litter made upon her carpet, he would unpack the vases which had come that morning. With a fine eye for stage effect, Wallingford had had the covers of the boxes loosened, but had not had the excelsior removed. Now he had the box brought in and placed it upon the table, and then, from amid their careful wrappings, the precious vases were lifted!

"Ah!"—"How *ex*-quisite!"—"Bee-yewtiful!" Such was the chorus of the enraptured culture club.

Wallingford, smiling in calm triumph, was able to assure the almost fainting worshipers that these were but feeble substitutes for the exquisite creations which were shortly to be turned out in the studios that were to make Blakeville famous. Yes, he might now promise them that definitely! The matter was no longer one of conjecture. That very morning he had received an epoch-making letter from the great Vittoreo Matteo! This letter he read. It fairly exuded with tears—warm, emotional, Latin tears of joy—over the discovery of this priceless, this glorious, this beatific black mud! Already the great Vittoreo was at work upon the sample sent him, modeling a vase after one of his own famous shapes of Etruscan. It would soon be completed, he would have it fired, and then he would send it to his dear friend and successful manager, so that he might himself judge how inexpressibly more than perfect was the mud of Blakeville.

Mr. Wallingford was himself transported to nearly as ecstatic heights over the prospect as the redoubtable Vittoreo Matteo, and as a memento of this auspicious day he begged to present the largest of these vases to the Women's Culture Club, to be in keeping of its charming president. One of the smaller vases he begged to present to the hostess of the afternoon in token of the delightful hour he had spent in that house. The other he retained to present to a very gracious matron, the hospitality of whose home he had already enjoyed, and with whose eminent husband he had already held the most pleasant business relations; whereat Mrs. Jonas Bubble fairly wriggled lest her confusion might not be seen or correctly interpreted.



But Now She was Crying

Close upon the frantic applause which followed these graceful gifts, pale tea and pink wafers were served by the Misses Priestly, Hispin, Moozer and Fannie Bubble, and the function was over except for the fluttering. Inadvertently, when he went away, J. Rufus left behind him the crumpled c. o. d. bill which he had held in his hand while talking. That night Blakeville, from center to circumference, was talking of nothing but the prices of Etruscan vases. Why, these prices were not only stupendous, they were impossible—and yet there was the receipted bill! To think that anybody would pay real money in such enormous dole for mere earthen vases! It was preposterous; it was incredible—and yet there was the bill! Visions of wealth never before grasped by the minds of the citizens of Blakeville began to loom in the immediate horizon of every man, woman and child, and over all these visions of wealth hovered the beneficent figure of J. Rufus Wallingford.

On Sunday J. Rufus, in solemn black frock coat and shiny top hat, attended church. From church he went to the Bubble home, by the warm invitation of Jonas, for chicken dinner, and in the afternoon he took Miss Fannie driving behind the handsome bays. While she was making ready, however, he took Jonas Bubble in the rig and drove down to the swamp, where they paused in solemn, sober contemplation of that vast and beautiful expanse of Etruscan black mud. Mr. Bubble had, of course, seen the glowing letter of Vittoreo Matteo shortly after its arrival, and he was not unprepared for J. Rufus' urgency.

"Tomorrow," said J. Rufus, as he swept his hand out over the swamp with pride of possession—"Tomorrow I shall exercise my option; tomorrow I shall begin drainage operations; tomorrow I shall order plans prepared for the first wing of the Blakeville Etruscan Studios," and he pointed out a spot facing the Bubble mansion. "Only one thing worries me. In view of the fact that we shall have a large pay-roll and handle considerable of ready cash, I regret that Blakeville has no bank. Moreover, it grates upon me that the thriving little city of my adoption must depend on a smaller town for all its banking facilities. Why don't you start a bank, Mr. Bubble, and become its president? If you will start a subscription list tomorrow I'll take five thousand dollars' worth of stock myself."

To become the president of a bank! That was an idea which had not previously presented itself to the pompous Mr. Bubble, but now that it had arrived it made his waistband uncomfortable. Well, the town needed a bank, and a bank was always profitable. His plain civic duty lay before him. President Bubble, of the Blakeville Bank; or, better still, the Bubble Bank! Why not? He was already the most important man in the community, and his name carried the most weight. President Bubble, of the Bubble Bank! By George! It was a good idea!

IX

A CLEAN, clear deed and title to forty acres of Jonas Bubble's black mud was recorded in the Blake County courthouse, and J. Rufus went to the city, returning with a discreet engineer, who surveyed and prodded and waded, and finally installed filtration boxes and a pumping engine; and all Blakeville came down to watch in solemn silence the monotonous jerks of the piston which lifted water from the swamp faster than it flowed in. For hours they stood, first on one foot and then on the other, watching the whir of the shining fly-wheel, the exhaust of the steam, the smoke of the stack, and the gushing of the black water through the big rubber nozzle to the stream which had heretofore merely trickled beneath the rickety wooden road culvert. It watched in awed silence the slow recession of waters, the appearance of unexpected little lakes and islands and slimy streams in the shining black bottom of that swamp.

On the very day, too, that this work was installed there came from Vittoreo Matteo, in Boston, the Etruscan vase. Wallingford, opening it in the privacy of his own room, was intensely relieved to find that Blackie had bought one of entirely different shape and style of decoration from those he had already shown, and he sent it immediately to the house of Mrs. Hispin, where that week's meeting of the Women's Culture Club was being held. He followed it with his own impressive self to show them the difference between the high-grade Etruscan ware and the inferior ware he had previously exhibited. He placed the two pieces side by side for comparison. Though they had been made by the same factory, the ladies of the Women's Culture Club one and all could see the enormous difference in the exquisiteness of the underglaze. The Etruscan ware was infinitely superior, and just think! this beautiful vase was made from Blakeville's own superior article of black mud!

Up in Hen Moozer's General Merchandise Emporium and Post-Office Wallingford arranged for a show window, and from behind its dusty panes he had the eternal pyramid of fly-specked canned goods removed. In its place he constructed a semi-circular amphitheater of pale blue velvet, bought from Moozer's own stock, and in its center he placed the priceless bit of Etruscan ware, the first splendid art object from the to-be-famous Blakeville Etruscan studios!

In the mean time, Jonas Bubble had found willing subscribers to the stock of the Bubble Bank, and already was installing an impregnable vault in his vacant brick building at the intersection of Maple Avenue and Blake Street By this time every citizen had a new impulse of civic pride, and vast commercial expansion was planned by every business man in Blakeville. Even the women felt the contagion, and it was one of the sorrows of Miss Forsythe's soul that her vacation arrangements had already been made for the summer, and that she should be compelled to go away even for a short time, leaving all this inspiriting progress behind her. It would be just like Mrs. Moozer to take advantage of the situation! Mrs. Moozer was vice-president of the Women's Culture Club.

The Bubble County Bank collected its funds, took possession of its new quarters and made ready for business. Jonas Bubble, changing his attire to a frock suit for good and all, became its president. J. Rufus had also been offered an office in the bank, but he declined. A directorship had been urged upon him, but he steadfastly refused, with the same firmness that had denied to Jonas Bubble a share in his pottery or even his drainage project. No, with his five thousand dollars' worth of stock he felt that he was taking as great a share as a stranger might, with modesty, appropriate to himself in their municipal advancement. Let the honors go to those who had grown up with the city, and who had furnished the substantial nucleus upon which their prosperity and advancement might be based.

He intended, however, to make free use of the new banking facilities, and by way of showing the earnestness of that intention he drew from his New York bank half of the sum he had cleared upon a big horse-racing "frame up," and deposited these funds in the Bubble Bank. True enough, three days after he withdrew nearly the entire amount, by draft in favor of one Horace G. Daw, of Boston, but a week later he deposited a similar amount from his New York bank, then increased that with the amount previously withdrawn in favor of Horace G. Daw. A few days later he withdrew the entire account, replaced three-fourths of it and drew out one-half of that, and it began to be talked about all over the town that Wallingford's enterprises were by no means confined to his Blakeville investments. He was a man of large financial affairs, which required the frequent transfer of immense sums of money. To keep up this rapid rotation of funds, Wallingford even borrowed money which Blackie Daw had obtained in the same horse-racing enterprise. Sometimes he had seventy-five thousand dollars in the Bubble Bank, and sometimes his balance was less than a thousand.

In the mean time, J. Rufus allowed no opportunities for his reputation to become stale. In the Atlas Hotel he built a model bathroom, which was to revert to Jim Ranger, without money and without price, when Wallingford should leave, and over his bathtub he installed an instantaneous heater which was the pride and delight of the village. It cost him a pretty penny, but he got tenfold advertising from it. By the time this sensation had begun to die he was able to display vine-clad drawings of the quaint and pretty Etruscan studio, and to start men to digging for the foundations!

X

ONE day a tall, slender, black-haired, black-mustached and black-eyed young man, in a severely ministerial black frock suit, dropped off the train and inquired in an undoubted foreign accent for the Atlas Hotel. Even the station loungers recognized him at once as the great and long-expected artist, Signor Vittoreo Matteo, who, save in the one respect of short hair, was thoroughly satisfying to the eye and imagination. Even before the spreading of his name upon the register of the Atlas Hotel, all Blakeville knew that he had arrived.

In the hotel office he met J. Rufus. Instantly he shrieked for joy, embraced Wallingford, kissed that discomfited gentleman upon both cheeks and fell upon his neck, jabbering in most broken English his joy at meeting his dear, dear friend once more. In the privacy of Wallingford's own room, Wallingford's dear Italian friend threw himself upon the bed and kicked up his heels like a boy, stuffing the corner of a pillow in his mouth to suppress his shrieks of laughter.

"Ain't I the regular buya-da-banan Dago for fair?" he demanded, without a trace of his choice Italian accent.

"Blackie," rejoiced Wallingford, wiping his eyes, "I never met your parents, but I've a bet down that they came from Naples as ballast in a cattle steamer. But I'm afraid you'll strain yourself on this. Don't make it too strong."

"I'll make Salvini's acting as tame as a jointed crockery doll," asserted Blackie. "This deal is nuts and raisins to me; and say, J. Rufus, your sending for me was just in the nick of time. Just got a tip from a post-office friend that the Federal officers were going to investigate my plant, so I'm glad to have a vacation. What's this new stunt of yours, anyhow?"

"It's a cinch," declared Wallingford, "but I don't want to scramble your mind with anything but the story of your own life."

To his own romantic, personal history, as Vittoreo Matteo, and to the interesting fabrications about the world-famous Etruscan pottery, in the village of Etrusca, near Milan, Italy, Blackie listened carefully.

"All right," said he at the finish; "I got that. Now lead me forth to the merry, merry villagers."

Behind the spanking bays which had made Fannie Bubble the envied of every girl in Blakeville, Wallingford drove Blackie forth. Already many of the faithful had gathered at the site of the Blakeville Etruscan Studios in anticipation of the great Matteo's coming, and when the tall, black-eyed Italian jumped out of the buggy they fairly quivered with gratified curiosity. How well he looked the part! If only he had had long hair! The eyes of the world-famous Italian ceramic expert, however, were not for the assembled denizens of Blakeville; they were only for that long and eagerly desired deposit of Etruscan soil. He leaped from the buggy, he dashed through the gap in the fence, he rushed to the side of that black swamp the edges of which had evaporated now until they were but a sticky mass, and said:

"Oh, da g-r-r-r-a-a-n-da mod!"

Forthwith, disregarding his cuffs, disregarding his rings, disregarding everything, he plunged both his white hands into that sticky mass and brought them up dripping-full of that precious material—the genuine, no, better than genuine, Etruscan black mud!

A cheer broke out from assembled Blakeville. This surely was artistic frenzy! This surely was the emotional temperament! This surely was the manner in which the great Italian black-pottery expert *should* act in the first sight of his beloved black mud!

"Da gr-r-r-r-r-a-a-n-da mod!" he repeated over and over, and drew it close to his face that he might inspect it with a near and loving eye.

One might almost have thought that he was about to kiss it, to bury his nose in it; one almost expected him to jump into that pond and wallow in it, his joy at seeing it was so complete.

It was J. Rufus Wallingford himself who, catching the contagion of this superb fervor, ran to the pail of drinking-water kept for the foundation workmen, and brought it to the great artist. J. Rufus himself poured water upon the great artist's hands until those hands were free of their Etruscan coating, and with his own immaculate handkerchief he dried those deft and skillful fingers, while the great Italian potter looked up into the face of his business manager with almost tears in his eyes!

It was a wonderful scene, one never to be forgotten, and in the enthusiasm of that psychological moment Mrs. Moozer rushed forward. Mrs. Moozer, acting president of the Women's Culture Club in the absence of Miss Forsythe, saw here a glorious opportunity; here was where she could "put one over" upon that all-absorptive young lady.

"My dear Mr. Wallingford, you must introduce me at once!" she exclaimed. "I cannot any longer restrain my impatience."

His own voice quavering emotions of several sorts, Wallingford introduced them, and Mrs. Moozer shook ecstatically the hand which had just caressed the great swamp

"And so this is the great Matteo!" she exclaimed "Signor, as acting president of the Women's Culture Club, I claim you for an address upon your sublime art next Saturday afternoon. Let business claim you afterward."

"I hav'a—not da gooda Englis," said Blackie Daw, with an indescribable gesture of the shoulders and right arm, "but whata leetle I cana say, I s'alla be amost aglad to tella da ladees."

Never did man enjoy himself more than did Blackie Daw. Blakeville went wild over this gifted, warmly-temperamental foreigner. They dined him and they listened to his soul-satisfying, broken English with vast respect, even with veneration; the women because he was an artist, and the men because he represented vast money-earning capacity. Even the far-away president of the Women's Culture Club heard of his advent from a faithful adherent, an anti-Moozer and pro-Forsythe member, and on Saturday morning J. Rufus Wallingford received a letter from that enterprising lady.

"My dear Mr. Wallingford," she gushed, "I have been informed that the great event has happened, and that the superb artist has at last arrived in Blakeville; moreover, that he is to favor the Women's Culture Club, of which I have the honor to be president, with a talk upon his delightful art. I simply cannot resist presiding at that meeting, and I hope it is not uncharitable toward Mrs. Moozer that I feel it my duty to do so; consequently I shall arrive in time, I trust, to introduce him; moreover, to talk with him in his own limpid, liquid language. I have been, for the past month, taking phonograph lessons in Italian for this moment, and I trust that it will be a pleasant surprise to him to be addressed in his native tongue."

Wallingford rushed upstairs to where Blackie was leisurely getting ready for breakfast.

"Old scout," he gasped, "your poor old mother in Italy is at the point of death, so be grief-stricken and hustle! Get ready for the next train out of town, you hear? Look at this!" and he thrust in front of Blackie's eyes the fatal letter

Blackie looked at it and comprehended its significance.

"What time does the first train leave?" he asked.

"I don't know, but whatever time it is I'll get you down to it," said Wallingford. "This is warning enough for me. It's time to close up and take my profits."

The next east-bound train found Blackie Daw and Wallingford at the station, and just as it slowed down, Blackie, with Wallingford helping him carry his grips, was at the steps of the parlor car. He stood aside for the stream of descending passengers to step down, and had turned to address some remark to Wallingford, when he saw that gentleman's face blanch and his jaw drop. A second later a gauzy female had descended from the car and seized upon J. Rufus. Even as she turned upon him, Blackie felt the sinking certainty that this was Miss Forsythe.

"And this is Signor Matteo, I am sure," she gushed. "You're *not* going away!"

"Yes," interposed Wallingford, "his grandmother—I mean his mother—in Genoa is at the point of death, and he must make a hasty trip. He will return again in a month."

"Oh, it is too bad, too bad indeed!" she exclaimed. "I sympathize with you, so deeply, Signor Matteo. *Signor*, . . .'

The dreaded moment had come, and Wallingford braced himself as Miss Forsythe, cocking her head upon one side archly, like a dear little bird, gurgled out one of her very choicest bits of phonograph Italian!

Blackie Daw never batted an eyelash. He beamed upon Miss Forsythe, he displayed his dazzling white teeth in a smile of intense gratification, he grasped Miss Forsythe's two hands in the fervor of his enthusiasm—and, with every appearance of lively intelligence beaming from his eyes, he fired at Miss Forsythe a tumultuous stream of utterly unintelligible gibberish!

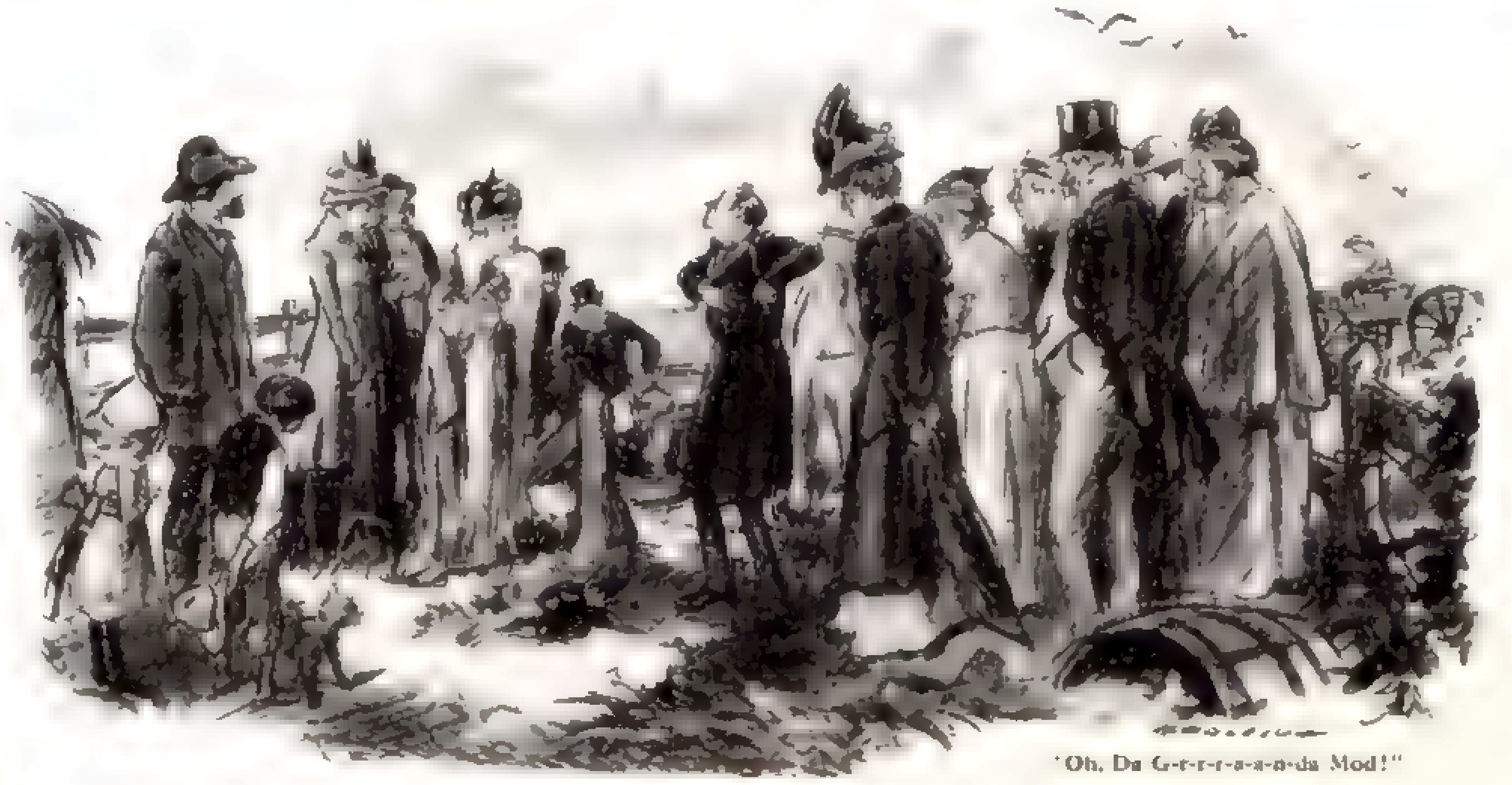
As his flow continued, to the rhythm of an occasional, warm, double handshake, Miss Forsythe's face turned pink and then red, and when at last, upon the conductor's signal, Blackie hastily tore himself away and clambered on board, waving his hand to the last and erupting strange syllables which had no kith or kin, Miss Forsythe turned to Wallingford, nearly crying.

"It is humiliating; it is so humiliating," she admitted, trapped into confession by the suddenness of it all; "but, after all my weeks of preparation, I wasn't able to understand one word of that beautiful, limpid Italian!"

XI

WALLINGFORD had kept his finger carefully upon the pulse of the Bubble Bank by apparently inconsequential conversations with

(Continued on Page 26)



"Oh, Da G-r-r-r-a-a-n-da Mod!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 6, 1909

Solidity, North and South

WE ADMIRE immensely Mr. Taft's ambition to break up the solid South. Hidebound allegiance to one party, an inveterate habit of voting one ticket under all circumstances, is a bad political condition anywhere. If the South would consider men and measures on their own intrinsic merit, without regard to the party label, it would be better for the South, and better for the country at large.

But we wonder why the President-elect doesn't turn his attention to a field much nearer home—in which, we believe, he would stand a better show to succeed. The enfranchised (white) population of the seven Southern States, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and the Carolinas, is a little smaller than the population of Pennsylvania. In the election of 1904, seventy per cent, roughly, of the total vote in Pennsylvania was Republican and seventy per cent of the total vote in the seven Southern States was Democratic. The Democratic Bourbonism of the South is just about matched by the Republican Bourbonism of Pennsylvania. The traditional yellow dog could not be more certain of the electoral votes of the Southern States if he were running on the Democratic ticket than he could be of the electoral votes of Pennsylvania if he were running on the Republican ticket.

The fetish of the Southern Bourbon is white supremacy; that of the Pennsylvania Bourbon is high tariff. It is easily demonstrable that, of the two idolatries, the Southern one is the more intelligent. The South is immovably Democratic because it thinks that party will save it from negro domination, and it is actually saved from negro domination. Pennsylvania is immovably Republican because it thinks that party will save it from cheap labor, and it is by no means saved from cheap labor. Wages "so low as to be inadequate to the maintenance of a normal American standard of living" were what the Sage Foundation's investigators recently found to be quite prevalent at the Pittsburg mills.

Burning Up Our Houses

THE price of lumber seems to have advanced to such a point that consumption is perceptibly affected. For each decennial period from 1850 to 1900 the consumption increased, on an average about fifty per cent. In the present decennial period it looks as though the increase would be hardly over half that—in 1910, that is, we will be cutting only forty-three billion feet instead of fifty-two billion.

From 1890 to 1900 the annual lumber cut increased more than a billion feet for each year. From 1900 to 1907, with a larger population, the annual cut increased less than three-quarters of a million feet. Consumption, actually and relatively to population, was still growing, but the ratio of increase had been checked. That is something. From 1900 to 1907 the average price of lumber at the mill increased from $11.13 to $16.56 a thousand feet. The price of yellow pine, which now accounts for about one-third of the total cut rose nearly sixty-five per cent.

Cutting timber by what the Socialists call capitalistic production began about 1850. In 1840 there were over thirty thousand sawmills in the country, against less than twenty thousand in 1907, but their average production was only $409 a year. By 1850 the number of sawmills had dropped more than a third and the average output advanced eightfold. Since then the country has cut about a thousand billion feet of lumber. How much of that prodigious quantity has been wasted, first and last, nobody can guess. With white pine up to $19.41 a thousand feet at the mill (the 1907 average), there is probably an important diminution of waste otherwise than by fire.

But we burn our houses just as cheerfully when pine costs $19.41 a thousand as we did eight years ago when it cost $12.69. We stick to that great national amusement regardless of cost.

Remembering Our Great Men

WHEN young people wish to amuse themselves by unloading an amateur dramatic performance upon their acquaintances, the first point for them to decide is whether they shall do it in the name of the Foundlings' Home or of the Free Dispensary. Congress, say the dispatches, proposes to create, at Washington, a great plaza, with statues and other ornaments, and has about decided to do it in the name of Lincoln. No doubt the plaza would be worth the price, the only question being whether the Government could afford at this time to spend so many millions for such a purpose. But that it will make anybody think of Lincoln is doubtful.

Washington made himself a fine monument, ready to hand. The house in which he spent so many years, which was architecturally expressive of him and in the same historic scene with him, and so fortunately situated that much of its atmosphere could be preserved, does strongly call him to the beholder's mind. On the other hand, the emaciated marble statesman east of the Capitol makes you think merely of the sculptor; and the tall stone shaft on the mall is simply a notable physical feature of the town to which his name happens to be attached—just as it is attached to fifty or more streets in as many cities. They would be exactly the same streets if they were called George III or Cornwallis.

In Saint Gaudens' statue at Chicago, Lincoln now has one of the finest monuments in the world. Its cost was inconsiderable. But in the best purpose of a monument—to inspire feeling for the man—Congress could not surpass it even by emptying the Treasury.

Lincoln's name has been used to designate many parks, boulevards and the like. It will be excellent to attach it to another public improvement at Washington—provided the improvement itself is excellent and expedient. We hate, however, to hear it spoken of as though it were a matter that actually concerned Lincoln; as though, without it, the living memory of the great President would be crippled and insulted.

A Lottery Without Blanks

THE intelligence of opulent collectors of art works rests under a vulgar and unmerited reproach. An English critic reprobates them for upsetting all just standards of value; under their competition the price of a painting becomes whatever some plutocratic person—usually from the United States—chooses to give.

But in respect to art works there never was any just standard of value, expressible in terms of money. Political economy has long been familiar with the doctrine that, if there were only one loaf of bread in the world, it would be worth all the money in the world. The plutocratic person simply applies this sound principle to a rare picture; and, if the picture happens occasionally not to be so rare as he thought, his principle is still the only intelligent one. The only question before him is whether he shall have the pictures he fancies, or his heirs shall have another quarter of a million to indulge their fancies with.

For a really excellent work of art no nabob ever paid too much. The money was useless to him, anyway. If he exchanged a superfluous half-million for a second-rate square of canvas, he made, by the transaction, a net gain of the canvas. He was just that much better off after the transaction. In getting the canvas at all he benefits by a kind of fraud. He gives a slip of paper, in the form of a bank check, which cost him one minute's very commonplace labor, in exchange for something that cost many hours of very precious labor.

The vulgar notion that rich collectors are often swindled is ridiculous. As a matter of fact, they are always ahead of the game.

The Professional Business Man

TO CONNOTE a rich man we still say "banker" or "railroad president," but there is no reason for doing it. Many of the biggest banks and biggest railroads are administered nowadays by what may be called professional business men, who give their services for hire and whose ownership in the properties which they manage is quite insignificant.

The professional business man, whose position in the business world is no more dependent upon his personal fortune than the position of a surgeon or lawyer is, has long been familiar to England. His rise in this country of late years is well illustrated by the election of Frank A. Vanderlip to the presidency of the largest bank in the United States.

Business is said to be simply a quest of profits. But for the young man who is about to devote himself to a business career, one of the graver questions is whether he should try to make money; whether, on the whole, it will be worth while to employ his energies in seeking personal profits. Formerly the question would, no doubt, have been answered in the affirmative, offhand, for to succeed notably in business a man needed to have money; he must own the business instrument before he could perform upon it. Nowadays, in the larger concerns, his position will depend upon his administrative ability rather than upon his power to buy stock. The chief officer of the Steel Corporation, for example, was not long ago a lawyer in rather modest circumstances. His relationship to the corporation is very similar to his former relationship to a client.

If the young man develops a first-class business ability he needn't bother about a fortune. His professional talents will find employment at rates which will make the possession of a fortune superfluous.

Saving Smoke and Saving Life

SMOKE, formerly, was the banner of industry. To besmudge the sky and breathe soot meant prosperity. But the stacks of Gary, the new steel town, give out merely a haze. They will save the smoke, we read, and make the immense plant fairly run itself. Furnace gases which formerly had nothing to do but kill vegetation and poison the inhabitants are trapped, controlled, refined and made to drive the engines. When all the machinery is in place, to operate it will require much more than a hundred thousand horse-power, but no coal will be burned to generate power; furnace gas, formerly waste and noxious, will do the work.

This is only one of many admirable devices at the new plant—all increasing man's productivity, subduing huge forces to his control with nicer exactness; at the touch of a hand, masses weighing hundreds of tons move snugly into place. The sum of these cunning contrivances quite inflames the imagination. Only a little more, it seems, and a solitary man will command the ore to leap from the ground, hop into the blast furnace, jump to the open-hearths and push itself through the rolls. Already it has Aladdin's lamp and the Genii fairly beaten.

But who is going to get the benefit? All these improvements and inventions multiply man's productivity. One man in one day can turn out more steel than formerly. Will steel be cheaper or wages higher? Will the man be any better off?

Of another great steel town we read that more than a thousand preventable deaths—due to typhoid and industrial accidents—occur yearly. While banishing smoke, will this new town abate somewhat that other symbol of American industry, the hearse? The great gas problem engaged much thought. How much was engaged by the greater problem of providing for the dependents of those whom the mills will inevitably maim? What, in short, does it all mean in merely human terms?

The Contrariness of Gold

IN 1908, a year of easy money, the accumulation of gold "in sight" was unusually large—amounting, in fact, pretty nearly to the whole output of the world's mines. In 1907, a year of extraordinarily tight money, the accumulation of gold "in sight" was small—amounting to less than a quarter of the output of the mines. A more perverse and unaccommodating action on the part of the precious metal could scarcely be imagined.

In 1907 the interest rate of the Bank of England advanced from 4 to 7 per cent, that of the Bank of Germany from 5½ to 7½, that of the Bank of France from 3 to 4; for call money in New York, 125 per cent was bid. The world, in short, was starving for gold. The mines yielded four hundred million dollars of the metal; but less than a hundred million was added to the stock held by the principal banks of Europe and in the United States Treasury—that is, in a position where it was most useful for business purposes. In 1908, on the contrary, the Bank of England rate fell to 2½ per cent, the Bank of Germany rate to 4, the Bank of France rate to 3, while call money was loaned in New York at ¾ of one per cent. And the stock of gold in the principal European banks and the United States Treasury increased about three hundred and seventy-five millions. In both years gold acted as it ought not to have acted.

Since the discovery of America the world has mined over thirteen billions of gold. Rather less than a quarter of that sum is accounted for by the visible stocks above mentioned. Some has been used in the arts. A little has been destroyed. Just where the rest is, goodness alone knows. If any considerable amount of it ever comes forth it will surely be at a time when there is no need of it.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

An Earnest Little Worker
Who Leaves No Turn Unstoned

A Pittsburg Perfecto

WELL, well, good people, look who's here! Jimmie Burke, none other. Jimmie Burke, the gallant Pittsburg protagonist, who cocked an eye toward the toga soon to be cast aside by the Honorable Philander Chase Knox, cocked a speculative eye toward the same and asked the burning question: "Why not?"—reminding one of the fair young thing who giggled to the Turkish Minister at a White House reception: "Is it true, Mr. Minister, as I have heard, that many Turks have several, that is to say, numerous, wives?"

"Why not, madam?" thundered the Turkish Minister; "why not?"

But, be that as it may, Jimmie has been thinking togawise, and it is fitting—the toga—for, next to the Honorable Philander himself, there is no neater and nattier statesman on all the glorious roll of Pennsylvania patriots. Not that Jimmie does not tower o'er the tabloid Philander a full few inches; but if Jimmie should let down the hem at the bottom of the Knox toga it would be plenty long enough, and, for the matter of that, he could get a new one made to order, if the Legislature will be pleased to let him.

When it comes to neatness and nattiness, one of the most admired Knox attributes, with the addition of nobbiness, Jimmie has a lot of class. He is always speckless, is Jimmie, creased to the minute, and his ties and gloves make his colleague, John Dalzell—who also cocked an eye togaward when he heard the Knox announcement, but who uncocked it almost immediately on receipt of a few driblets of news from home—hop up and down. You see, John Dalzell tries to come across each day with a pink carnation in his buttonhole, which he likes to think is a sort of an adventitious aid to his impressment, albeit he has a contract for them by the year; but Dalzell never starts, sartorially, with Jimmie, nor with Knox.

Thus, the toga part of it is settled. Jimmie can get along nicely with the Knox one. The only detail waiting to be settled is to get it. Wherefore, Jimmie is out with birdlime, nets, figure-four traps, deadfalls and fly-paper, and, if this job is to be snagged, he is on the spot to snag it, for, notwithstanding his puff ties and an occasional pink waistcoat, Jimmie is an earnest little worker who leaves no turn unstoned.

Pittsburg—the Manchester of America: or is it Manchester that is the Pittsburg of England?—is entitled to this Senatorship, they say, being in the western end of the State and the other Senatorship being clamped securely to the Honorable Boies Penrose, of Philadelphia. Therefore, Mr. Burke's geography is excellent; for, while John Dalzell represents a few wards of Pittsburg and a lot of surrounding territory, and the big Doctor Barchfeld a few other wards and more surrounding territory, Jimmie's district is right in the center of the city. He is localized and focalized properly.

To be sure, a person named Oliver is veering toward the same terminus, and his geography is just as good as Jimmie's, but think who Jimmie is.

What are the United States?

HE SAUNTERED in on us at the beginning of the Fifty-ninth Congress, immaculate, smiling, genial and composed. He came back to the Sixtieth Congress and was elected last fall to the Sixty-first. No matter how this Senatorship business falls out, Jimmie will be with us for two more years, at least, and probably for more than that, because he is clever as a politician, and plays the game.

He began early and is a charter member of The Youngest Club. Champ Clark, you remember, was for years the youngest college president, and there have been many other members: the youngest member of the House, the youngest graduate of any institution of learning, the youngest soldier in the Civil War, the youngest this and the youngest that. Jimmie is—or was—the youngest man who ever held the position of Secretary of the Republican National Committee—that is, he was the youngest when he had the job, or, to be more explicit, he was younger when he was secretary than any other man who had it was young. It is a complicated proposition, getting the fact fixed imperishably in history, but that ought to cover it, and as Jimmie is proud of it, it seems tactful to mention the circumstance here. He was younger than Perry Heath or Elmer Dover or William Hayward, but he isn't now. Oh, dear, no. He is mature and sage and dignified and sedate, carrying his forty-one years circumspectly and taking his legislative duties with that gravity and seriousness that befit a man who has been selected by his district to represent them at the Capital.

Handsome chap he is, too, and an orator. Well do I remember that day in the House of Representatives—it was January 16 of 1908 and the subject of publicity for campaign contributions was under consideration—when Representative James Francis Burke arose and, in the course of an eloquent speech, asked that thrilling question: "Now, Mr. Speaker, what are the United States?"

There you are! Answer that, you reptiles of the reptilian opposition! What are the United States? Do not skulk there in ambush, behind your academic definitions of the body politic, but march to the front with the reply to this burning question: What are the United States? Hah! Beseems the gentlemen are befogged by the vertiginosity of their own mesurgitation.

But, of course, that is what Jimmie might have said. However, he contented himself with the inquiry, couched, as it was, in pellucid English. No one attempted to tell what the United States really are, for, when you come to ponder it, artless as it may seem, that is some question, take it by and large, and, perhaps, the House had other fish to fry. Nevertheless, there stands the question in the Record, and, five thousand six hundred and seventy-one pages farther along, occurs another flash that must inevitably, sooner or later, echo and reëcho through our best anthologies.

It was on May 18, and Watchdog Tawney, rising, said: "Mr. Speaker, I yield two minutes of my time to the gentleman from Pennsylvania." Any fair-minded person will admit that two minutes isn't much time, except when you are that late for a train, but it was enough. Odds bodkins! it was enough. The gentleman from Pennsylvania was there with the goods. Discussing certain phases of the publicity bill he referred to Mr. Bryan, and discussing Mr. Bryan, at the extreme end of his two minutes, he said, with great declamatory effect: "Consistency, thou art, indeed, a jewel." Can you beat it? Can you tie it? Think it over.

Mr. Burke was chief custodian of the Knox Presidential boom, and every time the Pennsylvania delegation gave a dinner in honor of Knox last spring, which was about every night—the Knox boom will stand for many years in history as the greatest post-prandial canvass for the Presidential nomination we have ever had—the toastmaster would start things off by saying: "We will now drink a toast to our honored guest"—which was done—"and I will call on Representative James Francis Burke to tell us of the progress that is being made toward getting the nomination for President for our peerless leader, Senator Knox."

James Francis was at his best on these occasions. He told the Pennsylvanians just how Knox was to be nominated. It was all over but the shouting. He meant it, too, but the trouble was that Knox didn't.

Politics is various and mutable. James Francis may be out of it by the time this heartfelt tribute appears in print. Great, heedless Pennsylvania may have decided on another for the place. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, great, heedless Pennsylvania might go further than James Francis Burke and fare a whole lot worse. He has made a good record since he has been in Congress. He is diligent, industrious, able, a good lawyer, alive to what is going on and a tireless worker. He is rapidly getting to be of consequence in the House and has an exact knowledge of legislative procedure. Moreover, he talks well and would be very useful to his State in the Upper House.

Besides, Pittsburg, they say, should have the job, and James Francis comes from Pittsburg. Let the people of Pennsylvania remember that Mr. Burke so well said: "Consistency, thou art, indeed, a jewel."

And further—"What are the United States?"

Where the Linen Bugs Fell Down

"THIS country is all well enough," said the Peevish Irishman, "but I can't help wishing my father hadn't failed in business over near Belfast so I could be there on the old sod making my living and happy with my people instead of sparring around here."

"What was your father's business?" asked the Interested Englishman.

"He ran a linen farm."

"Linen farm?"

"Sure, a linen farm. Didn't you ever hear of a linen farm? We had one of the biggest in all the North of Ireland. Why, my father, at one time, owned three thousand linen bugs."

"Linen bugs!"

"Yes, linen bugs. Where were you born that you don't know about linen bugs? We had seven fields, all with the linen bugs working busily in them. In one field they made linen collars and cuffs, in another linen handkerchiefs, in another linen tablecloths and napkins, and so on through all the seven fields, and we were getting rich. But my father's passion for experiment ruined us."

"What happened?"

"Why, he read about silkworms one day and sent over to China and got a lot. The idea was to cross the silkworms with our linen bugs in the shirt field and make silk shirts with linen collars and cuffs. But we failed. It ruined us."

"Didn't it work out?"

"It did not. There was a mistake somewhere. Instead of making silk shirts with linen collars and cuffs, the bugs got mixed and made linen shirts with silk collars and cuffs, and nobody would buy them."

Five Minutes With Mr. Harrison

"SPEAKING about ways of getting rid of visitors who have tales of woe," said Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, "President Harrison was about as clever as any person I have known.

"When there was a man who had something to tell the President he didn't want to hear, but who was entitled to an audience, Harrison would make an appointment with him and allow him five minutes. As the man came in Harrison would look at his watch, caution the visitor that five minutes was all the time there was, and then Harrison would talk all the time himself. Of course, the visitor could not interrupt the President.

"When the President thought he had used up the time he would take out his watch, look at it, say, 'Time's up!' shake the man's hand effusively, tell him how glad he was to have had the pleasure of the visit, and vanish."

The A B C of Darwin

A DIGNIFIED colored gentleman went into the reading-room of the Congressional Library in Washington and laboriously wrote a call-slip for Darwin's Origin of Species.

In due time the book came and the colored student took it to a quiet corner and began to pore over it. After half an hour he came back to the desk and asked:

"Say, boss, cain't I gitter fust edition of this yere book? This yere's th' fifth edition an' I ain't gittin' on right smart wif it."

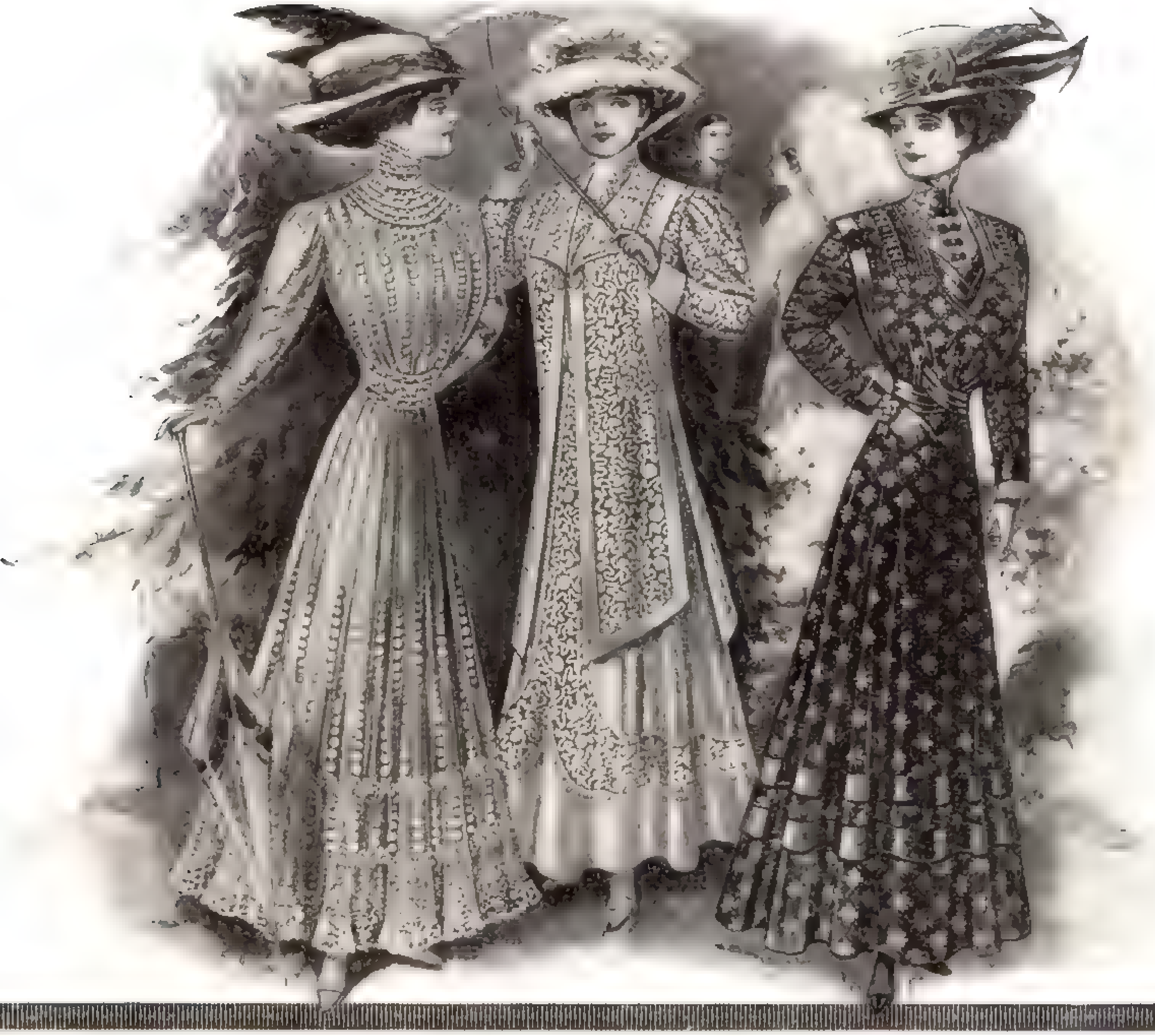
Taking Chances With a Bunch

"IS IT true that many of these Mormons have half a dozen wives each?" asked a visitor to Salt Lake City of a policeman who was stationed near the Temple.

"Sure," said the policeman.

"Well, will you kindly tell me why on earth a man wants to marry half a dozen wives?"

"I dunno," said the policeman, "unless he thinks that mebbe he can get a good one out of the bunch."



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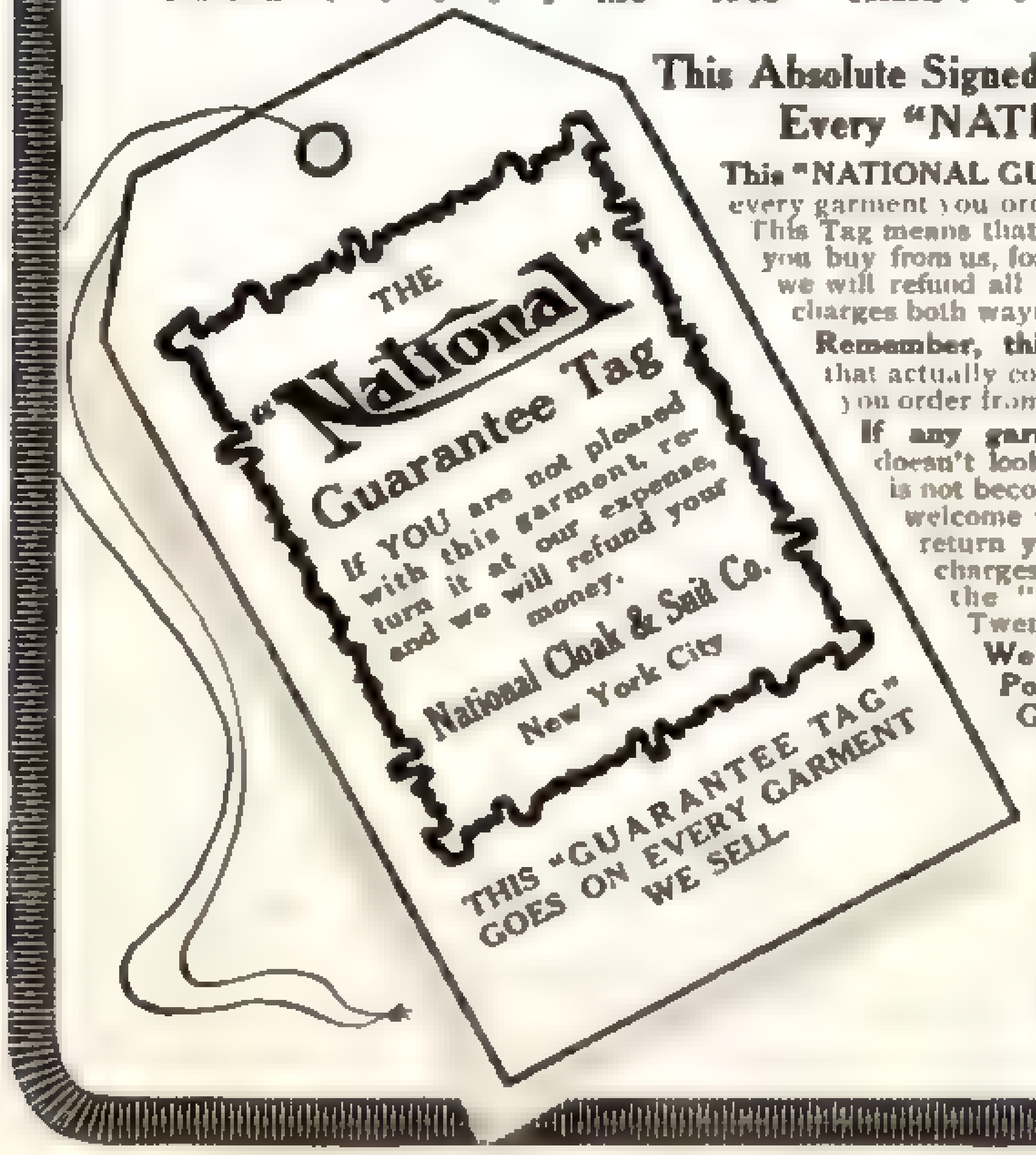
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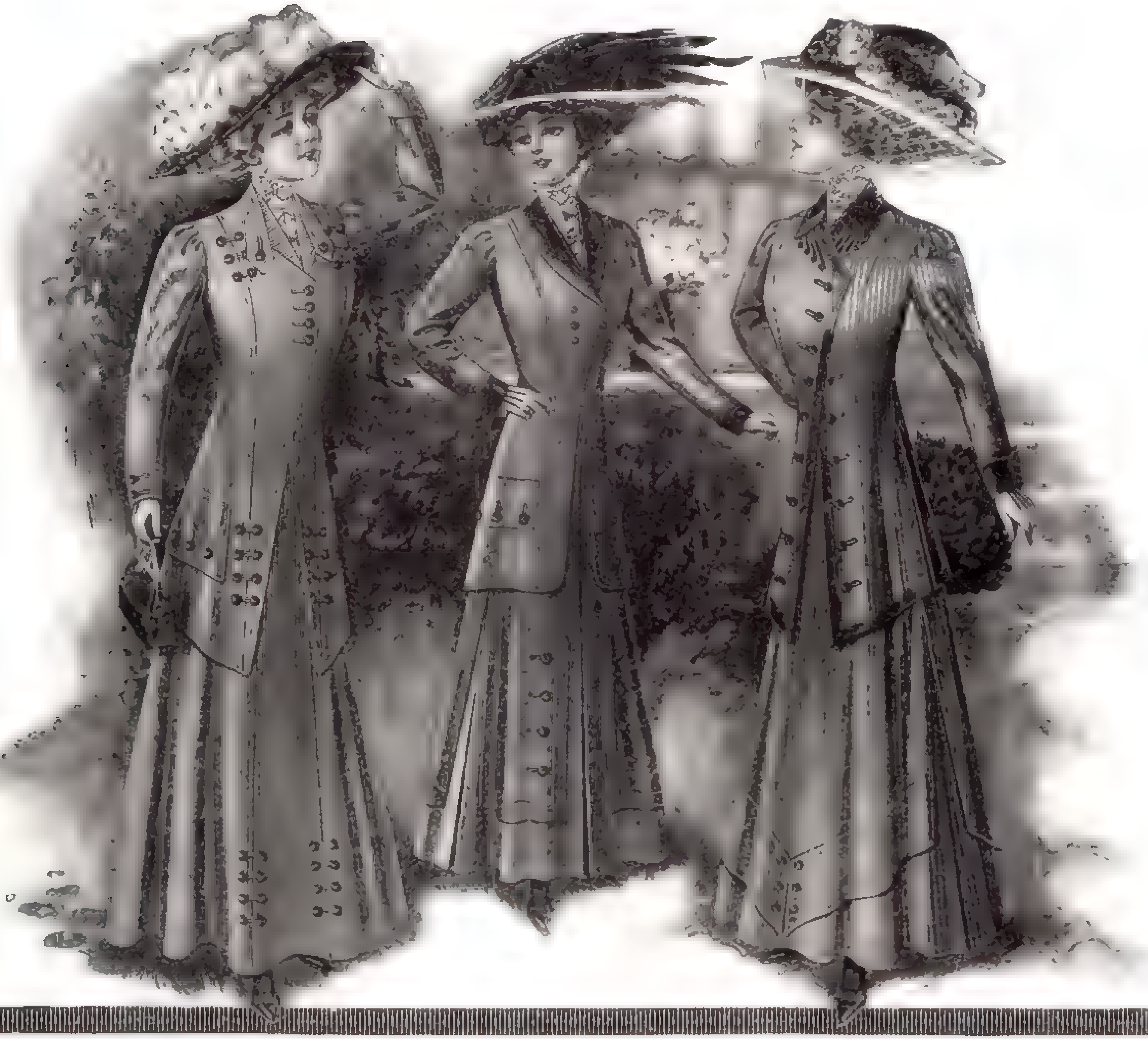

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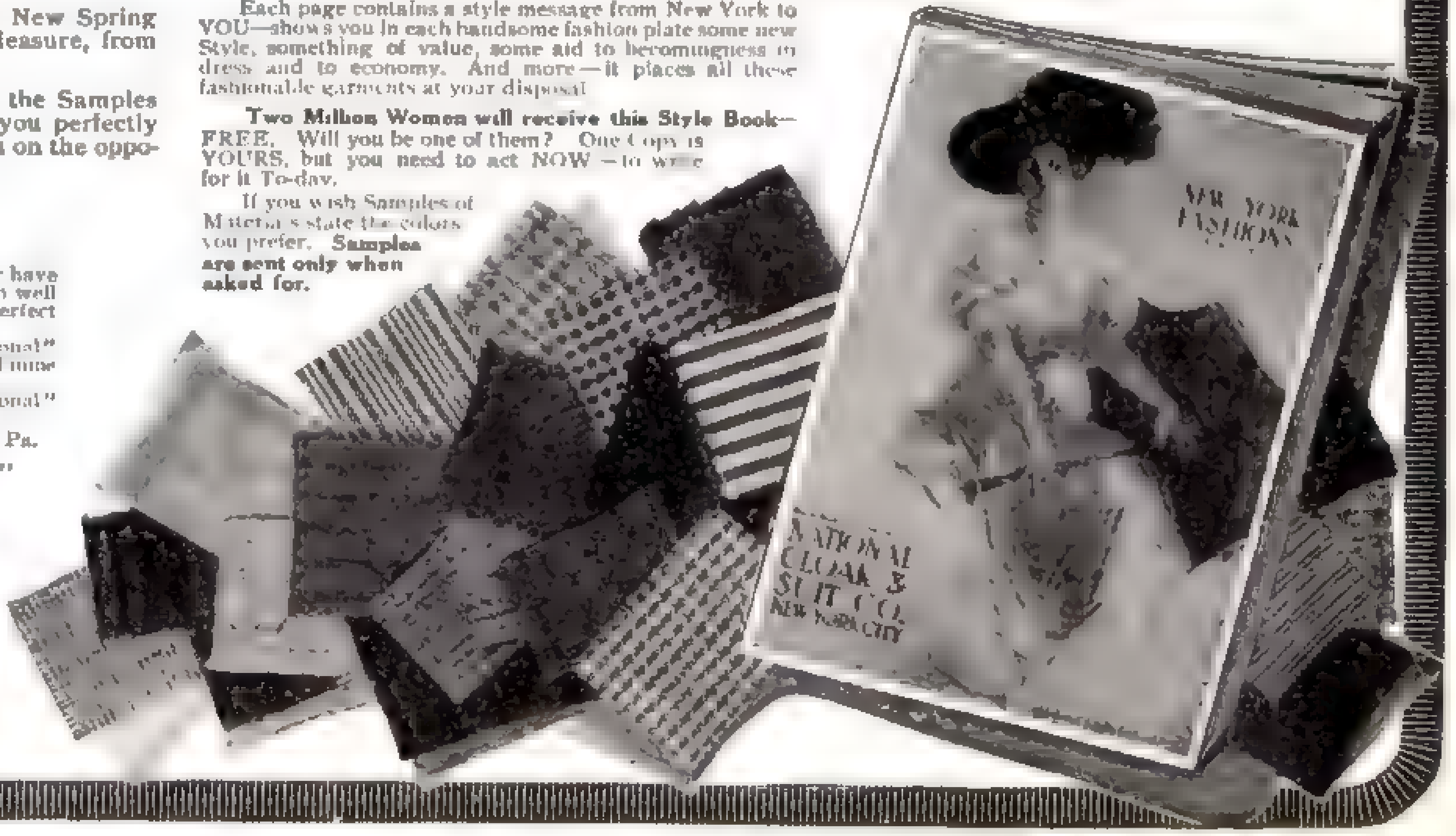


THRIFT

Making Ends Meet and Putting Something By

Money in Moving

THE superintendent of a New York printing office, though working for a salary, is reputed to be worth several hundred thousand dollars. During the year before the panic he sold eighteen dwelling-houses in New Jersey, all built on his own land and with his own capital or credit. Besides, he is a conservative investor in Wall Street securities.

"I was nearly forty years old before I saved a dollar," he says, "working for wages and traveling around the country, seeing the world and having a good time. Then I wanted to get married. That took money. I hadn't any, but managed to save $100 before the wedding day. Right after our marriage the country struck a financial snag, business was brought to a standstill, and I had to hunt two or three days through New York to find one day's work. This depression, combined with my new responsibility, impressed upon me something I had never had occasion to think about before—the value of a little money laid by. So when work grew a bit steadier I bought a house for $1700 over in Jersey, taking shares in a building and loan association to cover the indebtedness. I went ahead paying it off, got thoroughly interested, worked more regularly than I had ever done, and lived economically with the help of my wife. In two years we owned the place. Somebody came along wanting it more than we did, so I sold it for $2200. That money was used to buy a lot and help build another house, total cost $2800. Somebody wanted that, too, after we had lived in it a few months, so I sold it for $3400.

"Hearing a good deal about how quickly money was doubled in Wall Street, I took this capital and went down into the financial district. In those days brokers were not very trustworthy. I knew that, and didn't fritter my money away following tips or advice. Instead, I used my own common-sense, bought carefully on margin such securities as I saw were bound to rise or fall, and in a few weeks, by following my own judgment, personally supervising all deals, and being courageous enough to take reasonable chances, I succeeded in getting rid of the whole $3400. Yes, sir! Lost every dollar.

"Well, I got another job, and immediately bought a lot on credit for $200, giving my personal note. By the time the latter came due I was laying plans to build another house. Going to the holder of the note I asked him to give me a few weeks to get a building loan, which he did. This house was built with a view to selling it at a better profit, if somebody wanted it. Sure enough, it was sold to a purchaser shortly after we moved in. By that time I had grasped the idea of the real-estate business, and since then, thanks to the demand for dwellings around New York, I have made money by buying land, borrowing capital to build, and selling at a profit."

An interesting side-issue in this plan has been its effect on the superintendent's character and earning capacity. As soon as he began to save money he found better jobs, and when he blossomed out into a real-estate operator he became a manager of men instead of a mechanic working for wages. His gauge of employees is today largely one of thrift. The man who has saved nothing, he believes, is seldom interested in his work, and lacks the ambition to make a good workman.

Some Thrifty Newspaper-Men

Some of the daily newspaper offices in New York have mutual sick-benefit and loan associations that provide for members in misfortune and keep out loan sharks. These associations have nearly all originated in the composing-rooms, among printers, and are conducted chiefly by mechanics. This plan, followed for sixteen years on one newspaper, is quite typical:

The year is divided into two terms of six months each, ending the last day in December and June. Any employee of the newspaper corporation, whether a wage-earner or salaried one, is eligible for membership. A member takes one or two shares, but no more, for sick benefits, paying twenty-five cents a week on each. If kept home by sickness he is entitled to $7 a week benefit on one share, and $10.50 a week on two. The limit is seven weeks in any one term. Should a member draw seven weeks' benefits at the end of a term, however, he is entitled to continue into the following term and draw seven weeks more if necessary.

In addition, money is loaned members at the rate of $15 on two shares, and for loan purposes alone members may take ten shares, paying the same as for sick-benefit shares. Two per cent a week is the interest charged on loans. The borrower of $15, on two shares, pays back his loan, not in a lump sum, but simply by continuing regular weekly payments on his shares. This amounts to fifty cents a week, and he would pay it anyway, even if nothing were borrowed. In addition, he pays thirty cents interest each week until the loan is returned, making a total of eighty cents. No larger loan is extended on two shares, nor any provision made, as is the case in some of these associations, for loaning money on homes, life insurance and other good security. But a member who has not borrowed out of the fund may transfer his privilege to a man who wants a second loan. This is frequently done, and though a member never charges a fellow-workman any interest for such a favor, the transfer feature is said to furnish an exact gauge of the reliability of every workman in the office—if he wants to use this privilege he must take care of his credit. Such an association also does away with the difficulty many workmen have in refusing small loans to others whom they know to be shiftless, for when a man wants money he can be referred to the association, and if his credit isn't good there, that settles it.

At the end of each six-month term a reserve fund of $200 is set aside to start the association on its next term. Then all money remaining in the treasury is divided evenly among members, borrowers and non-borrowers alike.

How Savings Pay Profits

For illustration, during the first term in 1908, eighty-five members paid in $13.50 apiece on two shares—fifty cents a week for twenty-seven weeks. Sick benefits to the amount of $265 were paid out during that half-year. Yet there was divided among members enough money to give each holder of two shares $16.52, or a profit of $1.51 a share. This profit was made, of course, on the interest charged on loans. The only other source of income the association has is a $2 initiation fee when a new member joins, and that is seldom sufficient to pay the secretary-treasurer's salary of $30 a term. The secretary-treasurer is a compositor, and his salary constitutes the only item of expense except one other small charge for a safe-deposit box in which to keep funds and records. The savings-banks of New York City refuse to accept funds of an association like this, it is said, and its balances are hardly large enough to warrant deposit in a commercial bank. So the money is kept in a safe-deposit box and earns no interest.

As the terms end in the Christmas holiday season in winter, and about the vacation period in summer, there is usually an unusual demand for loans right after the six months' accumulation has been distributed. In July, last year, for example, members applied for loans aggregating $750, to meet which the association had only its reserve fund of $200 at the moment. This semi-yearly "peak" in the demand for loans might be taken care of by ending the terms in months when there is no unusual demand for loans—say in March and September. The secretary-treasurer in this case, however, provides the extra capital by borrowing of members who have cash to spare. Last July he borrowed $550 in that way, paying one per cent a week interest to the lenders until funds came in to extinguish the debts one by one.

At the end of a term, when all loans are called in and the books balanced for dividends, the various transactions practically settle themselves, for no matter at what period in the six months a member borrows, his loan is paid back automatically at the end of the term provided he is permitted to skip no payments on his shares. Therefore, losses through fraud are almost unknown, the only way in which anybody can beat the association being by borrowing in the middle of the term and absconding. That means giving up a good job, and nobody does it.

The Battle of the Dish-Pans

There are three notion stores in a certain town. Their proprietors went to great lengths in foolish competition. If Jones hung out a twenty-cent dish-pan at eleven cents, Brown and Smith immediately cut that same article to ten or nine cents. But eventually one merchant began to use his own judgment. Jones refused to let Smith and Brown scare him into offering the same leaders. If they fought it out on dish-pans he offered an alcohol stove at cost. When they met his price on that he offered something else. The idea was, that one article could not be made an issue for all three stores, and Jones wanted to draw customers with something different.

It is not easy to hold to a rule like that in the heat of retail competition. But Jones did it in this way:

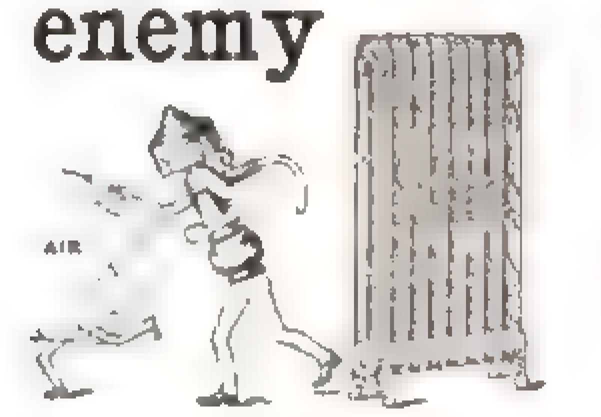
First, his leaders were as timely and attractive as he could make them, and instead of offering from stock already in the store, as did the others, he bought some special goods that they didn't have. Second, if they sold twenty-cent dish-pans at ten cents he made it a point to keep that particular dish-pan as near regular prices as possible, and got twenty if he could. If their leaders drew very well he might come down to eighteen, or fifteen, or even lower. But he tried to keep his prices up on their leaders, even though other articles were cut; and every week Jones roughly figured up how much more actual money he had got for their cut-price goods than they themselves. The difference, if any, was counted as so much gain, and handed over to his wife as a savings fund.

A mechanic died, leaving hardly enough money to bury him. His widow, a frugal German woman, went out at day-work to support five children. The oldest boy was ten, the oldest girl nine. Then came two boys at seven and five, and the baby sister, three years old. The widow kept the three elder children in school, the boys helping by delivering newspapers, and the girl earning a little minding children and doing other light work. People gave them clothes and broken food, and they got along comfortably, but with a small margin to spare.

When the oldest boy was fourteen he went to work in an office at $3 a week, handing over his newspaper route to the third brother. When the oldest girl was ready to leave school the family offered her two years' additional education on condition that she pay her brother the $1.50 weekly it would cost them besides, from her own small earnings. He was now making $5 a week, and this could be done with close living. She agreed, spent two years more in school, and got a place in an office, too, where she immediately began to pay back the $150 debt out of a small salary. By that time the elder brother earned enough to support the family so that his mother need not work so hard. But it was agreed that he should not bear further cost of education. So the girl's payments on her debt to him were applied week by week to keeping the second boy in school two years longer. He in turn assumed the debt for the third brother's education, and the latter helped the youngest girl.

German sturdiness undoubtedly entered largely into the success of this arrangement, helped by rare character in the mother, who kept them all together, and busy, too. It succeeded progressively—the further it went, the better results. The oldest boy, who got the least schooling, rose to a partnership in business. The elder girl, who got more, was an expert accountant, and gave up a good salary when she married. The second boy worked for wages two years after leaving school, and then took a course in mechanical engineering on his own hook. The youngest brother became a physician, and today has a fine practice, while as for the baby sister, she was quite the lady, and had hardly started on a working career before a nice young man came along and married her.

Air is the heat enemy



Air must be driven out, and kept out, if a Low-Pressure Steam heating outfit is to do its best work. Air and steam, like oil and water, do not mix. Air sneaks into the radiator by means of ordinary valves, and stops the circulation of steam—acts as a cushion in keeping back the steam from filling the radiator. Air steals the heat you are paying for. There is just one way to stop this fuel waste—by keeping the air out of radiators and piping with

NORWALL Vacuum Valves

They put air out of the system, keep it out, and insure full heating value of radiators with less coal burned.

Water, when open to the atmosphere, must be heated to 212° before it can boil—but without air in radiators or piping, water boils at 180°, which enables you to get heat from your fuel even when the fire lags or when the fire is banked. This represents a large saving in fuel, usually 15% to 30% (many users save as high as 40%).

NORWALL Vacuum Air Valves and NORWALL Packless Radiator Valves when screwed on to your radiators in place of the ordinary valves enable you to steadily keep the radiators hot and working—in fact, even for a few hours after the fire accidentally expires. Made solely of brass—will not wear out.

Send for free book, "New Aids to Ideal Heating."

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It contains much valuable information that will help you make your home more beautiful. We will also refer you to the nearest dealer where you can see and inspect the goods.

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$1, $1.25, $1.50 and upward

Ask your dealer for "SANSPAREIL" Dress [illegible] THE WELL SHIRTED MAN" sent free. [illegible]

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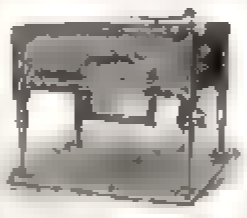

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Then fill out $1.00 worth of my Patented Pen Practice Sheets (either slant, medial or vertical) and if not materially benefited, return all to me and get your $1.00 back at once

WALTER THOMSON, Box 55, FARGO, N. D.

Sense and Nonsense

When the Ghost Walked

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS was declaiming against the atrocity of one of the rules of the House of Representatives. He was ripping it up and across, slashing right and left, and was much in earnest

"But," interposed Representative Sereno E. Payne, of New York, the Republican floor leader, "you are yourself a member of the Committee on Rules, as I understand it."

"I am," said Williams, "nominally."

"The gentleman attends the meetings of the committee, unless I am mistaken," persisted Payne.

"I am allowed to attend the séances," replied Williams, "but nobody consults me about the spiritualistic materializations."

Right After School

I know where's the happiest Kingdom in all of the world I have seen,
No bigger than Grandfather's orchard, and all of it's grassy and green,
It has but a few dozen people, the happiest youngsters alive,
'Tis ruled by a Princess of seven and one little soldier of five;
There's one little crown made of daisies and one little sword of tin,
And one little drum that goes rolling betimes with a terrible din:
You'd think that a war was beginning by all of the noise that is made,
When, really, it's only the army declaring itself on parade.

In all of the bounds of the Kingdom there isn't a book or a chore;
The reign of the Princess begins when the schoolday is over at four;
Her castle with turrets and towers is right near a big apple tree.
It isn't a visible castle, but if you were there you could see;
And if you should chance to be looking that way when the proud Princess comes,
You'd see a bold soldier go marching and hear a fierce rattle of drums,
You'd see loyal subjects and happy, with no thought of table or rule,
You'd want to belong to the Kingdom—the Kingdom of Right-After-School!

It's really a well-behaved people—they put by their slates and their books
And have little use for an army except as a matter of looks;
But nobody dares say addition, division, subtraction—if you
Should mention a one of these subjects the tin sword would run you right through!
But you can say swinging or jumping or follow-my-leader, nor fear
You break any law of the country—and if from your window you hear
A chorus of voices and laughter, when evening grows twilit and cool,
You'll know 'tis the music they make in the Kingdom of Right-After-School!

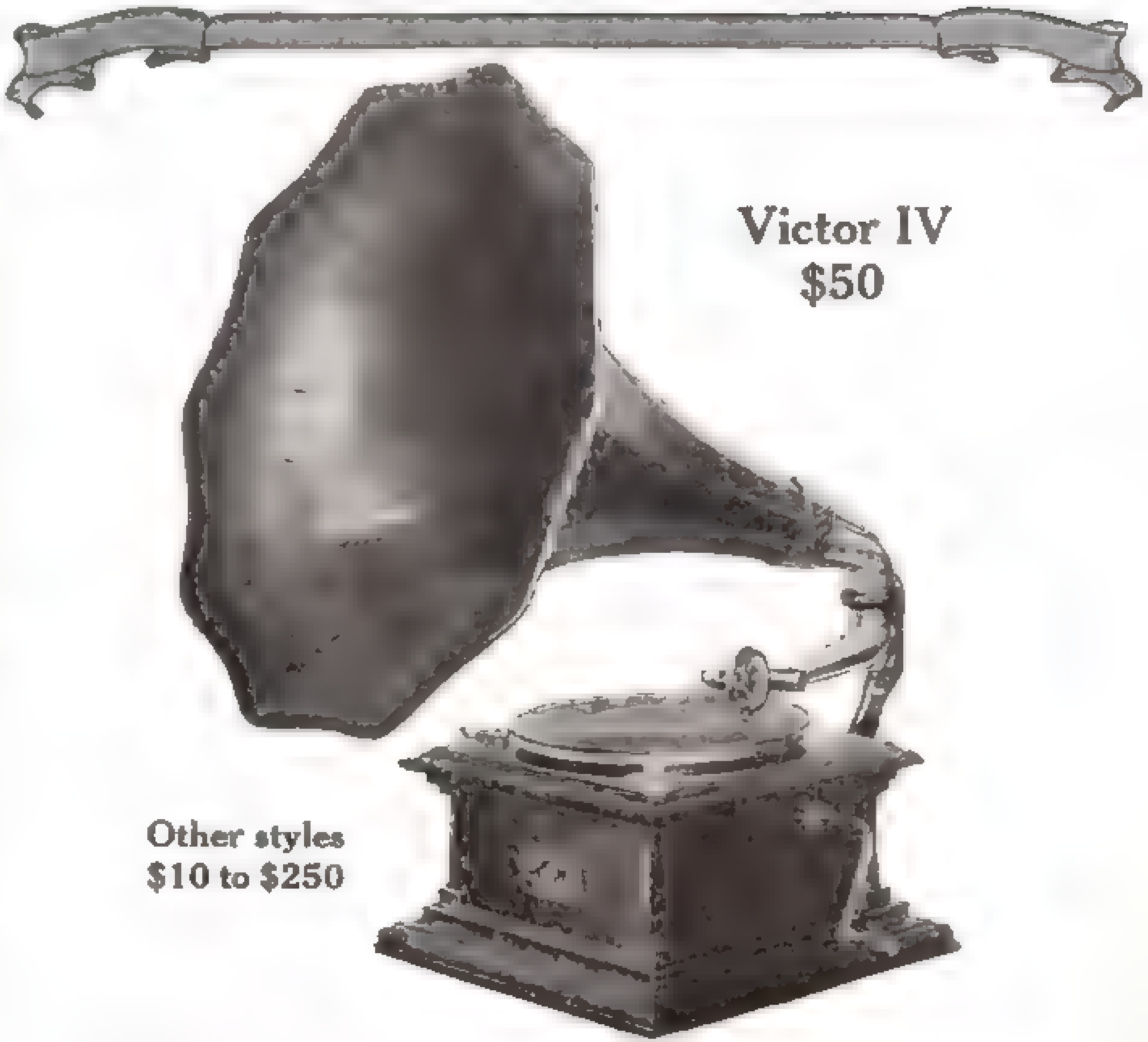
There's not a sad heart in the Kingdom, nor ever or ever a tear,
And all of the sorrows of schooldays are lost or forgotten in here;
The make-believe fairies go singing with songs that are wondrously sweet;
The green turf is flecked with white dresses and patters with fast-flying feet;
It's just between School's-Out and Teatime—an hour or so of the day,
And often I see them there crowning with daisies the Princess of Play.
Then some one calls: "Supper-time, Children!"—when evening grows twilit and cool.
It fades from my sight till tomorrow—the Kingdom of Right-After-School!

—*J. W. Foley.*

A Sunday Exception

THE chief of police of a Western city in which all the saloons had been forced to close on Sunday met on the street a citizen who inquired: "How about the saloons, Chief? All closed, I guess."

"Yes," the chief replied, "they are all closed but one, a little bit of a place, up near St. ——'s-church. We let him sthay open; shure, he don't do annything durin' the week."



Victor IV $50

Other styles $10 to $250

"Why, that is the real thing—you can't tell it from the actual human voice!"

That's what people say every day, upon hearing the *Victor.*

And when their amazement is over they further exclaim, "I never knew the *Victor* was like that!" Do *you* know what the *Victor* is like?

You owe it to yourself to hear it. Any *Victor* dealer will gladly play any *Victor* music you want to hear

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

Victor

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

A complete list of new Victor Records [illegible] Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's, and March Cosmopolitan.

This Weis Vertical File

Holds 20,000 Letters And Holds Them Right, for $12

This famous example of Weis construction is built for hard service, handsome appearance, and greatest convenience. Keeps your correspondence always accessible. (Price is f.o.b. factory.)

Seven Kinds of Drawers are made for this file, for card index, checks, documents, etc.

Roller Bearings
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The New Weis Desk—A Complete Office

Gives you just the filing systems you need—and these only. Seven kinds of drawers to select from.

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No. 444.—TYPEWRITER DESK, same style but correct height for machine and with drawer on one side only . . . $14.50

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Imitations of Lea & Perrins Sauce have met with no success. The original Worcestershire fills every requirement.

Unequaled as a Digestive.

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$2.00 Insures mealtime comfort for the sick

Why bother with an inconvenient old style tray and risk spilling the patient's food, when it is so much easier and nicer to use a "Pierce Adjustable Folding Lap Table"?

The Pierce Table is constructed so as to be perfectly rigid and positively secure—allowing freedom and comfort for the patient and adding to the enjoyment of the meal. Can be adjusted in many different ways. Absolutely no danger of rocking, tilting or spilling

By a simple adjustment readily arranged for a card, lunch, writing, reading and sewing table. Beautifully finished in white enamel, ebony or oak. Nickel mountings, yet very light. Table 18"x24", weighs under 3 lbs

Sent anywhere in United States prepaid, on receipt of a $2 Bill, which will be promptly refunded if you do not find 100 dollars' worth of comfort from its use.

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Descriptive [illegible] request.

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Neponset Waterproof and **Air Tight Building Paper** on walls beneath [illegible] or shingles means a yearly saving of one third in heating [illegible]. It makes rooms comfortable and healthy, and free from draughts and dampness.

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See that it is used on your house. Write for booklet, **"Comfortable Homes,"** it tells the story you ought to know

A bungalow, garage, barn, or any kind of a building, from a poultry house to a factory, needs a good roofing [illegible] easy to apply [illegible] to those who use **Paroid Roofing**. It is absolutely unaffected by any climatic extremes

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has stood the test of time. Our booklet **"Paroid Proofs"** will tell you why it is the best. Write for it and free sample

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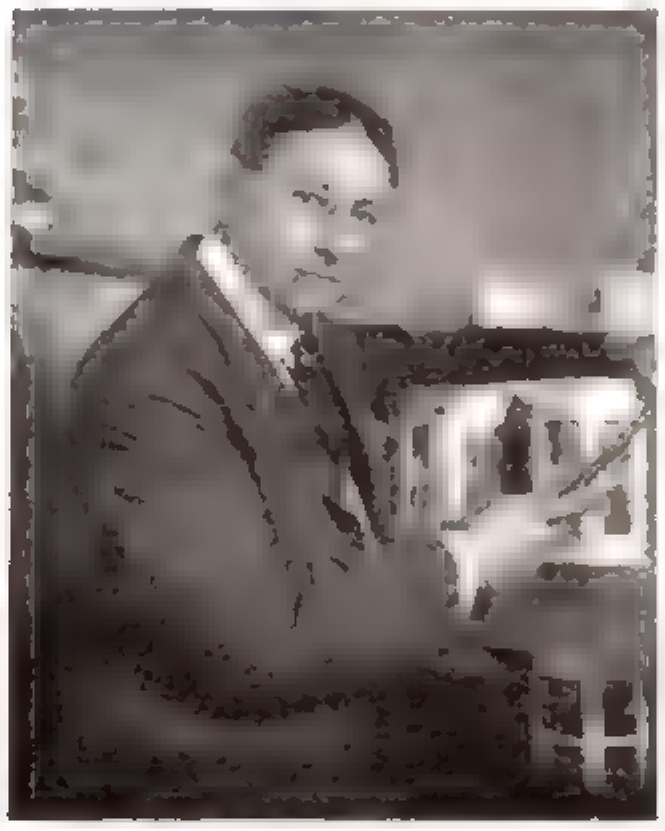
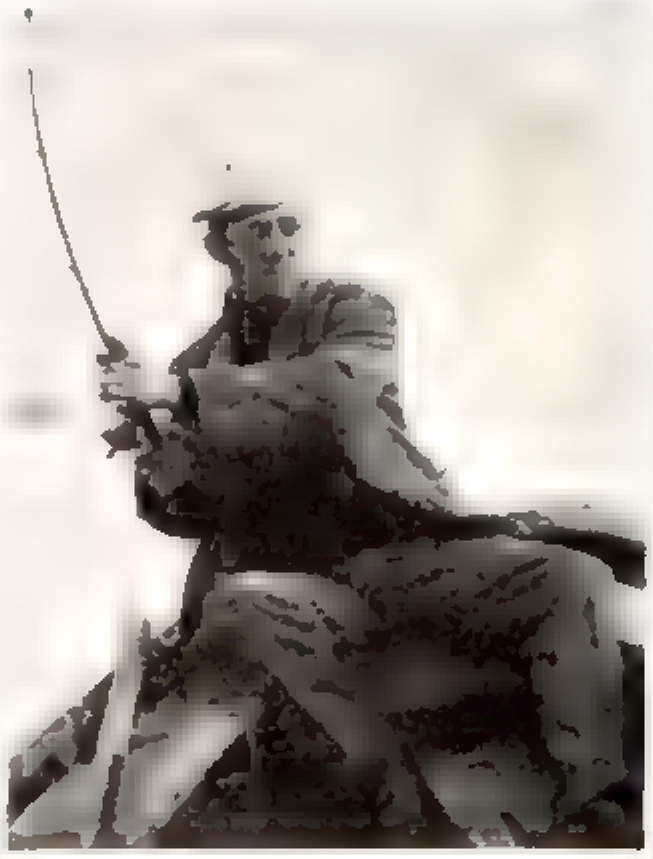
MAGAZINE MEN



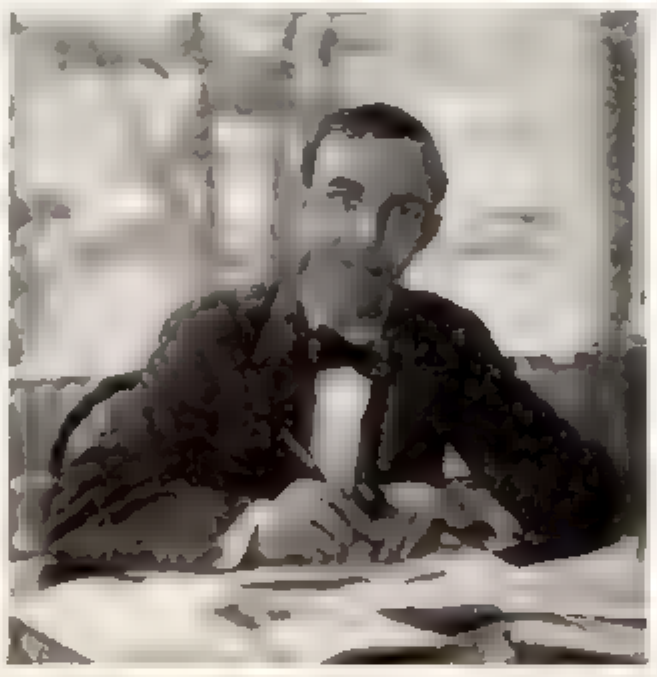
Ellis Parker Butler

THE author of The Thin Santa Claus, whose humorous stories have been appearing in this magazine for some years, is at work (so he writes) on a doll's house for his female kid. "The pose attempts to catch," Mr. Butler explains, "my half-interested attitude when I am interrupted at my work by some publisher who dashes in to offer me a million dollars for my next book."



Harry Snowden Stabler

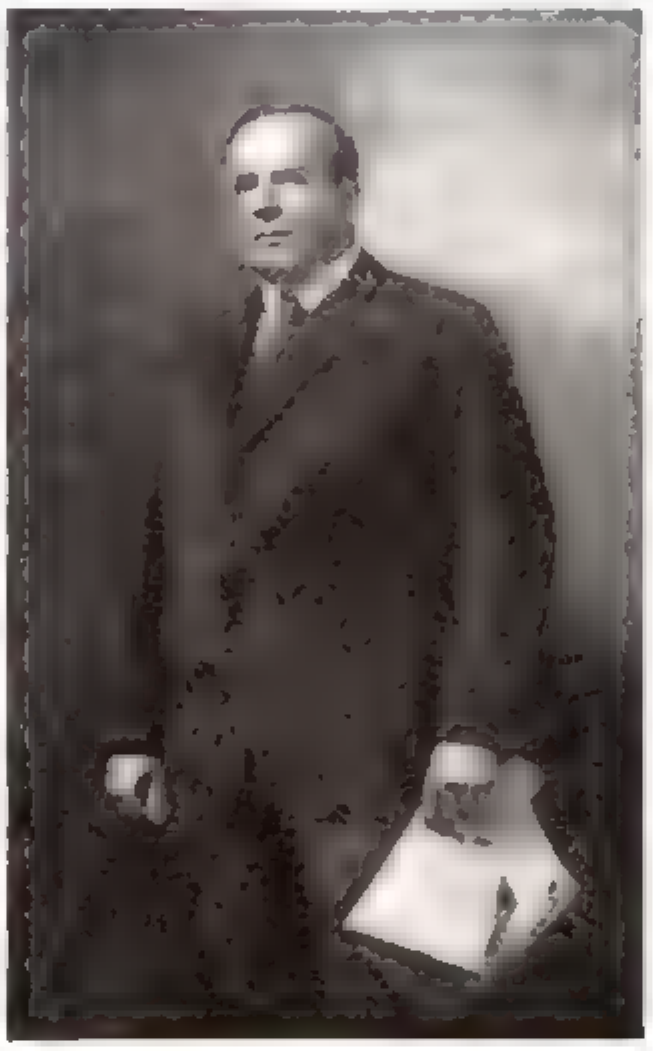
MR. STABLER, who is engaged in the banking business in Baltimore, has lately taken to writing short stories, on the ground that it is the least harmful and most remunerative form of indoor exercise. His stories of Judy Mason have already given Mr. Stabler a reputation that many a writer has worked years for.



James H. Collins

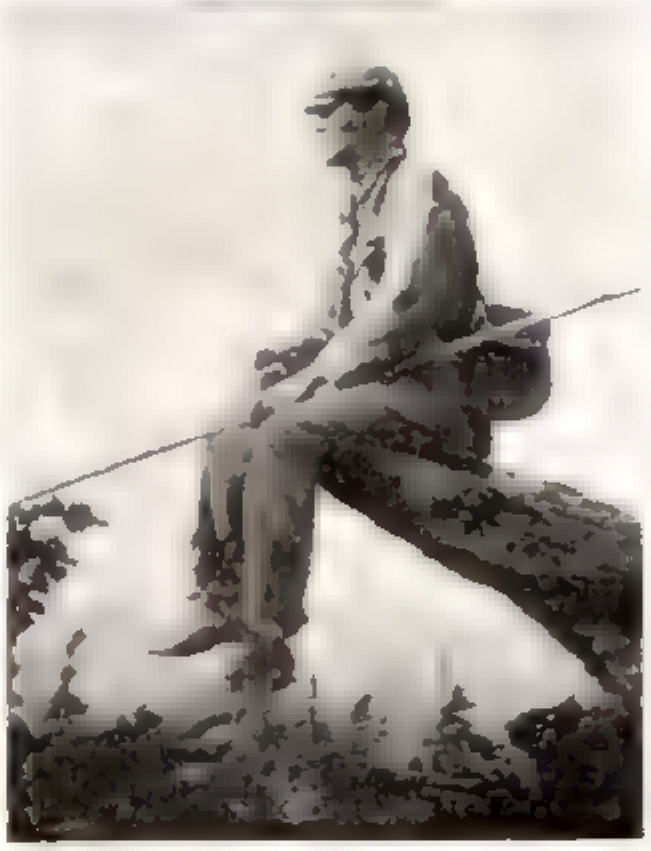
AN UNFLATTERING portrait of a man whose business it is to write about business — and he does it just a little better than anybody else. The fountain pen in the middle foreground is used merely for literary effect.

Mr. Collins always uses a typewriter.



Samuel G. Blythe

UNLIKE Mr. Collins, Mr. Blythe does not use a typewriter: he abuses it. Mr. Blythe's typewriter is the first one placed on the market and was given to Mr. Blythe on his first Christmas, a trifle over forty years ago. The letters all run together and the editors separate them into words of appropriate length. Mr. Blythe lives in Washington, when he doesn't live in New York or Chicago. For some years he was Washington correspondent for the New York World, and managed the destinies of The Gridiron Club, of which he is an ex-president.



Harris Dickson, of Vicksburg, Miss.

JUDGE DICKSON was the first to point out, in a series of papers which appeared in this magazine, the significance of the Prohibition movement in the South. Judge Dickson is not fishing; the pole is a mountain stick and the creel contains his luncheon. He is sitting on the summit of Grandfather Mountain, N. C.

Cream of Corn Soup
Corn Fritters
Corn Chowder

And many other tasty, toothsome and delicious dishes can be made from

PARIS SUGAR CORN

Eaten by itself, it's the best there is—and when used as the base for other dishes, it gives them a richness and an exquisite flavor that cannot be approached in any other brand.

In Paris Sugar Corn you can get the true natural flavor of the finest sweet corn in the world—nothing added—nothing taken away

In no other locality is it possible to equal that we grow in the State of Maine.

We select the choicest seed and supervise every stage of growth, the harvest, and the packing, all with the utmost care.

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Our illustrated book, "Five Foods Ready to Serve," tells about some other good New England products for the table which we make. It will interest you. We shall be pleased to send it free on request

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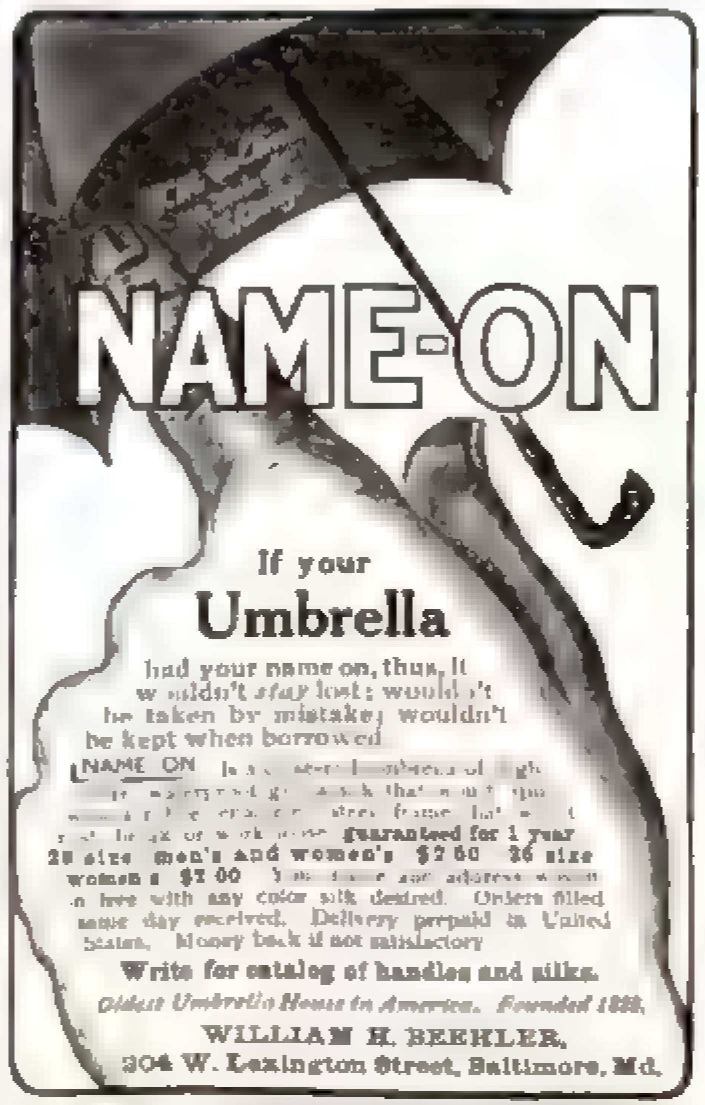

NAME-ON

If your **Umbrella** had your name on, thus, it wouldn't *stay* lost; wouldn't be taken by mistake; wouldn't be kept when borrowed

NAME ON [illegible] **guaranteed for 1 year** **26 size men's and women's $2.00 26 size women's $2.00** [illegible] name and address woven in free with any color silk desired. Orders filled same day received. Delivery prepaid in United States. Money back if not satisfactory

Write for catalog of handles and silks.

Oldest Umbrella House in America. Founded 1828.

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Clothes a Boy Complete for $1

A combination suit of knickerbocker trousers and blouse with inner waist forming a complete suit — [illegible] The inner waist gives permanent blouse effect and has extensions for garters. Buttons in front — the chap can dress himself. Washable fast color fabrics in gray blue brown and red Khaki, Galatea and Gingham, stripes and checks. Sizes 2½ to 8 years.

Suit complete, postpaid, $1.00, if your dealer hasn't it [illegible] Money refunded if not satisfactory. Send for catalog of boys' play and wash suits.

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HATS for MEN

Knapp-Felt hats are made in a variety of smart shapes.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are Six Dollars. Knapp Felts are Four Dollars, everywhere.

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
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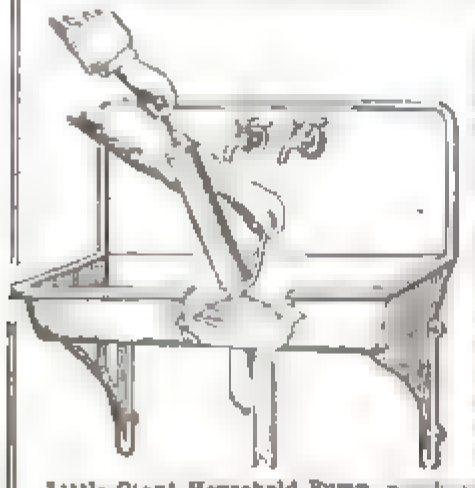
Why Help to Make the Plumber Rich?



[illegible] **Don't send for the Plumber** [illegible]

Little Giant Household Pump, [illegible] Wash Basins, Sinks, Fountains, etc.

No skill at all required [illegible] — The Little Giant is made of polished brass [illegible] of pure rubber, and will last a lifetime.

THIRTY DAYS TRIAL OFFER

[illegible] $4.00 [illegible] send pump back and your [illegible] Send $4.00 to day in bank draft [illegible] Men representatives wanted in all large cities. Particulars free.

J. E. KENNEDY, 41 Park Row, New York

PIERCE Motor Boats and Motors

"Always Dependable"

Superior to all others for Safety, Comfort, Durability and Speed. [illegible] 38 sizes and styles of Motor Boats [illegible] Knocked Down Boat Frames with Machinery [illegible]

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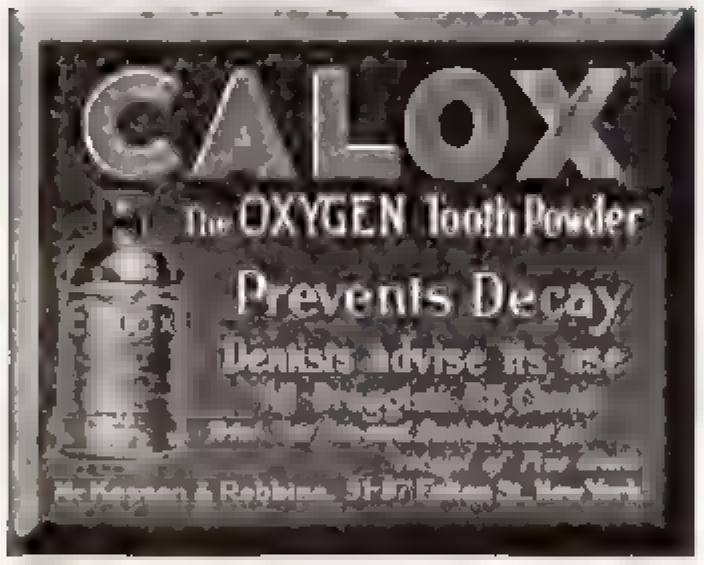

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DEADHEADS

(Concluded from Page 5)

stingy with applause, most liberal with criticism. The débutante deadhead, before the habit is fixed, may conceivably recover and once more purchase tickets with real money. But the habitual deadhead would rather die than pay to see a show. *Crede experto!*

I once knew a chronic deadhead whose only claim to indulgence in the dramatic world was based on the fact that he framed the pictures in the lobby of a theater in 1904, but who had nevertheless, somehow, got himself placed on the free list. And one night I came upon him in the lobby of a theater, with his wife, declaiming loudly against the moral tone of the play. The box-office man in any playhouse can tell you sad tales of the deadheads. According to him, they are all deaf, for every one when he presents his pass to secure the seat coupons remarks: "My hearing isn't very good. Won't you please put me down front?" A box-office man recently told me he had heard this request just fifty times that day.

"I thought your show was a success," said I.

"Oh, I don't call fifty passes a day bad this year," said he. "The press agent next door had to get a rubber stamp to sign passes with. He was threatened with neuritis."

Every night at a theater, in the manager's little office, a process takes place at nine o'clock known as counting up. All the ticket stubs dropped by the door man into his box are dumped out and sorted into piles, which are carefully counted. One pile consists of the tickets sold for the full price, the others of the tickets or passes (always punched or stamped for identification) which have been sold at reduced rates or given away. The size of these latter piles, in almost every theater in New York this season, should give the managers food for thought. It might well inspire them with the reflection that perhaps they have built about all the theaters New York can support for a while. It might even lead them up to the brilliantly imaginative idea that they could wisely devote some energy to putting on better plays in those theaters they already have. If the deadhead can bring this happy result about he has not lived in vain

A WAITING PATRIOT

(Continued from Page 4)

all right, but to bring me a piece of apple pie, too. He went away and pretty soon brought the oysters around. Meantime, the room filled up with men in dress suits and ladies in low-cut dresses, and the orchestra played, and everything was lively and pleasant. The men and women laughed and talked, and the waiters came hurrying in with big silver plates full of dishes. I couldn't help thinking how much better it was to be in Washington, to live here and be a part of all this high life, instead of staying back home and working. I was glad I had made such a success of politics, although my father-in-law and my wife always insisted I would never get anything out of it.

When I had eaten those oysters I made up my mind I had never had any real oysters before, and the soup was fine. Then they brought in the steak, a great, thick, juicy one, such as I had read about but hadn't tasted, and the potatoes O'Brien with red peppers in them, and some crinkly kind of salad, and I ate more than I ever did in my life. At that, I didn't get away with half the steak, but I couldn't go any further than I did. I thought the cheese was a bit smelly, but I noticed the people at the next table had some like it and I tasted a little. Instead of bringing me a big cup of coffee they gave me a little cup, but not until I had nibbled at my pie. That was surely a big chunk of pie, and they had sprinkled powdered sugar all over it to make it tasty. Well, I did the best I could with it and drank my coffee and told the waiter to bring me a cigar.

"What kind of a cigar?" he asked. "Oh," I said, "I am not particular. Bring me a good one." He brought me a long, black one, about as big around as your first finger, and said it was a "fancy tale" or

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[illegible] economy to use Dennison's Standard Shipping [illegible] when a tag of lower grade will answer all requirements. For such purposes Dennison makes several grades of [illegible] tags suited for *local* use.

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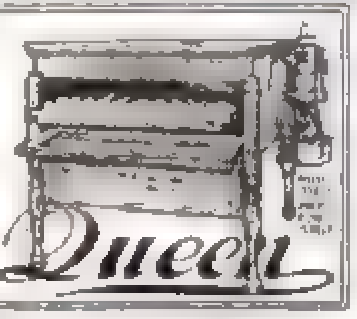

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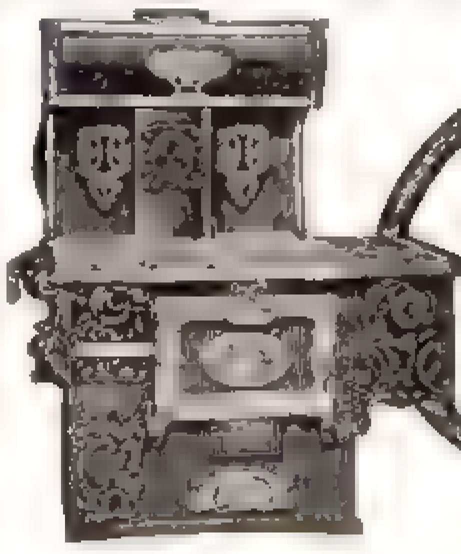

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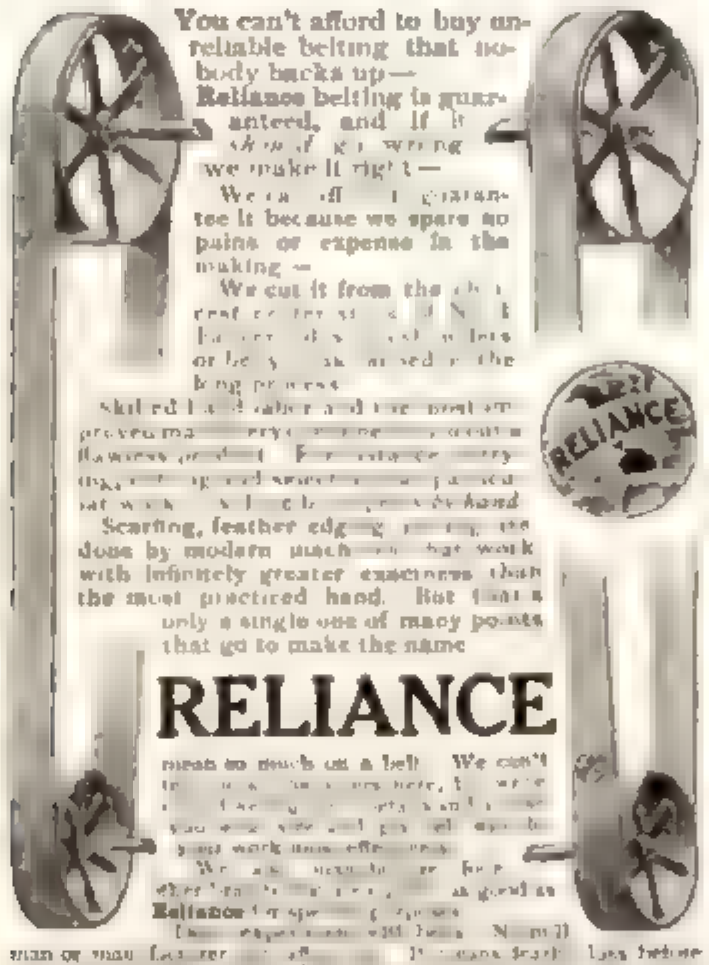

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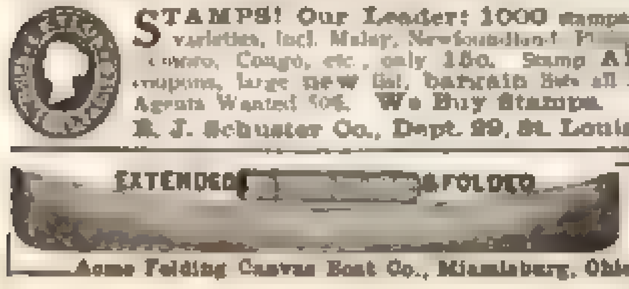

EXTENDED FOLDED

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Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

some such name. It was stronger than I usually smoke, but it was a corker, and I sat and smoked it and listened to the music and watched the people, and thought how perfectly dumb and foolish I would have been if I hadn't cashed in for my political work and accepted a place in the Government at the hands of Mr. Taft.

After I had finished my cigar I asked the waiter how much I owed him, and he handed me a long strip of pasteboard, with all the things I had had written on it and the amount stamped opposite each item with a rubber stamp. Down at the bottom, in red ink, was the total: Four dollars and fifty-five cents. "Here," I said to the waiter, "there's some mistake about this. I have got the bill for some party of four instead of mine." The waiter said that wasn't so, and pointed out the writing, which mentioned the things I had. It gave me a jolt. They charged two dollars for that steak, and I never paid more than seventy-five cents for a steak before in my life, and then only when I went to Chicago, where they robbed the delegates. And the pie cost twenty-five cents and that cigar forty-five cents! It was highway robbery and I threatened to tell the proprietor about it, but the head waiter, who had been watching me all through the meal, came over and pointed out the things on the bill-of-fare with the prices, which were just the same as I found on my bill.

I paid it, but I made up my mind that, until I got to drawing salary, I would find a cheaper place to eat. As I was going out to the lobby I thought I would inquire about the price of my rooms. I went over to the desk and said to the clerk, careless-like: "By the way, what is the price of those rooms of mine?" "What room have you?" asked the clerk, who didn't seem to recognize me as a guest who had come in that afternoon. "Rooms," I corrected him. "I am here, as I told you this afternoon, to assume my duties in a high official position after March fourth, and I have rooms 901 and 902." "Oh!" he said, kind of bored, "the price of those rooms is fifteen dollars a day." "A day?" I yelled. "You mean a week." "No," he said, very chilly, "I mean fifteen dollars a day. Do the rooms not suit you?"

That knocked the breath out of me, so I couldn't say anything but "Perfectly."

I walked away and sat down to think it over. I figured it was almost two months to inauguration, when I would begin to draw pay, and I knew I couldn't stand that, so I decided to go to some other hotel next day. After I got my place, though, it would be all right, and I would probably stay in that hotel until my wife and the children came on.

While I was sitting on one of the leather sofas a fellow with a dress suit and a high hat and a kind of an overcoat that seemed to me to be mostly sleeves came and sat down beside me, and we got into a conversation. He told me he was here following up a French spoliation claim that had been in his family for a hundred years, and that he hoped to get it paid this year. He said it would be easy money when he got it. All the time that fifteen dollars a day was running through my mind, and I finally said: "Pretty steep charges at this hotel, ain't they?"

"That depends on how you look at it and what you are doing. By the way," he asked, "may I be so bold as to ask your business here?"

"I am here to accept a position under President Taft," I replied, "and, pending his inauguration, to look over the ground and familiarize myself with Washington and the duties of my new position."

"What is your position to be?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I haven't exactly decided as yet, but it is to be something good. However, as I am to be here for some weeks, I think I shall move to a quieter place, where there isn't so much show and ostentation."

"I would, too," he advised. "You may have to wait longer than you expect. Of course, it makes a good impression to stay at this hotel, but there is a way to beat it. You can move to a cheaper place and come around here and sit in the lobby, and it will amount to the same thing. That's the way most of us do."

That word "cheaper" jarred on me, but I decided I would think it over.

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All Druggists—15 cents a box. [illegible]

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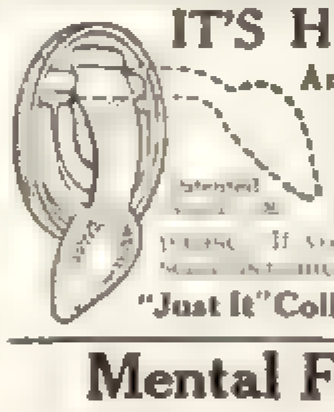
IT'S HERE AT LAST



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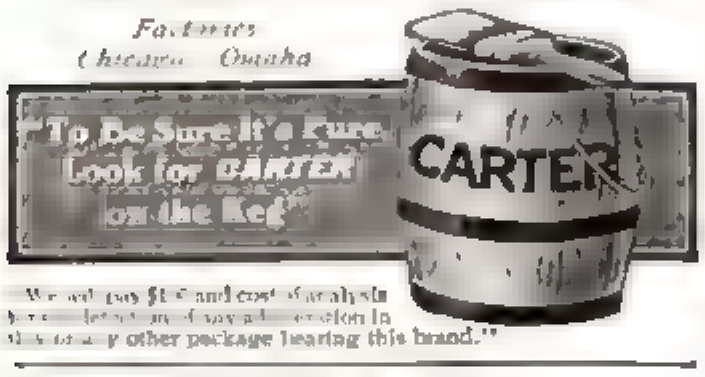

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"We will pay $1,000 and cost of analysis for evidence of any adulteration in this or any other package bearing this brand."

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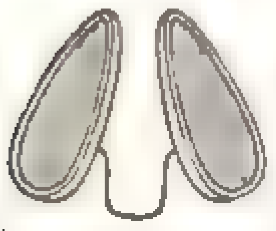

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It tells how we began to grow Roses for pleasure and recreation; how we failed at first, but kept on until we succeeded, how our plants and methods have started thousands of Rose Gardens. [illegible]

HELLER BROTHERS
912 S. Main Street, New Castle, Indiana

The of GARDEN DELIGHT

Those Contented Clerks

(Continued from Page 7)

In almost all big offices you hear this same story—that the clerk's advancement depends very largely upon the disposition of his immediate superior. Also, in big offices, working overtime is a pretty constant condition. Not, by any means, that all the clerks anywhere are always working overtime, but pretty nearly everywhere some of them are some of the time. The clerical force is hardly anywhere quite large enough to perform all the work of the office the year through within the regular hours. For overtime the clerk gets his dinner, but almost never any money. Because they don't object the management assumes that they don't mind. But, as a matter of fact, clerks mind a number of things that they don't object to—being very anxious to keep their jobs.

"I don't see any help for working overtime except by organizing, and clerks will not organize," said a man who has worked both as wage-earner and clerk and has had a good deal of studious experience of labor movements. "I began my railroad career promisingly as a brakeman," he explained. "That was before the day of automatic couplers. We coupled by hand and left a finger every once in a while to prove it. We were paid by the trip, and a trip lasted until a train got to the end of the run. Theoretically it was twelve hours, practically it was often fifteen to twenty. We ran into a snowbank once and were out fifty-six hours. The brakemen objected to taking twelve hours' pay. The case was put up to the division superintendent. He said we were probably entitled to something extra, but he couldn't take the risk of establishing a precedent. The engineers and firemen were organized. They got pay for overtime. We brakemen saw the logic of the situation, and as soon as we were organized the company made no difficulty about establishing an overtime precedent. I was enthusiastic then and thought the clerks would organize, too. But they don't."

Ineffectual Kicking

"One reason—but probably not the main one—is that a clerk can't stand punishment. If a man who does rough, manual labor is out of a job, because he is on a strike or for any other reason, he will shift for himself and stand the hardship. He can sit on the sidewalk and get a free lunch and carry a loaf of bread home to his family if he has to, and manage to pull through. But that sort of roughing it drives a clerk crazy. A man was in here to see me yesterday—a boot and shoe salesman. The business depression last winter let him out of a position, and he hasn't been able to find anything since except little, temporary, hand-to-mouth jobs that have just kept himself and his family alive. A year and a half ago that man was a very respectable conservative. Now he's using language about the country that would make an anarchist blush. For twenty years I've noticed the same thing. Hardship that a manual laborer would take stolidly makes an anarchist of the average railroad clerk. I remember very well in the big Pullman strike of 1894, the speakers that were the hottest to touch things off usually wore white collars and had no calluses on their hands."

Some attempts have been made to organize the clerks in the big retail stores on State Street—one of which, by the way, has ten thousand employees. But the attempts met with no success at all. Over on the West Side, in comparatively small shops and in a "labor" atmosphere, two unions of retail clerks, with some five hundred members, have been formed and are a power in their locality.

There is, however, one rather interesting union of railroad clerks, comprising nearly two hundred men, in the St. Paul's local freight office on the North Side. There is something of a "labor" atmosphere in that locality, too. About two years ago the clerks in that office got together and organized themselves into a little labor union of their own. The company did nothing to oppose the movement and agreed to the wage-scale which the union presented. As a result of the union salaries in that office have been advanced fifteen to twenty per cent, the clerks get full pay for overtime

Inside Facts

The more you know about the inside of the cigar business the more you will appreciate the cigar values I offer.

Here is a photograph of the *inside* of two cigars—the one on the left, a cigar picked at random from a box bought from a well known dealer. The one on the right a Shivers' Panatela. Note the difference.

The first is a machine-made cigar and has a filler of "cuttings" or "scraps." Not only makes a bad smoking cigar with poor drawing qualities but goodness only knows *what* those "scraps" are, or *where* they have come from—they are the by-product of the cigar manufacturing business—I *sell* mine.

The second cigar has a filler of *long*, clean, clear Havana tobacco, whose history I know from the time it was imported in the leaf from the Island of Cuba, until it is boxed ready to ship to the smoker. No shorts or cuttings ever go into a Shivers' Panatela. It makes a cigar of excellent drawing qualities, free, mellow, nutty flavor, and you can smoke it with the knowledge that it is hand-made by high grade, well paid workmen, in a well-ventilated, scrupulously clean factory in the centre of Philadelphia's best business district, where it is open to inspection at any and all times.

The wrapper is genuine Sumatra—*from the Island of Sumatra*. Far different from the so-called "Sumatra" grown in Florida or Connecticut and put on many cigars.

My Shivers' Panatelas are the regular 10c cigar of the trade. I sell them in boxes of 100 at $5.00 or I will send a trial box of 50 for $2.50. I let you try them before you buy them.

HERE IS MY OFFER

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

During the seven years in which I have been doing business under that offer I have seen my factory grow from a single loft to an entire five story and basement building in the business centre of Philadelphia. 90% *of my output goes to old customers.*

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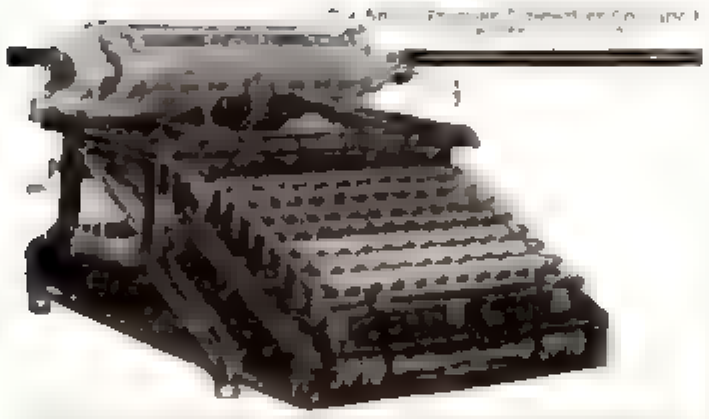

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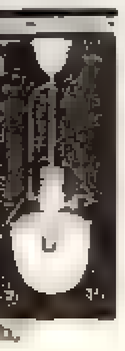

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and "time and a half" for work done on Sundays and holidays.

The movement, therefore, seems to have been successful from the point of view of the clerks, and the company has been indifferent to it. Yet in the big offices at headquarters downtown there is no inclination to follow this example. The clerk has, of course, a certain class consciousness. It was reported some time ago that if the freight-handlers struck the unionized clerks in the local freight office would "go out" with them.

Probably that report would largely settle the question of organizing for the average downtown clerk. The notion of going on strike with the freight-handlers would not appeal to him. And he clings to his chance of promotion, is anxious not to detach from himself whatever of the company's good will he may actually or theoretically possess.

The bank clerks also have an organization, but it is not a labor union. "It amuses me," said one of them. "The clerks' organization, you know, has been made a chapter of the bankers' association. When the bankers have a convention there is usually somebody to make a speech for the clerks. He's careful to begin by explaining that the clerks' organization has nothing whatever in common with a labor union. Well, it hasn't. It never mentions salaries or hours or any subject that might be unpleasant to the employers. Probably it does good in an educational way. We're like any other big shop—running to mechanical routine and specialization. There are a couple of hundred men in our bank and maybe ten real bank clerks—I mean men who can run a general ledger, or sort money, or go into a teller's cage, or tell how much a thousand marks come to if exchange is at 94½. Of course, the bank is always overrun with numerous applications from young fellows who are anxious to begin at the bottom and learn the business."

In the banks, as in other big offices, the pay for a given position increases very little from year to year. If a man gets ahead he must work up to a better position. Usually when he gets the better position it is a year or two before he receives as much pay as his predecessor got. During the year there is more or less overwork without pay.

It is impossible to say how much, if any, the pay for a given amount of clerical work has increased since 1896, when the cost of living was about a third less than it is now. That impossibility is one result of leaving the clerk so much out of the account in "labor" investigations.

THE BUBBLE BANK

(Continued from Page 15)

President Bubble, and he knew its deposits and its surplus almost to the dollar. Twice now he had checked out his entire deposit and borrowed nearly the face of his bank stock, on short time, against his mere note of hand, replacing the amounts quickly and at the same time depositing large sums, which he almost immediately checked out again.

On the Saturday following Blackie Daw's departure all points had been brought together: the drainage operation had been completed; walls had been built about the three springs which supplied the swamp; the foundation of the studio had been completed, and all his workmen paid off and discharged; and the surplus of the Bubble Bank had reached approximately its high-water mark.

On Sunday Wallingford, taking dinner with the Bubbles, unrolled a set of drawings, showing a beautiful Colonial residence which he proposed to build on vacant property he had that day bought, just east of Jonas Bubble's home.

"Good!" approved Jonas with a clumsily-bantering glance at his daughter, who colored deliciously. "Going to get married and settle down?"

"You never can tell," laughed Wallingford. "Whether I do or not, however, the building of one or several houses like this would be a good investment, for the highly-paid decorators and modelers which the pottery will employ will pay good rents."

Jonas nodded gravely.

"How easily success comes to men of enterprise and farsightedness," he declared with hearty approbation, in which

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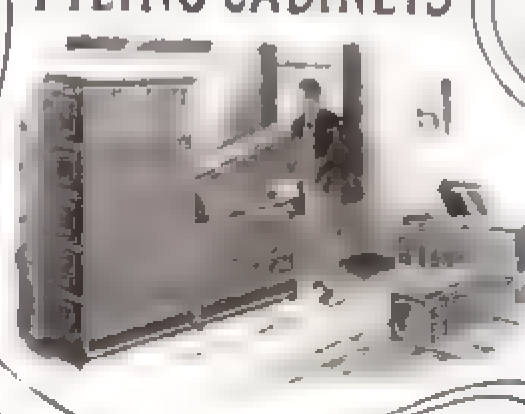

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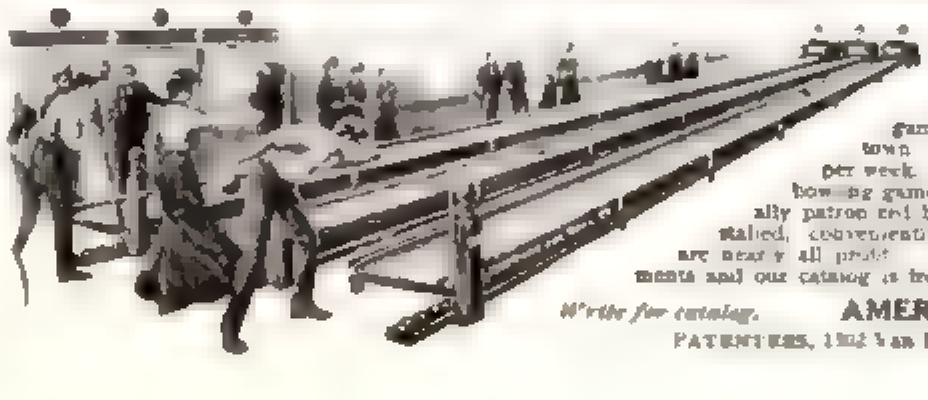

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there was mixed a large amount of self-complacency; for in thus complimenting Wallingford he could not but compliment himself

On Monday Wallingford walked into the Bubble Bank quite confidently

"Bubble, how much is my balance?" he asked, as he had done several times before

Mr. Bubble, smiling, turned to his books

"Three thousand one hundred and sixty-two dollars and fifty-eight cents," said he.

"Why, I'm a pauper!" protested Wallingford. "I never could keep track of my bank balance. Well, that isn't enough I'll have to borrow some."

"I guess we can arrange that," said Jonas with friendly, one might almost say paternal, encouragement. "How much do you want?"

"Well, I'll have to have about thirty-five thousand dollars, all told," replied Wallingford in an offhand manner.

He had come behind the railing, as he always did. He was leaning at the end of Mr. Bubble's desk, his hands crossed before him. From his finger sparkled a big three-carat diamond, from his red-brown cravat—price three-fifty—sparkled another brilliant white stone fully as large; an immaculate white waistcoat was upon his broad chest; from his pocket depended a richly-jeweled watch-fob. For just an instant Jonas Bubble was staggered, and then the recently-imbibed idea of large operations quickly reasserted themselves Why, here before him stood a commercial Napoleon. Only a week or so before Wallingford's bank balance had been sixty thousand dollars; at other times it had been even more, and there had been many intervals between when his balance had been less than it was now. Here was a man to whom thirty-five thousand dollars meant a mere temporary convenience in conducting operations of incalculable size. Here was a man who had already done more to advance the prosperity of Blakeville than any one other—excepting, of course, himself—in its history. Here was a man predestined by Fate to enormous wealth, and, moreover, one who might be linked to Mr. Bubble, he hoped and believed, by ties even stronger than mere business associations.

"Pretty good sum, Wallingford," said he. "We have the money, though, and I don't see why we shouldn't arrange it. Thirty-day note, I suppose?"

"Oh, anything you like," said Wallingford carelessly. "Fifteen days will do just as well, but I suppose you'd rather have the interest for thirty," and he laughed pleasantly.

"Yes, indeed," Jonas replied, echoing the laugh. "You're just in the nick of time, though, Wallingford. A month from now we wouldn't have so much. I'm making arrangements not to have idle capital on hand."

"Idle money always yells at me to put it back into circulation," said Wallingford, looking about the desk. "Where are your note blanks?"

"Er—right here," replied Mr. Bubble, drawing the pad from a drawer. "By the way, Wallingford, of course we'll have to arrange the little matter of securities, and perhaps I'd better see the directors about a loan of this size."

"Oh, certainly," agreed Wallingford. "As for security, I'll just turn over to you my bank stock and a holding on the Etruscan property"

For one fleeting instant it flashed across Mr. Bubble's mind that he had sold this very property to Wallingford for the sum of one thousand dollars; but a small patch of stony ground which had been worth absolutely nothing before the finding of gold in it had been known to become worth a million in a day, as Wallingford had once observed when looking across the great swamp, and now the mine he had sold to Wallingford for a song was worth almost any sum that might be named. Hen Moozer, when consulted, was of that opinion; Jim Ranger was of that opinion; Bud Hegler was of that opinion; the other directors were of that opinion; every one in Blakeville was of that opinion; so Wallingford got his thirty-five thousand dollars, and the Bubble Bank held in return a mortgage on Wallingford's bank stock, and on forty acres of genuine Etruscan black mud

"By the way, Mr. Bubble," said Wallingford, tucking the bills of exchange into his pocket, "I'm going to take a little run

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12 Bladed
Safety
Razor $1
Complete—

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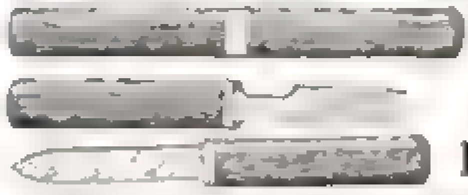

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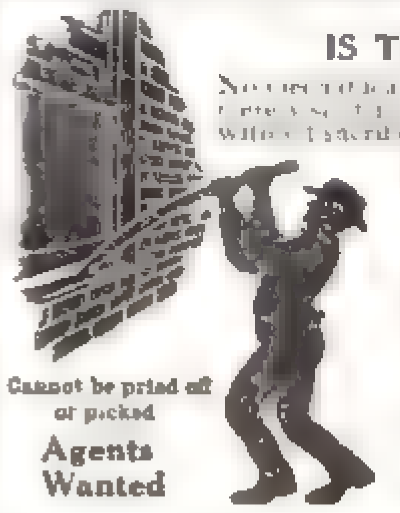

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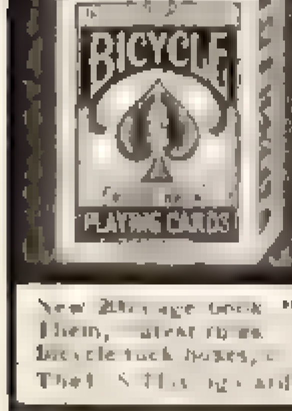

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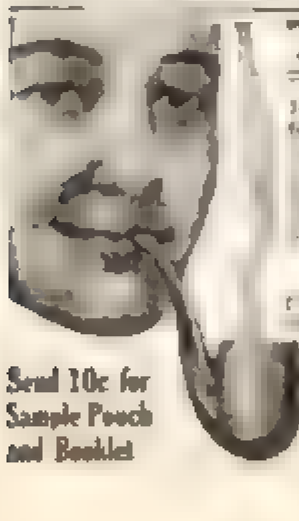

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into New York today. Would you mind putting the plans for my new house into the hands of the two contractors here for them to figure on?"

"With pleasure. Hope you have a good trip, my boy."

XII

WELL, it was all over, but he was not quite so well satisfied as he had been over the consummation of certain other dubious deals. Heretofore he had hugely enjoyed the matching of his sharp wits against duller ones, had been contemptuous of the people he out-manœuvered, had chuckled in huge content over his triumphs; but in this case there was an obstacle to his perfect enjoyment, and that obstacle was Fannie Bubble. He was rather impatient about it.

He started early for the train, instructing Bob Ranger to be there to drive back the bays, and drove around by way of Jonas Bubble's house. As he was about to hitch his horses the door opened, and Fannie, dressed for the afternoon, but hatless, came flying out, her head bent and her hands back over it. She was crying, and was closely pursued by Mrs. Bubble, who brandished a feather duster, held by the feather end. Wallingford ran to open the gate as Fannie approached it, closing it and latching it in time to stop her stepmother.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"She's a lazy, good-for-nothing, frivolous huzzy!" declared Mrs. Bubble in hot wrath.

"I've been looking for just that kind," asserted Wallingford. "She'll do for me. Fannie, get into the buggy. I came down to take you for a ride to the depot."

"If she goes away from this house she don't come back till she gets down on her knees and begs my forgiveness!" shrieked the woman.

"If she does that I'll have her sent to a bugitorium," declared Wallingford. "She don't need to come back here. I'll take care of her myself. You'll go with me, won't you, Fannie?"

"Anywhere," she said brokenly.

"Then come on."

Turning, he helped her into the buggy and they drove away, followed by the invectives of Mrs. Bubble. The girl was in a tumult of emotion, her whole little world clattering down about her ears. Bit by bit her story came out. It was sordid enough and trivial enough, but to her it was very real. That afternoon she had planned to go to the country for ferns with a few girls, and they were to meet at the house of one of her friends at one o'clock. Her stepmother had known about it three days in advance, and had given her consent. When the time came, however, she had suddenly insisted that Fannie stop to wash the dishes, which would have made her a half-hour late. There followed protest, argument, flat order and as flat refusal—then the handle of the feather duster. It was not an unusual occurrence for her stepmother to slap her, Fannie admitted in her bitterness. Her father, pompous enough outside, was as wax in the hands of his termagant second wife, and, though his sympathies were secretly with the girl, he never dared protect her.

They had driven straight out the west road in the excitement, but Wallingford, remembering in time his train schedule, made the straightest detour possible to the depot. He had barely time to buy his tickets when the train came in, and he hurried Fannie into the parlor car, her head still in a whirl and her confusion heightened by the sudden appreciation of the fact that she had no hat. The stop at Blakeville was but a brief one, and as the train moved away Fannie looked out of the window and saw upon the platform of the little depot, as if these people were a part of another world entirely, the station agent, the old driver of the dilapidated 'bus, Bob Ranger and others equally a part of her past life, all looking at her in open-mouthed astonishment. Turning, as the last familiar outpost of the town slipped by, she timidly reached out her hand and laid it in that of Wallingford.

The touch of that warm hand laid on his electrified Wallingford. Many women had loved him, or thought that they did, and he had held them in more or less contempt for it. He had regarded them as an amusement, as toys to be picked up and discarded at will; but this, somehow, was different. A sudden and startling resolve came to him, an idea so novel that he

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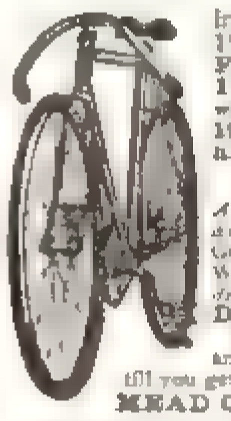

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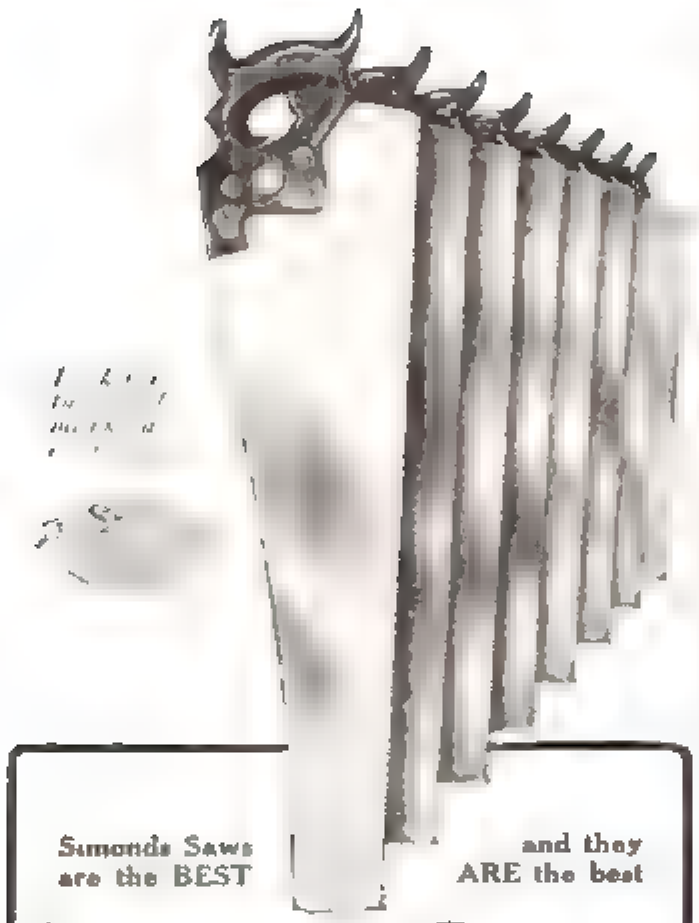

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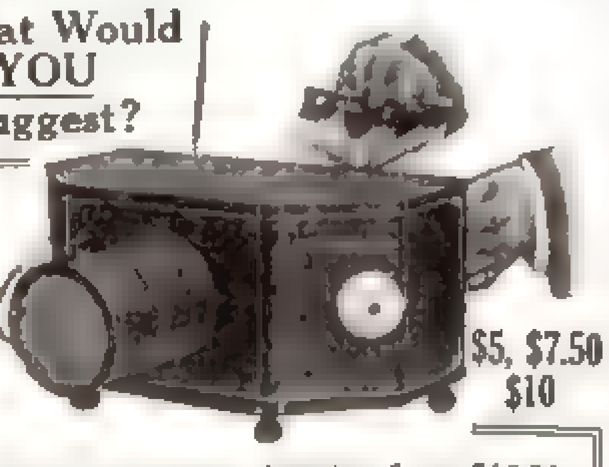

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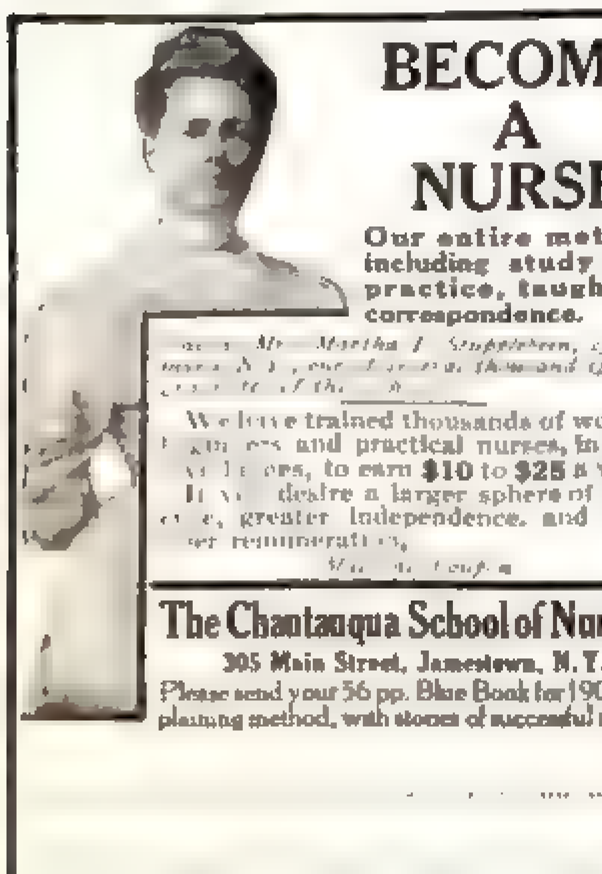

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smiled over it musingly for some little time before he mentioned it.

"By George!" he exclaimed by and by; "I'm going to marry you!"

"Indeed!" she exclaimed in mock surprise, and laughed happily. "The way you said it sounded so funny."

She was perfectly content.

XIII

MRS. WALLINGFORD, gowned and hatted and jeweled as Fannie Bubble had never been and had never expected to be, tried the luxurious life that J. Rufus affected and found that she liked it. She was happy from day's end to day's end. Her husband was the most wonderful man in the world, flawless, perfect. Immediately upon their arrival in the city he had driven in hot haste for a license, and they were married before they left the courthouse. Then he had wired the news to Jonas Bubble.

"We start on our honeymoon at once," he had added, and named their hotel.

By the time they had been shown to the expensive suite which Wallingford had engaged, a reply of earnest congratulation had come back from Jonas Bubble. The next day had begun the delights of shopping, of automobile rides, of the races, the roof gardens, the endless round of cafés. This world was so different, so much brighter and better, so much more pleasant in every way than the world of Blakeville, that she never cared to go back there—she was ashamed to confess it to herself—even to see her father!

Blackie Daw, still keeping out of the way of Federal officers who knew exactly where to find him, met J. Rufus on the street a week after his arrival, and, learning from him of his marriage to Fannie, came around to Wallingford's hotel to "look her over." Fannie marveled at Signor Matteo's rapid advance in English, especially his quick mastery of the vernacular, but she found him very amusing.

"You win," declared Blackie with emphasis, when he and Wallingford had retired to a cozy little corner in the bar café. Fannie had inspired in him the awed respect that men of his stamp always render to good women. "You certainly got the original prize package. You and I are awful skunks, Jim."

"She makes me feel that way, too, now and then," admitted Wallingford. "I'd be ashamed of myself for marrying her if I hadn't taken her from such a dog's life."

"She seems to enjoy this one," said Blackie. "You're spending as much money on her as you used to on Beauty Phillips."

"Just about," agreed Wallingford. "However, papa-in-law is paying for the honeymoon."

"Does he know it?" asked Blackie.

Wallingford chuckled.

"Not yet," he admitted. "I'd like to see him when he finds it out."

Blackie also grinned.

"That little Blakeville episode was the happiest period of my life," he declared. "By the way, J. Rufus, what was your game down there? I never understood."

"As simple as a nightshirt," explained Wallingford. "I merely hunted through the postal guide for the richest little town I could find that had no bank. Then I went there and had one started so I could borrow its money."

Blackie nodded comprehendingly.

"Then you bought a piece of property and raised it to a fictitious value to cover the loan," he added. "Great stunt; but it seems to me they can get you for it. If they catch you up in one lie they can prove the whole thing to have been a frame-up. Suppose they find out?"

Wallingford swelled himself up with righteous indignation.

"Vittoreo Matteo," he charged, "you are a rascally scoundrel! I met you in New York and you imposed upon me with a miserable pack of lies. I have investigated and I find that there is no Etrusca, near Milan, Italy, no Etruscan black pottery, no Vittoreo Matteo. You induced me to waste a lot of money in locating and developing a black mud swamp. When you had gained my full confidence you came to me in Blakeville with a cock-and-bull story that your mother was dying in Genoa, and on the strength of that borrowed a large sum of money from me. You are gone, I don't know where. I shall have to make a clean breast of this matter to Jonas Bubble, and tell him that if I cannot pay that note when it falls due he will have to foreclose. You heartless villain!

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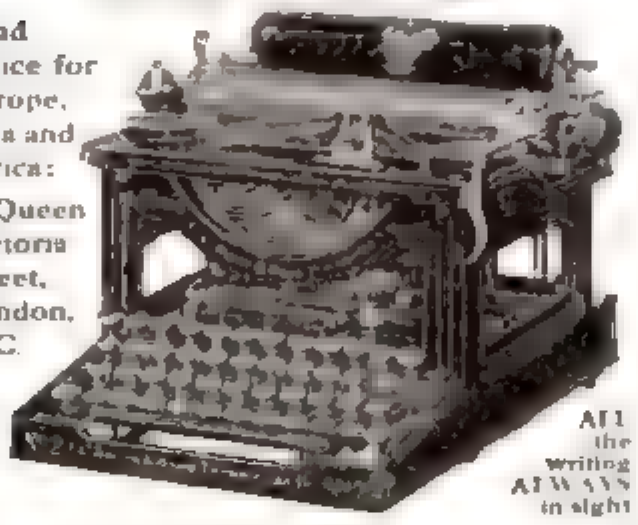

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Waiter, ice us another bottle of that ninety-three.'

When Wallingford returned to his wife he found her very thoughtful

"When are we going to Blakeville, Jim?" she asked

He studied her curiously for a moment She would have to know him some time or other. He had hoped to put it off while they were leading this unruffled existence, but now that the test had come he might as well have it over with.

"I'm not going back," he declared. "I'm through with Blakeville. Aren't you?'

"Yes," she admitted, pondering it slowly. "I could be happy here always, or, if not here, wherever you are. But your business back there, Jim?"

He chuckled

"I have no business there," he told her. "My business is concluded. I borrowed thirty thousand dollars on that forty acres of sticky mud, and I think I'll just let the bank foreclose."

She looked at him a moment, dry-eyed and dry-lipped

"You're joking," she protested, in a low voice.

"Not at all," he seriously assured her

They looked at each other steadily for some moments, and gradually Wallingford saw beneath those eyes a spirit that he might conquer, but, having conquered, would always regret

"It's it's a swindle!" she gasped, as the true situation began to dawn upon her. "You don't mean, Jim, that you are a swindler!'

"No, I wouldn't call it that," he objected, considering the matter carefully. "It is only rather a shrewd deal in the game of business. The law can't touch me for it unless they should chase down Vittoreo Matteo and find him to be a fraud, *and prove that I knew it!*"

She was thoughtful a long time, following the intricate pattern of the rug in their sitting-room with the toe of her neatly-shod foot. She was perfectly calm, and he drew a sharp breath of relief. He had expected a scene when this revelation should come; he was more than pleased to find that she was not of the class who make scenes. Presently she looked up.

"Have you thought of what light this puts me in at home? Have you thought how I should be regarded in the only world I have ever known? Why, there are a thousand people back in Blakeville who know me, and even if I were never to meet one of them again —— Jim, it mustn't be! You must not destroy my self-respect forever. Have you spent any of that money?"

"Well, no," he reluctantly replied. "I have plenty of money besides that."

"Good!" said she with a gasp of relief. "Write father that, as you will be unable to carry out your projects, you are sending him the money to take up that note."

Wallingford was silent a long time. Wonderful the influence this girl had over him. He was amazed at himself.

"I can't remember when I ever gave up any money," he finally said, with an attempt at lightness, "but, Fannie, I think I'll do it just this once—for you—as a wedding present."

"You'll do it right away, won't you?"

"Right this minute."

He walked over and stooped down to kiss her. She held up her lips submissively, but they were cold, and there was no answering pressure in them. Silently he took his hat and started downstairs.

"By the way," he said, turning at the door, "I'm going to make your father a present of that bay team."

He scarcely understood himself as he dictated to the public stenographer a letter to Jonas Bubble, so far different from the one he had planned to write. It was not like him to do this utterly foolish thing, and yet, somehow, he felt that he could not do otherwise. When he came back upstairs again, the letter written and a check inclosed in it and the whole mailed, he found her in the same chair, but now she was crying. He approached her hesitantly and stood looking down at her for a long, long time. It was, perhaps, but one minute, but it seemed much longer. Now was the supreme test, the moment that should influence all their future lives, and he dreaded to dissolve that uncertainty.

He knelt beside her and put his arm about her. Still crying, she turned to him, threw both arms around his neck and buried her head on his shoulder—and as she cried she pressed him more tightly to her!

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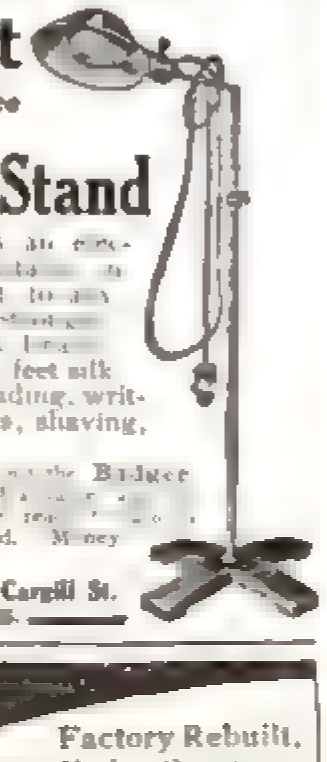

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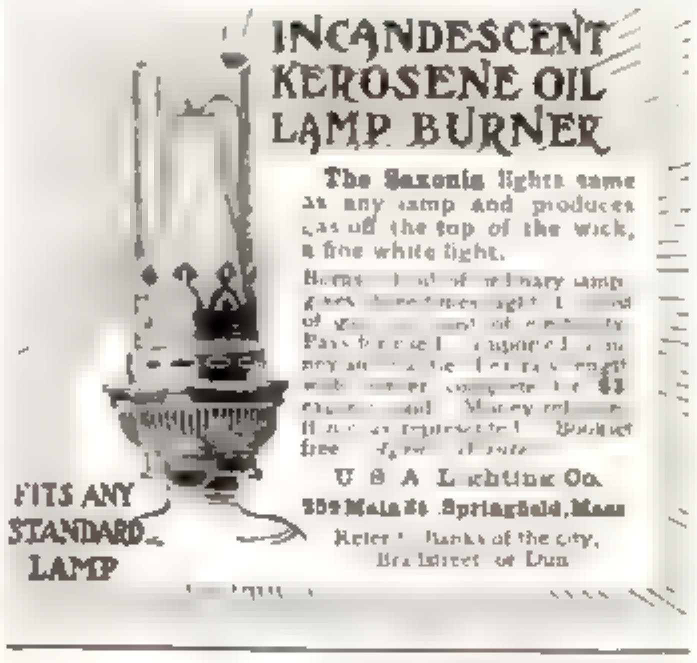

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A driver soon comes to know that with spark and throttle in a certain position the car should make so many miles per hour on the level—or take a certain pet hill on the high.

When the Auto-Meter indicates a falling off in speed under these conditions—trouble is brewing. It may be one of the brakes is dragging. Or if you've been some time on the road, a bearing starved of oil may be heating. Soon it will cut—and seize. Think of the delay—the towing charges—and the eventual bill which the Auto-Meter would save.

Or you may have been able to get so many miles from a gallon of gasoline over a certain course when averaging so many miles per hour. The Auto-Meter, always accurate, enables you to know at once of increased consumption. You find spark plugs fouled—the valves becoming pitted—the timer a little off. Only a few minutes and your car is again doing its best

Gasoline is a big item of expense, why waste it?

Makers of storage batteries all claim their product to be the best. The Auto-Meter will show you where the real merit lies.

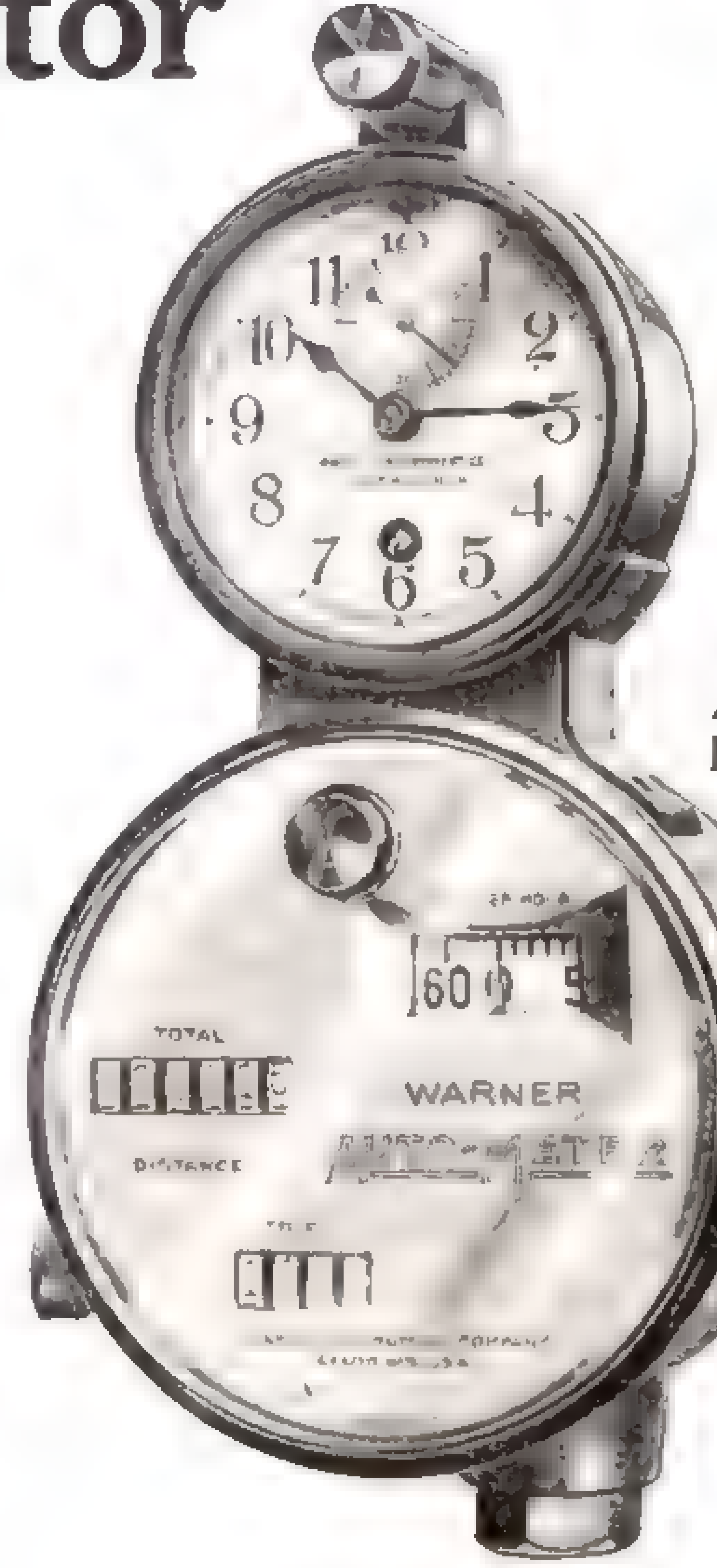
Makers of coils, carburetters and timers advance the same claims. If a change is deemed advisable, the Auto-Meter will quickly indicate which is best for you.

You will quickly learn by watching the Auto-Meter just how fast you may turn a corner with your particular car under all conditions without danger of skidding.

And at what speed you may go in traffic with the certainty of being able to stop within a given distance.

The Auto-Meter will help you keep your car in tune—help you save tires—gasoline—repair bills—trouble—in many ways.

It is the **only** speed indicator which will do this because it is the only speed indicator which is **unchangingly accurate**—unfailingly reliable at all times and under all conditions.



The 1909 Auto-Meter

The Warner
Auto-Meter

Guaranteed Absolutely Accurate

is the only **accurate** instrument for indicating speed, because it is the only one made on the correct principle—**Magnetic Induction.**

We control the patents [illegible]—covering the application of Magnetic Induction to a speed indicator. No one else can use it.

Because of this principle the Auto-Meter is so sensitive that it will indicate the exact speed when your car is **pushed by hand** on the garage floor. And with equal accuracy every variation of speed up to 100 miles per hour.

Other speed indicators—all made on the centrifugal principle—fail to indicate any speed whatever under **5 to 10 miles per hour.** After a few months' use, wear of cams, weakening of spiral springs and bending of unsupported pins (when multiplied dozens of times through the indicating hand) cause these centrifugal instruments to become so grossly inaccurate that they [illegible] for the purpose of speed [illegible]. Hold a watch over a measured course if you [illegible] instrument, and prove the truth of this statement. You owe it to yourself to know [illegible].

• • • • • • • •

Because of the steady even "pull" of magnetism, which causes the speed dial of the Auto-Meter to indicate, the dial is always steady and readable. It is uninfluenced by the jolts or jars of the car. Speed alone moves it.

The threshing of the weights used in centrifugal instruments sets up vibration. This is communicated to the indicating hand causing it to flutter over a space representing 5 to 10 miles. The supposed speed is somewhere in between. Guess where.

Centrifugal instruments quickly wear out. The heavy weight is constantly trying to tear itself loose from [illegible] spindle. That's the centrifugal principle. [illegible] it spins, causing vibration, [illegible] the speed. The weight requires so much room that [illegible] but little thicker than a business card working against pinions little larger than a pinshank unsupported at one end. It [illegible] to predict what this [illegible] delicate parts will do to a "speed indicator" made on this principle after a few weeks' use.

Ask to see the "insides" of any centrifugal instrument. Note these points for yourself.

The cheapest [illegible] clock you can buy will be found a marvel of accuracy and durability beside it.

• • • • • • • •

The magnetic induction principle used exclusively in the Auto-Meter permits of a construction so sturdy and durable that no jolt, jar or shock which would not wreck the car will affect its wonderful accuracy in the slightest.

There is no vibration in the instrument itself—therefore the speed indicating dial is always steady—always readable. Practical tests have shown that the Auto-Meter will endure the equivalent of over a MILLION MILES of riding without appreciable wear, or a greater departure from absolute accuracy than **10 feet in a mile.** The Auto-Meter will outlast a dozen cars.

The Auto-Meter is built like an expensive [illegible]. We use [illegible] expensive tools. The same [illegible] men operate them. They must produce parts accurate to 1-10,000 [illegible].

There are no [illegible] unsupported pinions—no sliding friction in the Auto-Meter. There are but two moving parts. [illegible]

The [illegible] the speed [illegible] rests in sapphire bearings. [illegible]

The bearings on which the magnet revolves are imported Hoffman balls. No ball made in America is sufficiently uniform.

Because [illegible] parts are plated with **GOLD.** Because gold alone [illegible] perfectly. This makes certain that not even a chemical [illegible] place inside the Auto-Meter once it is assembled, and that it will continue to accurately indicate speed and distance **as long as you have a car to use it on.**

• • • • • • • •

The odometer on the Auto-Meter is of [illegible]. It is so durably made that it will [illegible] as a Cash Register. The season dial registers 100,000 [illegible]. 10,000 miles is the limit on other odometers. Some drivers go farther than this in a single season. Their future mileage is lost.

The trip dial registers 1,000 miles. Other odometers show 100 mile trips only.

The trip dial resets to Zero by [illegible] button.

It's the best [illegible] the only odometer made a part of the instrument which is not concealed in part by the speed indicating hand.

• • • • • • • •

If we could only take you through our factory and show you how every part of the Auto-Meter is made—how each instrument is tested [illegible] costing over $10,000 until we know that it is absolutely accurate and will STAY so—

And [illegible] finally take apart in your presence the cheap contraptions [illegible] you would see for yourself that a 35c [illegible] masterpiece beside them.

You would decide—as all do who come—that the Auto-Meter is alone worthy of a place on your car.

We realize that all of you cannot go through the factory this way.

And we [illegible] make you see things as they really are [illegible].

So we have written a book which we have kept as free from technical language as possible, illustrating, describing and comparing the different principles in such a way that you can know the truth for yourself.

In your own interest ask for this book before investing a penny in a speed indicator of any kind. You cannot afford to waste your money for the wrong instrument when the penalty is getting something absolutely worthless.

Please use the coupon in asking for the book.

The Best Endorsement of the Auto-Meter

Because of its extreme sensitiveness, unfailing accuracy and wonderful durability the Auto-Meter is being used to indicate speed in [illegible] ways.

• • •

The U. S. Government has used several hundred Auto-Meters in [illegible] to show the speed of the wind in miles per hour. They are used to improve the marksmanship of U. S. Soldiers and Marines. Since using them we have won against every country in accurate marksmanship. Judgment of wind pressure by means of flags is impossible. The Auto-Meter solves the problem.

• • •

The Auto-Meter is attached to the private cars of practically every General Superintendent of a railroad. It is in the cabs of many locomotives.

• • •

The fastest Motor Boat in the world—the Dixie II—was equipped with a special Auto-Meter designed to show revolution per minute. By means of the Auto-Meter the engine speed was not allowed to drop below 1,000 revolutions—its full capacity. A falling off of three revolutions per minute would have lost the race.

• • •

The Victor Talking Machine Company uses a special Auto-Meter to time the speed of records while being made. The Auto-Meter enables them to correct variations of 1%. These records normally make one revolution per minute—the speed of the *second hand on your watch.* Think of what a wonderful example of accuracy.

• • •

Other uses are developing daily. Wherever an accurate indication of speed is desired the Auto-Meter in some form will indicate it with unvarying correctness.

• • •

Ask for the Free Book, using coupon below and become familiar with the miracle of mechanics which makes these wonderful results possible.

The Warner Instrument Company S.E.P.
Beloit, Wis., U. S. A.

GENTLEMEN,—Please send me your book, in which illustrations from photographs will enable me to *convince myself* that money spent for any speed indicator but the Auto-Meter would be actually *thrown away.*

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City________________ State____________

I own a ____________________ car and have used

________________________ Speed Indicator.

The Warner Instrument Company

Factory and Main Offices: 334 Wheeler Ave., BELOIT, WIS.

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PITTSBURG, 3432 Forbes St.
CLEVELAND, 2062 Euclid Ave.
BUFFALO, 722 Main St.
DETROIT, 239 Jefferson Ave.
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How to Build A Fortune in Ten Years

Memberships in The Fortune Colony still available for readers of The Saturday Evening Post

IT is right to be independent—financially. It is also comfortable.

The Poor-house is mostly the abode of non-winners. It is a sad wind-up to sit gray-haired on the shore of the Sea of Need and have only one thing left—*the wish that you had done differently with your life.*

Right independence is seldom an accident. It is rather the result of *A PLAN* pursued persistently through a period of years, up hill and down.

But people as a rule—the rank and file—are not able to invent plans for themselves that produce independence. They earn money enough, but it slips away from them somehow as if it were greased.

The Fortune Colony is helping many people to acquire a competence, to become financially independent.

Each member gradually and easily builds up a small fortune, and quickly. This plan is interesting, safe, and *amply sure in its results.*

A good many people have already joined individually and by groups and families.

A membership in Class A will bring you $1,000; Class B $2,000; Class C from $3,000 to $10,000—guaranteed by attested assets of eleven millions of dollars.

Both men and women enjoy the advantages of this opportunity. You may live right where you are, stay by your present task and the benefits of your Membership pile up in good round dollars, month after month and year after year.

This announcement is not designed to tell you the full story of the Fortune Colony—there isn't room to do it well. But that story IS well and fully told in the Colony Book entitled "How to Build a Fortune in Ten Years." This book is worth having. It is illustrated. It is sent free to serious people, who think they might like to join. Write for it at once.

Richard Wightman

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of the City of New York
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Will you accept this business book if we send it free?

Sign and mail the coupon below. Send no money! Take no risk.

One hundred and twelve of the world's master business men have written ten books—2,079 pages—1,497 vital business secrets, ideas, methods. In them is the best of all that they know about

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KICKED INTO MILLIONS

(Continued from Page 12)

In 1860 Charles Arbuthnot and Christian Yaeger, two young merchants of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, made a contract with the State to buy at a fixed price all the cotton goods manufactured by the convicts confined in the penitentiary. Shortly after the contract was made the price of cotton goods dropped very low and, because of the unsettled conditions which immediately preceded the war, it was difficult to dispose of them at any price.

Every day the big trucks from the penitentiary drew up to unload their bales of cotton cloth at the Arbuthnot & Yaeger warehouses. And as each truck came into sight Yaeger would wring his hands in despair.

So, in spite of themselves, the firm was loaded up with an immense stock of cotton cloth which they were utterly unable to dispose of. Meanwhile Luck, the wanton, must have worn one of her most tantalizing smiles as she watched the misery of the two men she was about to reward. For with the first gun of war the South abandoned its cotton fields and, presently, the Southern ports were blockaded, so that the cotton spinners of England literally starved for lack of raw material; while Arbuthnot & Yaeger watched, with dazzled eyes, the price of cotton cloth rise from six to sixty cents a yard, until every two-ton load of the penitentiary product showed them a net profit of more than two thousand dollars in a market that could not be sufficiently supplied.

A few years ago four immigrants from the same little town in Greece opened banana stands on the streets of Boston. Three of them were strong, sturdy and ambitious. They picked out locations with an eye single to the biggest crowds. The fourth was a sickly little man, who hoped only to make a decent living and was much afraid of the cold weather. He got permission to display his fruit on a spot which was partially protected from the winds by the bulk of the Park Street Church. Eighteen months later, the main entrance to the great subway was opened within a hundred feet of the banana merchant, and twice each day thereafter fifty thousand people passed his stand. Finally he became the owner of two or three fruit stores and the employer of a dozen clerks.

If Harry Orchard, who is now serving a life sentence in the Idaho State Penitentiary for the murder of former Governor Frank Steunenberg, had not sat in a little poker game one night at Wardner, Idaho, he would almost certainly now be one of the leading millionaires of Spokane, Washington. And all he lost was two hundred dollars more than he could pay.

Orchard was running a little feed store in the frontier village of Wardner. "Dad" Reeves was the village barber. "Gus" Paulsen was driving Markwell's milk-wagon. The job paid him forty dollars a month. "Lew" Hutton was an engineer on the branch line of the Northern Pacific, and his wife kept a little eating-house. "Dan" Cardoner owned the leading grocery.

"Dad" Reeves' son-in-law located a mine and formed a stock company. He named it the Hercules. "Dad" got his fellow business-men to buy a little stock. "Dan" Cardoner didn't care for any. The rest of them went to work with pick and shovel—all but Orchard, who preferred to sell oats in daylight and play poker after dark. One night he lost two hundred dollars more than he could pay to W. G. Gardner, who managed to shift the claim over to Cardoner, the grocer—which was a pretty shrewd stroke of business on Gardner's part.

Cardoner got after Orchard, feeling that he would be very lucky if he got anything worth while from that ne'er-do-well. When Orchard laughed and offered to turn over to him as settlement in full his one-sixteenth interest in the Hercules mine—that or nothing—poor Cardoner felt that his worst fears were realized. But he took the stock. Now he is drawing dividends of seventy-two thousand dollars a year, and Orchard is serving a life sentence in the penitentiary; while the Luck lady is certainly indulging in one of those sardonic spasms of mirth for which she is notorious.

Occasionally, as if to reduce to the final absurdity both the arguments of those who

From Top to Toe

GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS NO HOLES
Now $1.50
Were $2.00
Everwear

Everwear

the guaranteed Sox you hear so much about, have recently been reduced in price. The regular $2.00 Cotton Sox now cost but $1.50 per box of ½ dozen pairs.

We were able to save you this 50c only by a cut in the price of material. We now pay a trifle less for the very finest Egyptian Cotton from which these Sox are made.

So the quality and workmanship have not been slighted in the least. Everwear Hose continue to be famous for their many superior advantages. Here are some of them.

They wear better because they are made to wear where the wear comes most. The heel and toe are given extra strength by a special knitting process; and yet these parts are as soft and smooth after months of wearing and washing as when new.

They fit better, feel better and look better because they are shaped in the knitting.

Look at our guarantee [illegible] It means just this: **New hose will be given free for any one or all of six pairs that shows a hole, rip or tear within six months from purchase date.**

And Everwear is made to live the life of this guarantee, to give absolute satisfaction in every way.

Prove the goodness of Everwear for yourself. [illegible] below. Order six pairs from your nearest dealer, or he will [illegible] for you without [illegible]. If he hasn't them [illegible] send them express paid to any part of the United States. Send for our free booklet "An Everwear Yarn."

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO.,
Dept. 11, Milwaukee, Wis.

DESCRIPTIONS.

EVERWEAR for Men—in boxes of 6 pairs only, one size to a box, [illegible] Egyptian cotton, two weights [illegible] $1.50 a box [illegible] **Silk Lisle** $3.00 a box [illegible] black, blue, [illegible] green and burgundy.

For Ladies [illegible] one size to a box, [illegible] Egyptian cotton $2.00 a box—colors, black, [illegible] **Silk Lisle**—light weight—$3.00 a box—colors, black and tan.

Everwear TRADE MARK HOSIERY
For Men and Women

HOSIERY HOLES are caused by the toe-nail rubbing the fabric against the shoe-lining. To prevent the holes you must stop this rubbing. If the toe-nail is trimmed closely, a "hang-nail" is almost certain to result. The other alternative is to wear "Zar" Hose Protectors, which are clean, convenient and comfortable. Put on a new pair each day, and your hose will wear indefinitely. Regular box—6 months' supply—50c. Send 10c. for trial month's supply.

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From sworn statement of [illegible]
AGENTS

[illegible] making money—[illegible] from 50 to [illegible] sets per week. Send your address today and let us [illegible] FREE. Experience unnecessary. We show you how to make $5 to $10 a day. **OUTFIT FREE** to workers.

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How to [illegible]
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Size [illegible]. Snap on [illegible] instantly. Can't unfasten, **can't rust.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Money refunded if returned in 20 days. 2 nickel plated 20c., 2 gold plated 30c. At haberdashers, or, postpaid, on receipt of price. Agents wanted.
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We provide expert, practical instruction in writing, planning and managing retail, mail order, trade paper or ask the dealer advertising, agency work and soliciting. To prove the superiority of our instruction we offer the mail course on

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

or an evening FREE in New York. Write for particulars. National advertisers should ask for Business Analysis Blank for planning campaigns.

GEORGE FRANK LORD, Inc., 333-H, 4th Ave., New York

Still the lowest-priced guaranteed hose.

Manheim Mendless Hose cost less than any other guaranteed stockings. You get full value in every pair — not an extra cent added for the guarantee.

Manheim Mendless Hose
6 pairs $1
Guaranteed for 6 months

A **new pair** free for every pair that needs mending within six months.

Manheim Mendless Hose are knit to shape, with doubly reinforced heels and toes. They are seamless, soft and strong.

Men's socks. Sizes 9½ to 11½, in black, light and dark tan, navy blue and gray — fast colors. Sold only 6 pairs one size in a box, with guarantee, $1.

Women's stockings. Sizes 8 to 10½, in black, and light and dark tan — fast colors. Sold only 6 pairs one size in a box, with guarantee, $1.50.

If your dealer hasn't **Manheim Mendless Hose**, don't accept a substitute. Send $1 to us for men's, or $1.50 for women's, state size (or size of shoe) and color — assorted colors if desired — and we will send you 6 pairs prepaid.

Manheim Hosiery Mills
46 E. Granby St.
Manheim, Pa.

Reference: Keystone National Bank, Manheim, Pa.

Attractive terms to dealers in territory where we are not represented.

$2.00
$1.00
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The foremost of money-savers in telling one what not to do.

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The "L & M" Perfect Auto and Carriage Washer

Pat. App. For
Price $1.75
Extra Top 50c.
Agents Wanted

Circulars Free

This Mop-Yarn Top Outlasts Six Sponges. For garages, liveries and owners. Removable filter [illegible]. Money back if not satisfactory. **Trade-Mark on every Washer Top.**

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deny and who acclaim her existence, the sorry jade plays tricks so grotesque and fantastic as to put the whole world in a broad grin. Timothy Dexter was a merchant in a small way, who lived at Newburyport, Massachusetts. He was the innocent butt of all the town jokers. So scanty were his wits, so gross his credulity, that when he was urged to load a ship with warming-pans and send them for sale among the planters of the West Indies he quickly seized the opportunity. While the town scorned even to hide its mirth the loaded ship sailed on its jocose errand. But Luck was in love with him. The warming-pans sold at a fine profit. Then, in a final effort to overwhelm Luck's favorite with confusion, he was strongly advised that red-flannel nightcaps would doubtless prove to be vastly popular among the black savages of Guinea. Timothy was pleased with the suggestion. He sent the ship, and lo! red-flannel nightcaps proved to be just the article needed to put the final touch of splendor to the state costumes of the fashionable bucks of the slave coast. The ship came back loaded with tusks of ivory to add to Timothy's ridiculous wealth. Then, exalted to the heights by the keenness of his foresight and the sureness of his judgment, he set an example of frankness which the present-day captains of industry and kings of various industrial products are too cowardly to copy. He signed himself boldly, Lord Timothy Dexter, and thereafter, setting another example which his descendants in the family of wealth have often followed, he wrote a book. When that book was announced the town held its anticipatory sides, for Lord Timothy could barely write his name. The matter and the manner of it, when it finally appeared, were just what had been expected, but still Luck loved him. Recognizing his limitations in the matter of punctuation, Lord Timothy filled the last ten pages of A Pickle for the Knowing Ones with a wholesale collection of periods, commas, exclamation points, colons and parentheses, and advised his readers to pepper and salt what he had written to suit their own taste. Whereat, the popular taste being vastly pleased, Lord Timothy became one of the six best sellers.

So Mr. Crœsus was right, after all. There is only one road over which a sane man may start in pursuit of riches. It is the same old road, still full of deep ruts and high ridges—of hard work, persevering effort, patient endurance, self-denial and self-discipline, common honesty and a cheerful soul! They may not bring success, but they will, at least, deserve it.

Mr. Crœsus errs only in always denying so firmly that Luck had anything to do with his own individual success. And that is a most human position to take. Every man is anxious to blame Bad Luck for his failures; few are willing to give the benevolent sister any credit for what he achieves.

SACRIFICE AT POTTER'S FOLD

(Continued from Page 9)

its beat. When the old man reached the other end of the field, still in plain sight, the boy was tempted to make his shot then and there. But it was a great risk at that distance, and the temptation was at once removed by Ariel's disappearance in the corn.

Duddie strained his eyes down the sere, rustling rows, for it was important to glimpse his foe first. But Ariel, for some reason, did not seem to be coming on so rapidly now; indeed, Duddie could no longer hear his movements. So he tapped his bell again once or twice, and noisily broke down a dried stalk with his foot.

If only some guardian angel could have warned him, as his father would, had he been present, to drop flat upon his belly, as the crafty old Ariel had done some minutes before! But, alas, neither father nor angel was present! The next instant a tremendous blow, as from a sledge-hammer, accompanied by a loud report, took the boy in the side. He grasped blindly at a blade of corn for support. The heights on either side and the clouds above spun dizzily about, like a huge merry-go-round. He closed his eyes and sank to the ground.

A little before noon the next day Waterloo Whig, after scouring the mountain for hours, found his son. He was half-lying on

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To 1,000 readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who take advantage of this **Special Offer** now made in connection with the **Enlarged Edition of**

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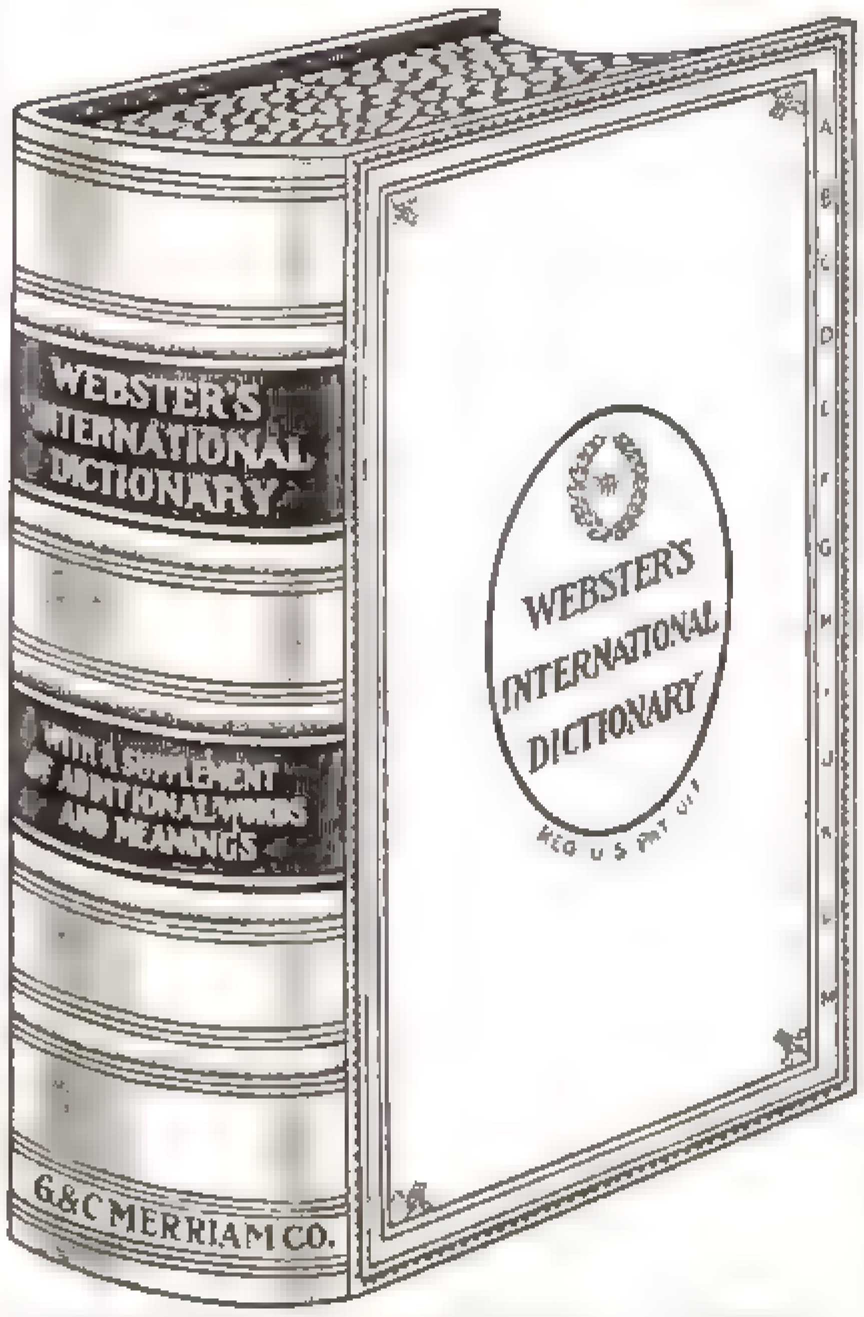
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the ground, half-propped against a stone, on the top of the Back, to which point he had managed to climb during the night. His face wore the pallor which none can mistake. The right side of his little, brown, homespun jacket was stiff with a blackish stain that wrung the father's heart.

"Sonny boy, who done you this harm?" he groaned, after reviving the child somewhat with a mouthful of brandy.

"Ar'el Thistlewood," answered Duddie huskily, between breaths. "I tolled him out to his cornfield . . . with this hyer bell . . . but he got the drap . . . on me fust." He set his teeth at a spasm of pain, and shook with a chill. Then he began to sob.

"Don't cry, sonny, don't cry!" pleaded the stricken father. "It eenamost kills me to see you this-away. But you ain't a-goin' to die. We won't let you die."

"I ain't cryin' fer that. I ain't afeerd to die . . . no more'n you air. But, oh, Pop, I wanted to save yer soul from hell. . . . God told me to . . . and now I ain't done it!"

Waterloo stared in speechless amaze. "Why, sonny boy, I reckon I ain't in no uncommon danger of hell. Course, we all got to chance it. But what on airth ——"

"Yes, you air in danger, Pop. Preacher said so—God says so. It's in the Bible. Any man what kills another will go to hell. But I knowed you *had* to kill Ar'el or he'd kill you, and I ——"

He paused as his father suddenly threw up his head and grew rigid. A short distance away stood stocky, white-bearded Ariel Thistlewood. For a moment the two men gazed fixedly into each other's eyes—not with fear, not with hate, but with mutual horror. Then Ariel flung his rifle to the ground and boldly advanced, unarmed.

"Waterloo, you and me got a bitterer score than ever to settle now, I reckon. But this ain't the time ner place to do it. I swear by the eternal God that I never knowin'ly shot this hyer pore boy o' your'n. When I heerd the bell in the cawnfield I knowed it was somebody tryin' to toll me out, fer no cow could git down that thar bluff. I 'spicioned it was you, and I nachally sot my heart on gittin' you. Arfter I shot I didn't dast go no closeter, fer though I heerd somebody fall I was afeerd they was playin' possum. So I didn't go out thar till 'bout harf an hour ago. Then, seein' marks on the ground, like some one had drug their rifle, presumable too weak to carry it, I trailed up hyer, cautious." He paused; his venerable face twitched. "To think I should cumber the arth sixty year to shoot a little feller like that, skassly big as er rabbit. My God, Duddie, don't smile at me like that, er you'll break my heart! Damned be the day that this hyer feud begun!"

Waterloo sat like one in a trance, turning dumbly from his son to Thistlewood, and back to his son again. Then old Ariel, throwing off his momentary weakness, roused to action.

"Waterloo, we got to do sunthin' fer this hyer pore, bleedin' boy—kerry him down to my cabing or sunthin'. Duddie, tell us what to do fer you."

The boy's eyes brightened momentarily. Then he spoke, in a voice scarcely above a whisper:

"Fergive each other . . . like I do you. Promise me you won't try to kill each other no more. Ef—ef you'll do that it won't make no dif'rence 'bout your shootin' me. But ef you don't I've—why, I've th'owed my life away."

Thistlewood started, but at once took one of the boy's small, cold hands in his own. His willingness was plain; but, sportsmanlike, he waited for the loser in this ghastly game to signify his wishes first.

Waterloo, with working throat, made no response at once. The battling, tumultuous emotions within his heaving breast no man but himself could ever catalog. But, as he glanced again into the pleading, fast-failing eyes of his child, he bowed his head, and across the little peacemaker's body he extended a lean, muscular hand. It was received in a viselike grip. Duddie smiled, sighed, and wearily closed his eyes.

The two mountain-men, facing each other, with the body lying between them, maintained their kneeling posture for some minutes. Then Ariel arose, without speech, and slowly moved away, his uncovered white locks stirring in the breeze. Waterloo tarried a little longer; then he, too, arose, and, making a shroud of his coat, he set off down the mountain with his dead in his arms.

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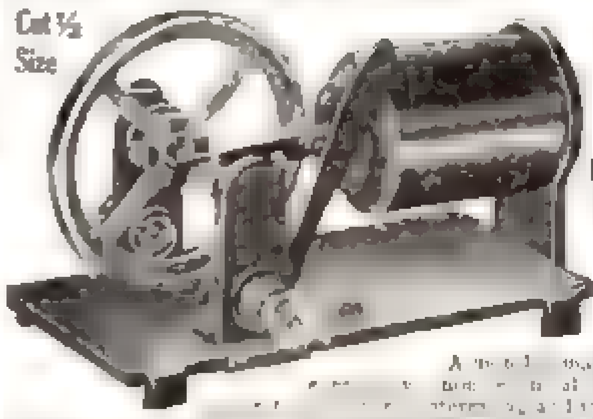

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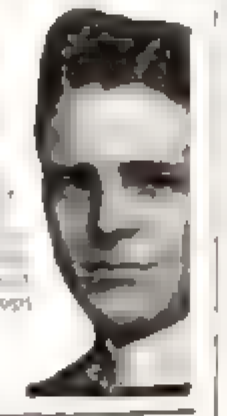

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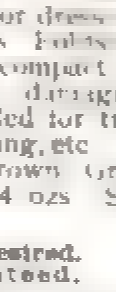

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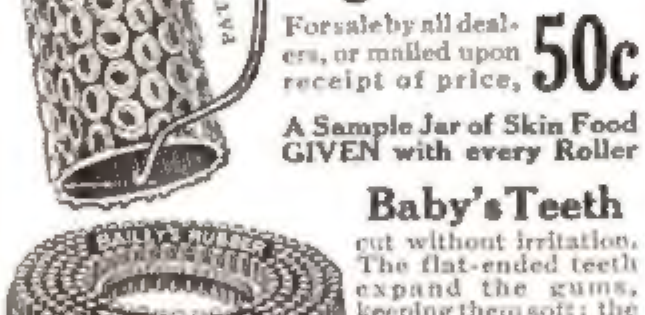

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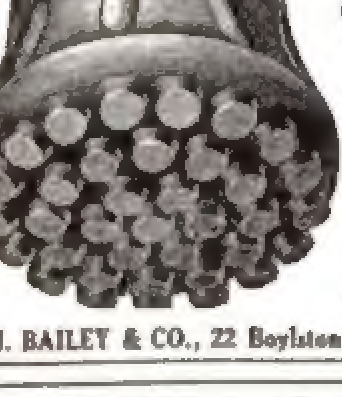

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THE LURE OF THE DECORATION

(Continued from Page 11)

There have been but two women knights of this world-famed order: the Empress Catherine, who founded it, and the dethroned Queen of Naples, sister of the ill-fated Empress Elizabeth of Austria. In eighteen hundred and sixty-one the beautiful Queen Marie of Naples aroused the enthusiasm of the entire civilized world by her heroic defense of the fortress of Gaeta, the last remaining stronghold of the Bourbon dynasty in Italy. Emperor Alexander III of Russia shared the popular admiration for the queen and seized the opportunity to decorate the fair sovereign with the insignia of the illustrious order.

Even more highly prized, however, is the Austrian order of Maria-Theresa, to obtain the grand cross of which it is necessary to have commanded not merely a victorious army, but an army which has won the day in conflict with superior forces of the enemy. There are not more than twenty living possessors of the cross of Maria-Theresa, all the holders, with the solitary exception of an admiral, being gray-haired generals.

The accusation so frequently leveled against decorations, that they are bestowed upon the classes to the exclusion of the masses, does not apply to the Labor Order recently founded by King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. This cross, which is inscribed "*Al merito del lavoro*" (For the reward of labor), is conferred on employers of labor who have striven to promote the welfare of those in their pay, on working-men who have distinguished themselves by their faithful service, or on any one who, by his services to trade, industry or agriculture, has promoted the prosperity of the kingdom.

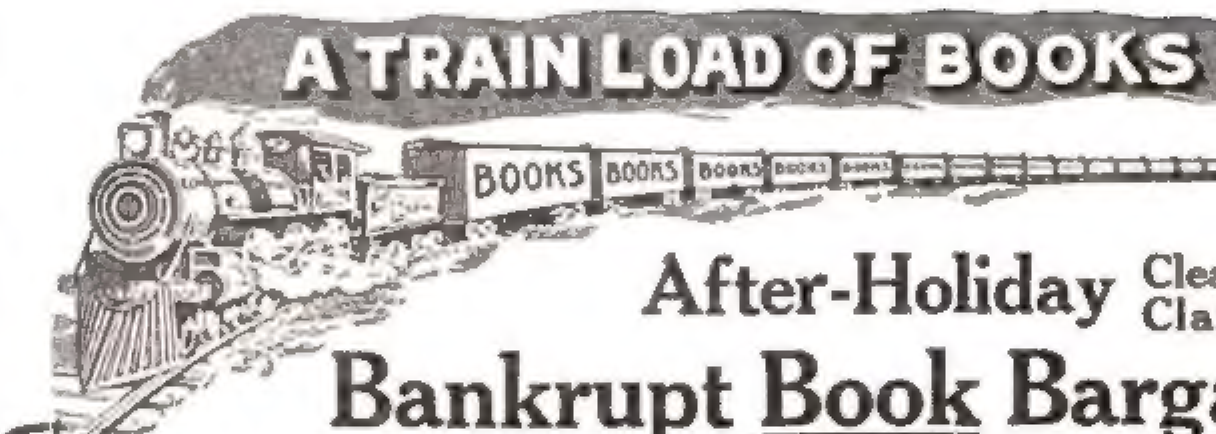
The Lone Swede's Charge

It is very seldom, indeed, that a European can steel himself to refuse the offer of a decoration, though the exception that proves the rule occurred during the Greco-Turkish War of eighteen hundred and ninety-seven. During the operations in the Epirus, on the eve of an important engagement, a young man presented himself at the headquarters of General Smolenski, the Polish soldier of fortune who commanded a Greek army corps in this campaign, and introduced himself as Captain ——, of the Swedish army. "I am a soldier, General," he said, "but I have never been under fire. I have obtained leave of absence from my regiment and have hastened all the way from Stockholm that I might take part in a battle. All I ask is the privilege of accompanying the advance." So pleased was the grizzled old soldier with the young officer's martial ardor that he gave him the command of the column which had been ordered to dislodge the Turks from the summit of a near-by hill the following morning. At daybreak the Swede, clad in blue serge and a straw hat, and armed only with a walking-stick, took up his position at the head of the attacking column. The Turks were supposed to be strongly intrenched on a wooded hill which could only be approached by crossing a valley breast high with grain.

The Greek troops deployed, the bugles sounded the advance, and, led by the Swede, they dashed forward at the double amid an ominous silence from the wood-crowned summit of the hill.

"Come on, my brave boys! Follow me!" shouted the Swedish officer as he emerged from the shelter of the grain, and dashed up the hill with a cheer. Reaching the fringe of trees without a shot being fired, he glanced over his shoulder and discovered, to his consternation and disgust, that his men had disappeared. There was not a Greek in sight. The shelter of the friendly grain had proven too much for them, and there they had remained.

The Swede, preferring, as he explained later, to be shot by the Turks than thanked by the Greeks, kept on his way and entered the wood, which he found deserted. Passing through to a valley on the farther side, he was halted by a cavalry patrol and taken to the tent of Edhem Pasha, the Turkish commander, who was calmly eating his breakfast, utterly oblivious of the Greek attack on a position he had never occupied. "What paper do you represent?" demanded the Pasha, mistaking



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is honestly constructed of selected, thoroughly seasoned lumber by skilled artisans only and under rigid inspection. This honesty extends to the smallest details.—Our goods are fully guaranteed not to shrink, warp, crack or split. It pays to invest in a desk of staunch character and real worth.

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These shoes of steel, with leather uppers, are the most wonderful working shoes in existence.

So *economical* that one pair will outlast three to six pairs of all-leather shoes — saving $5 to $10 of your shoe money in a year.

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The *soles* and an inch above the soles are stamped out of a special light, thin, *rust-resisting* steel. *One piece of steel from toe to heel!* The soles are protected from wear by adjustable steel rivets, which give a firm footing. Rivets can easily be replaced when partly worn off. Fifty extra rivets cost only 30 cents, and will keep your shoes in good repair for at least two years. No other repairs are ever necessary.

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Steel Shoes never go to the shop for repairs!

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All classes of workingmen can avoid colds, rheumatism, stiffness, blistered, sore and aching feet by wearing Steel Shoes. They keep the feet dry, warm and comfortable *under all circumstances*. The saving in medicine and doctors' bills will pay for Steel Shoes many times over. Water cannot saturate "Steels."

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Sizes 5 to 12 — 6 in., 9 in., 12 in. and 16 in. high

Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, $2.50 a pair, are better than the best all-leather $3.50 shoes.

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The comfort of Steel Shoes is remarkable. Their economy is simply astounding! Practically *all* the wear comes on the *rivets* in the *bottoms* and the rivets can be replaced very easily. Don't sweat your feet in rubber boots or torture them in rough, hard, twisted, shapeless leather shoes. Order Steel Shoes today. Sizes, 5 to 12.

Steel Shoe Satisfaction or Money Back

We strongly recommend the 6-inch high at $3 per pair, or 9-inch at $3.50, as they give the best satisfaction for general service.

In ordering, *state size shoe you wear*. Enclose $3 for 6-inch size, and the best and most comfortable working shoes you ever wore will promptly be shipped to you. Your money refunded without delay if you are not delighted when you see the Steel Shoes. Send today!

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are made to resist heel knocks and scuffing. They give floors a high polish that lasts. Moreover, for every class of decorative work — for chairs and tables, for all kinds of furniture and interior woodwork, for oilcloth and linoleum, they are unsurpassed.

With the Sole-Proof Graining Outfit, even an amateur can produce charming natural wood effects.

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the Swede for one of the ubiquitous newspaper correspondents. "The London Times," promptly responded the officer, that being the only English paper of which he had ever heard. To make a long story short, he was treated with marked courtesy by the Turkish commander and eventually sent back under escort to the Greek lines. The Crown Prince Constantine at once offered him a decoration for distinguished gallantry, which, however, he firmly declined. "But," as he said afterward, with a shrug of the shoulders, "if the Turks had offered me a decoration — well, that would have been a different matter."

When a Bath was an Adventure

The English have always been chary of giving decorations to foreigners, but their G. C. B., K. C. B. and C. B. (standing respectively for Grand Cross of the Bath, Knight Commander of the Bath and Companion of the Bath) form a valuable addition to the long list of initials which is apt to form a sort of peacock's tail to the names of distinguished Englishmen. The Order of the Bath, by the way, owes its peculiar name, which has been the subject of so much fun and speculation, to the fact that in olden times the taking of a bath constituted a very important feature of the investiture of the order. The British orders of knighthood are the Garter, the Thistle and St. Patrick, open only to princes and peers, and the Bath, Star of India, St. Michael and St. George, Indian Empire and Royal Victorian Order, which are open to commoners as well. There are also several orders of knighthood which have no knights, such as the Distinguished Service Order, the Imperial Service Order, and last, but most important of all, the Order of Merit, established by King Edward soon after he ascended the throne. The roll of the Order of Merit is the circumscribed list of the nation's greatest. Without title, without insignia, without ribbon of distinction, its very absence of tinsel and glitter is its claim upon men whose solid contributions to the good of their countrymen raise them above the need of their sovereign's indorsement. To hold this order is one of the very highest of British distinctions, as a glance at the list of twenty recipients will show. The newest order is, indeed, the exact antithesis of the oldest. "What I like about the Garter," Lord Palmerston once remarked, "is that there's no blamed nonsense about merit in it." This new order is all merit. There is nothing else in it. Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley, Lord Kitchener and Field-Marshal Sir George White are the four most brilliant of living British soldiers. Admiral Sir John Fisher is the greatest British sailor. Lord Cromer ranks in the very forefront of the long line of Britain's proconsuls and will go down to posterity as the regenerator of Egypt. Ambassador Bryce, by his works on the American commonwealth alone, has made for himself a secure niche in history. Lord Kelvin made it possible to lay the Atlantic cable and corrected the errors which had vitiated the mariner's compass; Lord Rayleigh has discovered a new element in the atmosphere and has even given it a name; Lord Lister is the inventor of aseptic surgery, which has saved countless lives besides that of the King; Sir William Huggins is the greatest of living astronomers. No living writer has devoted himself more indefatigably to the pursuit of truth than Lecky; John Morley is the one living Englishman who combines the faculty of moving multitudes by his voice with the wider and more lasting influence exercised by his pen. Sir Edward Seymour commanded the Allied Forces which relieved the besieged legations at Peking. The artistic fame of Watts, Alma-Tadema and Holman Hunt requires no repetition here. Finally, the three last to be admitted to the order, come Field-Marshal Prince Yamagata, Field-Marshal Prince Oyama and Admiral Count Togo, the land and sea commanders of Britain's latest ally, Japan.

Standing high above all other decorations, however, both in universal estimation and difficulty of attainment, is the Victoria Cross, the simple bronze cross of insignificant value bearing the words "For Valour," which is the proudest distinction a British soldier or sailor may obtain. Lord Roberts is said to treasure the "V. C." which he won by heroism during the Indian Mutiny more than the Garter or the field-marshal's baton which were given him by a grateful sovereign and people. It was this same badge of bravery which was pinned upon the dead breast of his only son, who fell in a heroic attempt to save the British guns at the Modder River. So highly is this little cross with its bit of crimson ribbon esteemed that there have been numerous instances when private soldiers have taken it in preference to a commission. It can be won only by deeds of the most conspicuous bravery, there being at present only one hundred and seventy-eight holders, of whom one is a sailor.

The German army possesses a somewhat similar decoration in the Iron Cross, though few opportunities for its bestowal have occurred since Germany's last great war in eighteen hundred and seventy and eighteen hundred and seventy-one, when the old Emperor William was wont to ride down the regimental lines after the battle and, calling forward the soldiers who had particularly distinguished themselves, clasp them by the hand, leaving in their grasp the Iron Cross — made from the metal of captured cannon.

It would be difficult to say who is the most decorated man in Europe. Emperor William, it is said, possesses no less than three hundred and twenty-three orders and decorations, while his uncle, King Edward, has well over one hundred grand crosses alone. Aside from the sovereigns and princes, I should think that the honor must lie between Count Eulenburg, Grand Master of Ceremonies at the German Court, and the stationmaster at Homburg. The latter receives an average of three minor crosses annually, depending mainly upon the number of royalties visiting this fashionable watering-place, for stationmasters, physicians, police commissioners and hotel directors are in many instances remunerated for their services with crosses, very much as the gatekeeper at the Castle of Chillon receives a franc from every tourist. Indeed, I know the manager of a certain famous hostelry in Cairo who, on ceremonial occasions, can adorn his breast more gorgeously than the Khedive himself.

Medals for Eighty Feet of Chest

The ordinary decoration, including the ribbon, is about four inches long by three wide, so that, to wear all his decorations, the Kaiser, for example, would require a breast something over eighty feet in width. A man of merit in Europe must, moreover, be not only of large proportions but also of superior strength, for the average weight of a single grand cross is something over half a pound.

When at his own court King Edward does not wear any foreign orders except when he receives state visits from other sovereigns or a special mission sent by an important ruler whom he particularly wishes to honor. Thus, when the King of Spain visited England recently he wore the blue ribbon of the Garter, being met by King Edward, who displayed the collar of the Golden Fleece. When King Edward, during his periodical visits to Paris, dines with the President of the Republic at the Elysée, he wears across his shirt-front the scarlet cordon of the Legion of Honor.

The story is told of an amusing incident which occurred at the opening of a theater in South Germany. The director of the theater was known to be an exceedingly vain man, whose gaping buttonhole was wide open, like a young sparrow's beak longing for food. He was expected to receive a little cross or medal on this occasion and looked forward to it with the most intense anticipation. After the first act of the gala opening performance, a royal equerry entered the box of the director and ceremoniously informed him that the King wished to confer upon him a mark of his esteem and a recognition of his services, and that he was sent to present to him the royal thanks. With this he handed to the delighted director a small leather case, and left. The friends and associates of the director congratulated him warmly, for at last his long-looked-for decoration was in his hands. Was it the Order of the Crown? Or was it the Red Eagle? At last, with trembling fingers, he opened the case and displayed the contents — a *silver snuff-box*. The director's face was a study in grief, mortification and anger. Disgusted and disappointed he left the theater and was not to be seen for several days. In the local papers, however, it was jokingly reported that the Herr Direktor had received the "Royal Snuff-box for Art and Science."

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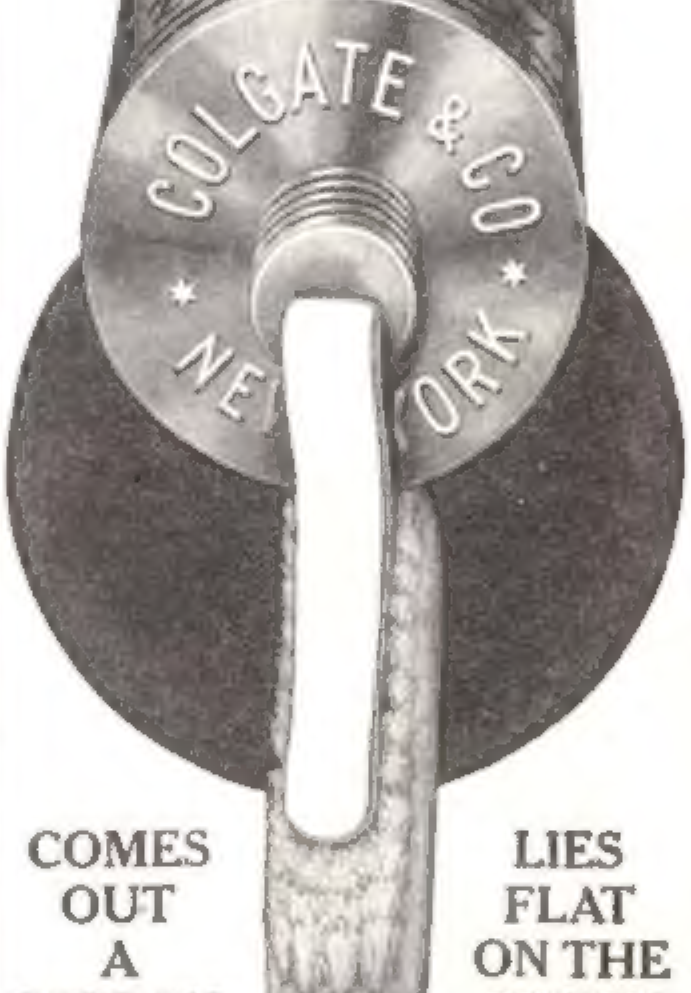

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Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap.

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Men's — Eight pairs for $1: Medium-weight, seamless cotton socks, double toe and heel. Colors: brown, blue, black or gray. Simply enclose a dollar, stating size and color wanted.

Women's — Five pairs for $1: Medium-weight hose of fine-combed Egyptian yarn. One color only — black.

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To Increase Tire Mileage

What would it mean to you to get from 5,000 to 15,000 miles out of each auto tire you buy?—Often without a single puncture—many times with only a few partial inflations. Such tires are at your disposal. Your mileage can now be limited only by non-observance of a few simple rules.

Tire troubles are over for the man who investigates and knows. Five thousand miles of service was formerly considered extreme. It is today with some tires. A liberal amount of trouble and expense is usually expected in the interval.

Today, when Goodyear Quick Detachable Tires are used, this mileage is the MINIMUM with the careful driver—10,000 miles is so common as to cause no comments—15,000 from a single tire is by no means unusual, and *20,000 miles* has been reported by numerous owners.

Such supreme goodness—such wonderful mileage is a dumbfounding revelation to the man who has had endless trouble and expense because he has not kept pace with what improved processes and progressive refinement have done for tires. For Auto Tires—some of them—have more than kept pace with the improvements and refinements which make the Automobile of today a practically trouble-proof machine.

The Goodyear Quick Detachable excels all others in improvements and refinements. The mistakes and weaknesses in all tires have been studied in its development. All the good points of all tires have been multiplied in this tire—all the impractical trouble, trouble-causing features, have been overcome and eliminated.

The thoughtful motorist will be interested in knowing how these results have been accomplished.

Unique Goodyear Construction

All Tires—excepting only the Goodyear Quick Detachable—are either "Moulded" or "Wrapped Tread." It's a difference in construction.

> The "moulded" tire is built up layer by layer on an iron core. Over it is clamped an iron mould. It then goes to the vulcanizers. Here heat expands the rubber, creating enormous pressure inside the mould, which forces a perfect union between the layers of rubber and fabric which go to make up a tire. This pressure is so tremendous that a 2-inch cube of rubber enclosed in a cast-iron mould with walls 2 inches thick will *crack the iron* when subjected to the heat of the vulcanizer.
>
> The weakness of this process lies in the fact that the building up of fabric and rubber piece by piece is an operation requiring skill and dexterity. If the strips of fabric overlap ever so little—there's a ridge. If they fail to meet by the fraction of an inch—there's a hollow. These ridges—hollows, irregularities—multiply themselves in the curing into *hidden* weaknesses and defects.

It is because of these *concealed* faults that one "moulded" tire will last only 1,600 to 2,000 miles, while its mate stands up perfectly for 12,000 to 15,000 miles of hard riding.

This irregularity—this inequality of service must always be expected in a "moulded" tire.

> The "wrapped tread" tire is built up layer by layer on an iron core in the same manner. But before curing the iron core is replaced by an AIR BAG—an extra strong inner tube. And instead of being clamped in an iron mould it is wrapped about with many layers of strong tape and is then cured (vulcanized) in live steam.
>
> The compressed air in the air bag smooths out all the irregularities in the layers as your hand smooths out the wrinkles in a garment—there can be no hidden ridges or hollows to induce blowouts and cut down the mileage.
>
> But it does not get the terrific SQUEEZE that the moulded tire gets—thus lacks cohesiveness and unity—loses durability—and strength.

This is the plain truth simply told. No matter what tire you select—SAVE ONE—it will be either "moulded" or "wrapped tread." That one—The Goodyear Quick Detachable—is BOTH. It has all the advantages of each system, with the defects of neither.

It is first put on the iron core, clamped in the iron mould, the same as the "moulded" tire, and enclosed in the Goodyear hydraulic press vulcanizers, surrounded by live steam until the rubber has expanded to the utmost—until the SQUEEZING has reached its limit.

Then before the rubber has fully set—while it is still plastic—it is removed from the vulcanizer and carefully inspected, the tread applied, the iron core is replaced by the Air Bag, the iron mould by the winding of heavy tape, it is inflated on a rim, put back into a vulcanizer and left until the curing process is complete.

The iron core and the SQUEEZE weld the Goodyear Quick Detachable into an inseparable whole.

The Air Bag then smooths out any wrinkles, furrows or irregularities—which may have been hidden from the inspector's eye.

The result is the PERFECT TIRE—The Goodyear Quick Detachable.

—As firmly knit together in all its parts as the best "moulded" tire.

—As free from hidden defects as the best "wrapped tread" tire.

Every Goodyear Quick Detachable is just like every other of the same size. Its life can be shortened only by overloading, abuse or careless driving: 10,000 to 12,000 miles is by no means unusual with this royally good tire.

Every Size Oversize

No matter how well made a tire may be, it cannot long endure the strain of riding if overloaded—any more than a boiler guaranteed to withstand 200 lbs. pressure can, with safety, be expected to carry 300 lbs. of steam. It means blowouts in one case—a blowup in the other.

Motorists vaguely appreciate this, yet a very large percentage of the tires in use today are overloaded far beyond the safety limit.

A top, glass front, searchlights, gas tanks, storage battery, extra casings and other accessories weigh hundreds of pounds when taken together, and the owner of the car never thinks of it.

The *tires* know it, and you pay the bill in punctures, blowouts, new casings and pleasure turned to grief. Quick destruction must result.

As a protection against this unconscious overloading every Goodyear Quick Detachable Auto Tire is made 15 per cent. larger than its rated size. A Goodyear 4-inch Tire is nearly 4½ inches—other sizes in proportion.

Which means that if a tire of another maker will carry 2,000 pounds, a Goodyear Detachable of the same (listed) SIZE *will with equal safety carry 2,300 pounds.*

You'll think more of the OVERSIZE feature when you remember that there is often but a small "*margin of safety*" on tires as ordinarily applied to an automobile. On other parts of the car there is a margin of 5 to 7—each part must be capable of bearing a strain from 5 to 7 times greater than it will ever be subjected to. Tires alone are too often expected to work to the *limit of their resistance.* When you overload them there is no "*margin of safety.*" It has been exceeded. You are then taking chances every minute you drive.

In Goodyear Quick Detachable Tires alone is this contingency provided against.

How We Provide Against Punctures

Punctures are a hazard every motorist must meet. Care cannot avoid them. But our construction is such protection against the ordinary causes of puncture that the Goodyear Quick Detachable may be termed 90 per cent. puncture proof.

The tread or wearing surface of Goodyear Tires is a special rubber "compounded" for extreme toughness. It's as resisting as rawhide and will outwear steel. This tough leathery rubber is inseparably joined in vulcanizing to the walls and body, which are tender, resilient Para as lively and elastic as a new rubber band. The two rubbers, welded into a single unit, make a tire so easy riding yet so impervious to puncture as to add new zeal to motoring.

Other Goodyear Superiorities

Space is too limited to more than mention the other superiorities:

—The patented rivet-fabric which rivets the layers of rubber and fabric together with rubber rivets so that mud boils can never form—

—The tape of piano wire vulcanized into the base or feet of each tire, which contract with inflation, causing each stroke of the pump to give the tire a firmer grip on the rim. This does away with tire bolts and prevents creeping.

—The several others, minor in themselves, but which loom up big in cutting out trouble, time and work.

A Convincing Test Which Proves Supreme Durability

When you have read the above you will probably say to yourself—as we all do—"It sounds logical and reasonable, but let the *other fellow* try it out first." Particularly if you have been getting half-way good service from the tires you are using.

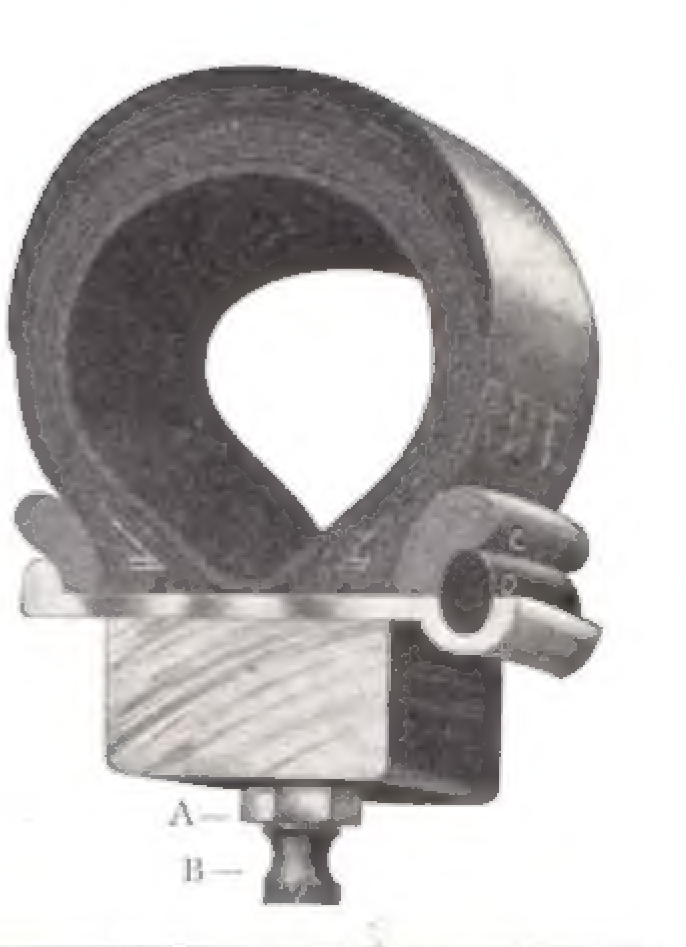
Note that the "other fellow" HAS tried it out. The Taxicab Companies have done all the testing and proving for you. In the hands of these companies this newer and better method of tire making has withstood tests for mileage and trouble more severe than any single motorist could make in a dozen years.

In New York there are 1,000 Taxicabs doing 60,000,000 tire miles a year—over a million tire miles a week.

For months they have been testing tires of many makes to know definitely which tire gave the *greatest mileage* and caused the *least trouble* in upkeep.

The taximeters are accurate—they were used to determine the *exact mileage* made by each tire.

The "Trouble Sheets" showed every minute of *time* and every *cent spent* on each tire in the test.



To take off the Goodyear Quick Detachable Tire on Universal Rim in 60 seconds, use any small wrench to loosen nut "A." Do the rest like this: Push valve stem "B" up into the tire, press outer flange ring "C" inward—lift out locking ring "D," slide ring "C" off and then the tire. Put it back same way. Sixty seconds either way.

No More Tire Pumping

With a Goodyear small steel air bottle you can automatically inflate your tires in a few seconds to the exact pressure that is best for them. The bottle is carried in a box under the seat. Simply attach the tube from the bottle to the tire, open valve, and the tire will speedily inflate with pure air to the pressure required. Any woman or child can inflate a tire in this way.

The Goodyear Air Bottle costs only $15 for the small size and $20 for the large size, filled with compressed air. The first cost is the only cost for two years. When the bottle is empty, simply turn it in at any of our stores and receive free a new bottle, ready charged. You exchange the empty bottle for a new charged one instantly—no waiting necessary. Each bottle will fully inflate four to thirty-five tires, according to their size. It will partially inflate many more.

Never before were tires tested in such a cold-blooded, business-like, "show-me" way.

Now note the result:

Out of these 1,000 Taxicabs, operated by several competing companies, 800 will be equipped with Goodyear Tires exclusively. We have the contracts.

The showing of Goodyear Tires was so much better than all others that there was *no comparison.* The mileage of single Goodyear tires ran up higher than 15,000 miles—many times without a single puncture—often without more than two or three inflations.

And what is true of the Taxicabs of New York is equally true of the Taxicabs of Boston, of Washington—of practically every large eastern city where Taxicabs are used. **Eight out of every ten of them are using Goodyear Tires exclusively.**

Think of this—you who have blindly groped at the tire problem—you who have bought tires wholly by hearsay!

Think of this—you who pay so much for Tires—and for Tire upkeep!

Tire buying, you see, has now been reduced to a BUSINESS basis.

Aren't the tires which will stand a competitive test like this and *win out* good enough for you?

A hundred times more than can be explained in a page like this you will find in our book, "How to Select an Auto Tire." Send for it now. It is free.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Seneca Street, Akron, Ohio

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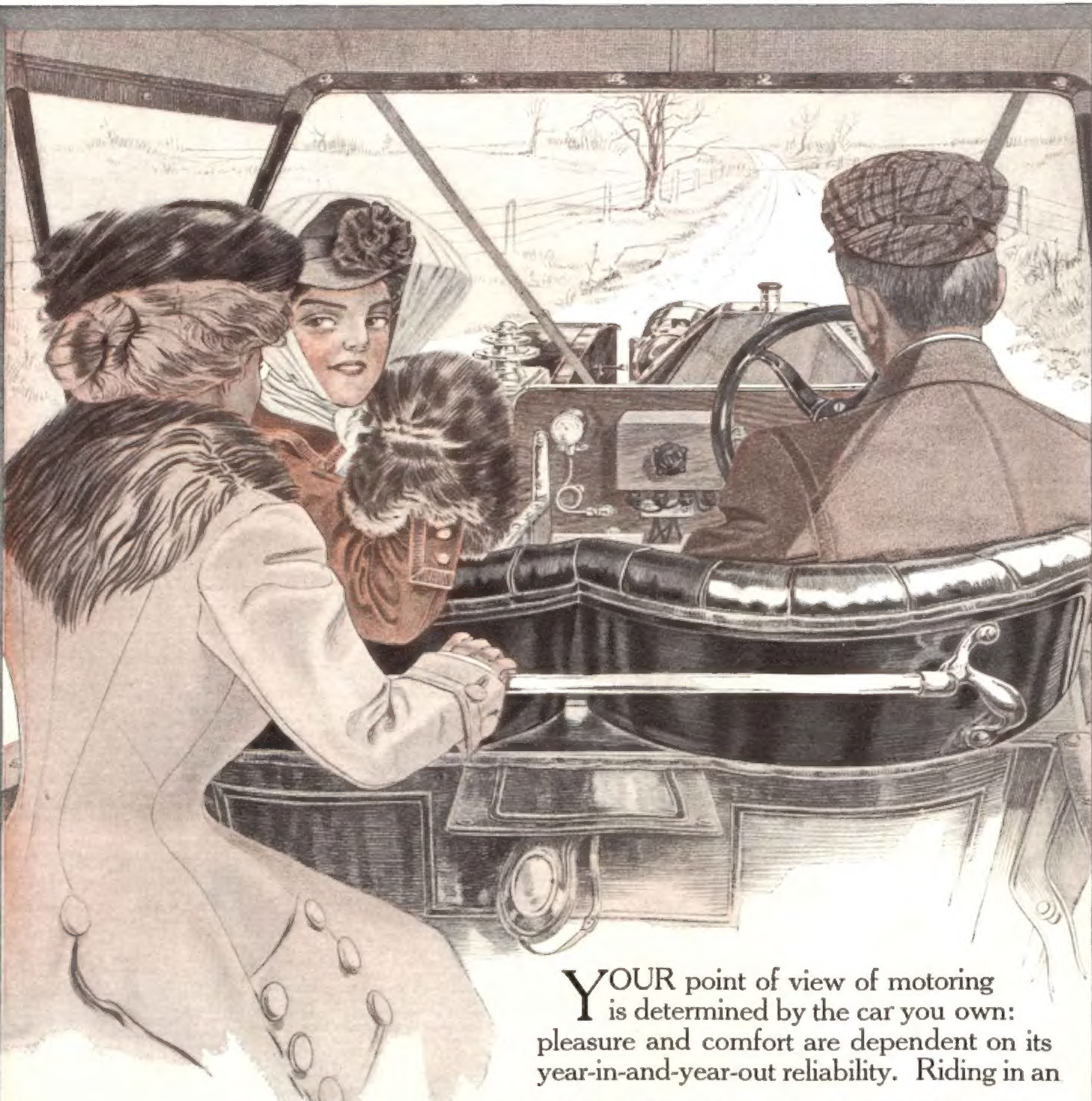

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